NOVEMBER 1972

Saturday Review

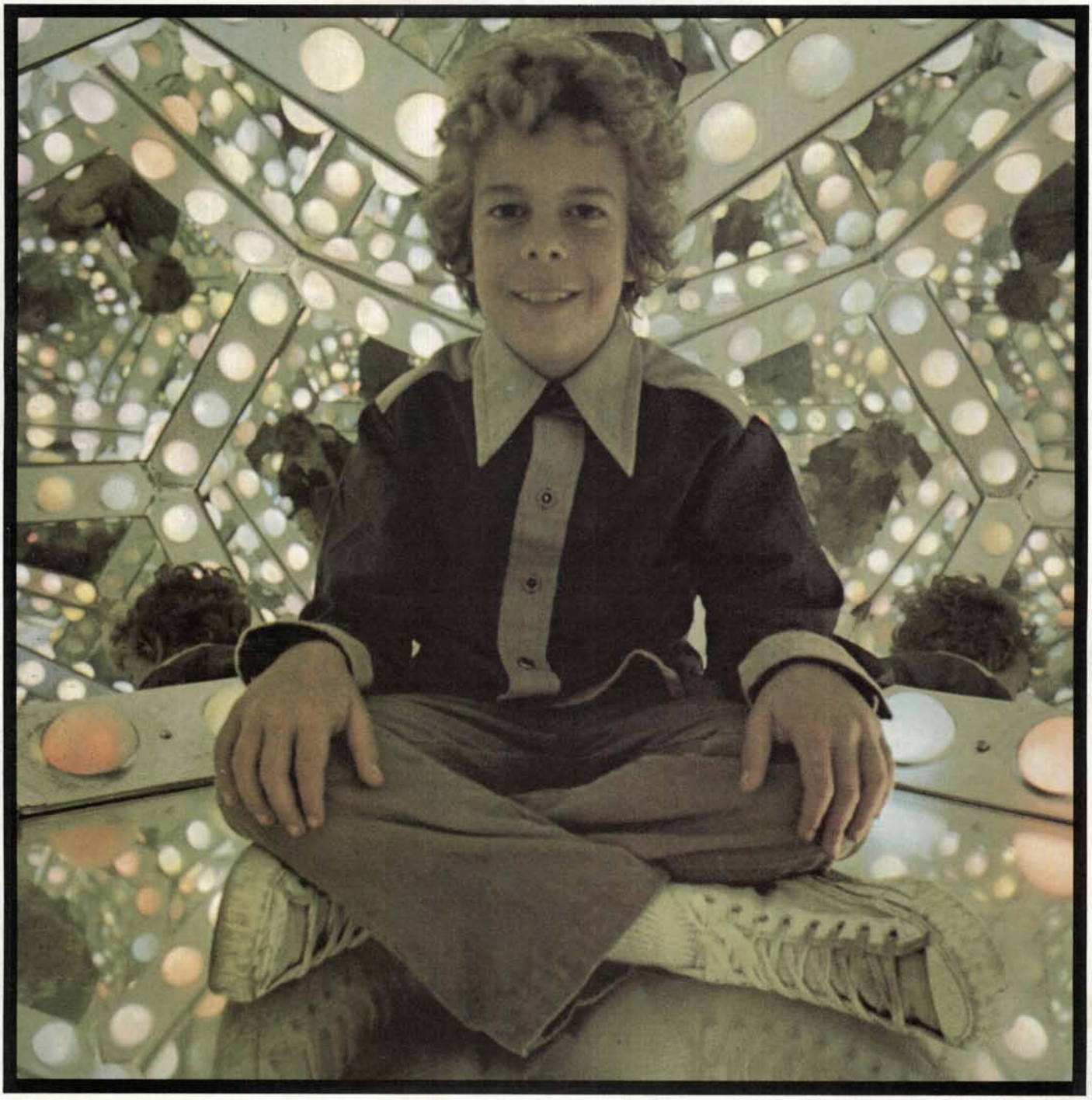
ONE DOLLAR

# EDUCATION

## Rx for VD: Public TV

## What's New at State U?

## AN EXPLORATORIUM FOR YOUR CHILD'S SENSORIUM



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ON SALE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 14

THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE:

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Founded 1749 & BROOKS

# Come out of the cold and into the warmth.

J&B
RARE
SCOTCH

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# This is the Far Eastern Thought issue from the multimedia magazine in a box—

# It's yours free with a trial subscription

ASPEN is not just a magazine. It is a multimedia collection of experiences. It comes in a box or portfolio so we can put in all sorts and sizes of "individual things," using whatever medium best expresses the message—posters, records, scrolls, films, booklets, cut-outs, fold-outs, anything goes.

If it's aleatory music, there'll be an LP record. Nature? Perhaps we'll put in wildflower seeds. Thus when a new ASPEN arrives, you don't simply read it... you hear it, hang it, feel it, frame it, even fly it.

But ASPEN is not just a conversation piece. It is intended to delight the mind as well as the eye. Its content is as original and unexpected and rewarding as its format.

Take our issue on Far Eastern Thought, for instance. First, you unfurl a landscape scroll, *over 5½ feet long*, from the 11th Century Sung Dynasty—Kuo Hsi's "Clearing Autumn Skies Over Mountains and Valleys." It is an exquisite landscape of the mind which the ancient Chinese escaped into to lose their cares and frustrations.

As Allen Atwell's articles explain: "Each time you walk into the landscape not clothed in steel, you will discover new things to nourish the spirit." And we'll show you how to do it!

You'll also find a yard-long frieze of voluptuous Indian temple sculpture with an article on Hinduism... a spontaneous "splashed-ink" painting by a 13th Century Ch'an (Zen) monk... a wild and vibrant Tibetan tanka from the collection of the Calcutta Museum.

There's a 24-page booklet of Rajput Indian paintings with their exotic symbolism explained... a collection of five miniature Japanese screens... a calligraphy kite which you fold and fly. You even do some astonishing origami folding to make the box the issue comes in.

There's much more, of course. And it is all yours free with a year's trial subscription. What other multimedia happenings will you be receiving? The possibilities are limitless. By unbinding our magazine, letting it run free in its box, there's no end to our three-dimensional ideas. Each issue is built around a different theme by a different team of editorial-design experts (the best that we can find) so the content and format change radically each issue.

ASPEN is about excellence in any field. It brings you new ideas in new formats. Its contents are created by today's leading painters, sculptors, composers, filmmakers, musicians, satirists, poets (as well as experimenters so far afield, the art world can't even agree on what to call them yet). To give you an idea of our free-wheeling, eclectic scope, here are a few of our past issues:

A **Museum of the Moment** presenting the most prestigious artists of our generation in 4 films, 5 records, 1 sculpture and 13 articles ... Our **British Issue,** a Pandora's box of British wit & whimsey by London's most adventurous artists and writers... **The World of the Underground** as explored in sight and sound by Andy Warhol and 20 confreres, ranging from Jonas Mekas to Claes Oldenbourg... **A Global Village,** inhabited by Marshall McLuhan, Quentin Fiore, John Cage, Mario Davidovsky, et al.... An **Art/Information/Science Issue,** featuring the artists using scientific concepts in their work.

So you see, it's like getting a surprise present every issue. ASPEN's readers-listeners-viewers-participants never know what will pop out next.

Would you like to see what ASPEN is like? We have a tempting subscription rate to help you find out. ASPEN is published four times a year at $18 on a single copy basis. But on our money-saving offer, you get your first issue free, thus you pay only $12.95 for a year's subscription. So mail the coupon today—before you forget—and enjoy the first truly new idea in publishing since paperbacks. And what an unusual and thoughtful gift for friends and relatives.

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Saturday Review of Education

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# WINE GETS BETTER THE OLDER IT GETS. RIGHT OR WRONG?

Probably the most misunderstood thing about wine today is the vintage (the date on the bottle).

People think if they get a real old date, they'll have a real good wine. It's true in some cases, and not true in others. The trick is in finding out which case is which.

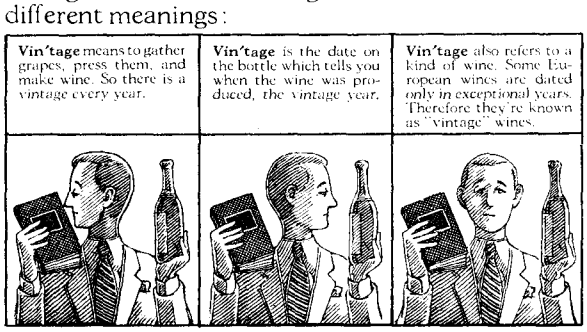
If you read what the wine experts have to say, you'll find that no two vintage charts agree. If you read all the wine advertising, you'll find everybody's trying to sell their wine regardless of the year in which it was produced.

Nobody has really taken the time or the effort to explain the significance of vintage to the public. We at Inglenook Vineyards are doing it because it's in our best interest for you to know as much about fine wine as possible.

After all, that's what we have to sell.

## VINTAGE EXPLAINED.

Strongly contributing to the confusion about vintage is the word "vintage" itself. It has three different meanings:


**Vin'tage** means to gather grapes, press them, and make wine. So there is a vintage every year.
**Vin'tage** is the date on the bottle which tells you when the wine was produced, the vintage year.
**Vin'tage** also refers to a kind of wine. Some European wines are dated only in exceptional years. Therefore they're known as "vintage" wines.

The second definition is the one people usually mean when they refer to vintage. So let's talk about that.

In order for a vineyard to put a vintage date on a bottle, they have to prove that every single grape used in the making of that wine was produced during the year specified.

In Europe, the vintage date has come to be an index of the quality of the wine, since their weather is relatively sporadic from year to year.

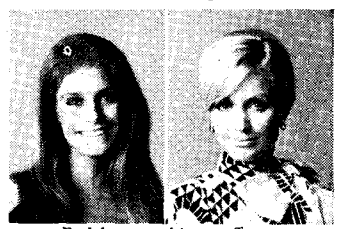
And the sugar content of the grapes is largely dependent upon the amount of rainfall and sunshine they get.

In California, and especially the Napa Valley, the weather is amazingly constant from year to year. So vintage here has come to mean something entirely different than it does in Europe.

A date on a bottle of California wine is an indication of youth or maturity.

## WINES ARE LIKE WOMEN.

Some wines are in their prime when young. They're lively, raucous, fresh, and a little risqué. Others are best enjoyed in their mature years. They're warm, sensitive, full-bodied, and mellowed by the years. What follows now is a chart to tell you, in our opinion, which is which. There's no easy way to remember it, so tear it out and save it.



**Each has something to offer. It's the same with wine.**

It may seem like a lot of trouble to carry this chart around with you to the store, or try to sneak a peek at it in a restaurant without the waiter seeing you. But we assure you the results will be worthwhile.

| WINES BEST WHEN THEY'RE YOUNG | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Reds** | **Age** | **Whites** | **Age** |
| Zinfandel | 2–4 years | Johannisberg Riesling | 2–4 years |
| Gamay Beaujolais | 2–4 years | Chenin Blanc | 2–4 years |
| | | Chablis | 2–4 years |
| **WINES BEST WHEN THEY'RE MATURE** | | | |
| **Reds** | **Age** | **Whites** | **Age** |
| Charbono | 3–15 years | Pinot Chardonnay | 2–6 years |
| Cabernet Sauvignon | 5–20 years | Dry Semillon | 2–6 years |
| Pinot Noir | 5–15 years | White Pinot | 2–6 years |

Also, if you have trouble finding the right year for the right wine, keep at it. Fine wines are like antiques. They're available, but you may have to look around a bit to find them.

## 19??

Before we finish, you should know that most American wines are not vintaged.

Because, as we said before, in order to date a bottle of wine, a vintner must be able to prove that all the grapes he used to make that wine were grown in the same year.

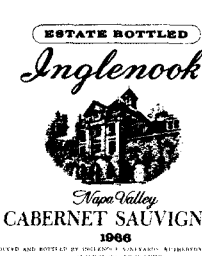
This is a costly process, but we think it makes for a better wine. Because the winemaster has more control over the finished product when all the grapes are exactly the same. Most vineyards produce some vintage wine.

At Inglenook, that's about all we make.

Which is just one of the reasons why Inglenook is the most expensive wine made in America.

So if you want to get any use out of the above chart, buy Inglenook.

And you'll learn something from every bottle.

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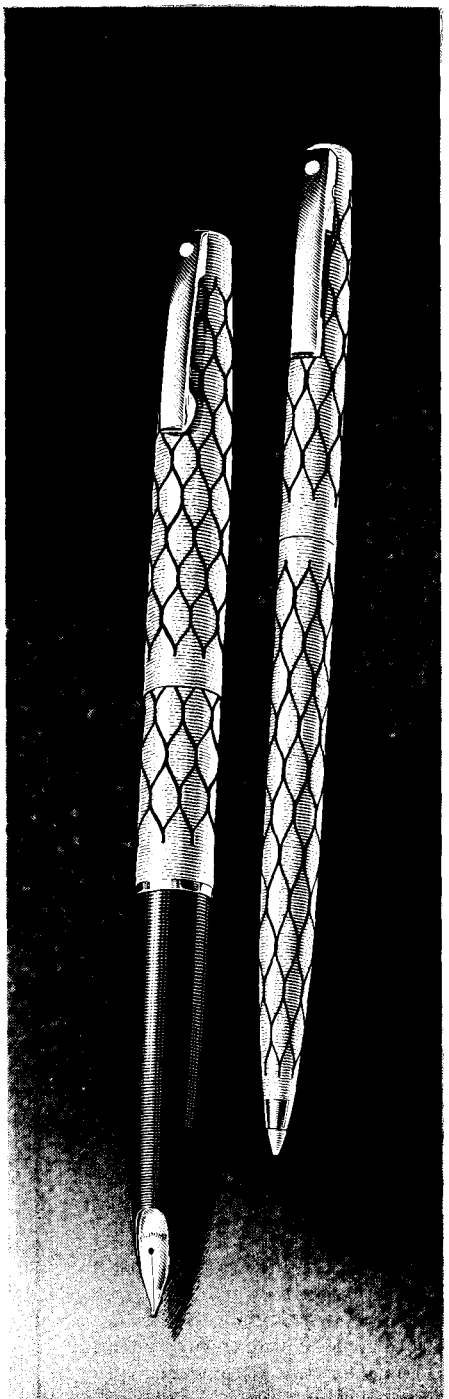

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If you have never been burglarized, mugged, or robbed, someone you know undoubtedly has. You probably suspect that it's only a matter of time until they get around to you. Is there anything you can do except wait to get hit — and hope it won't be too bad?

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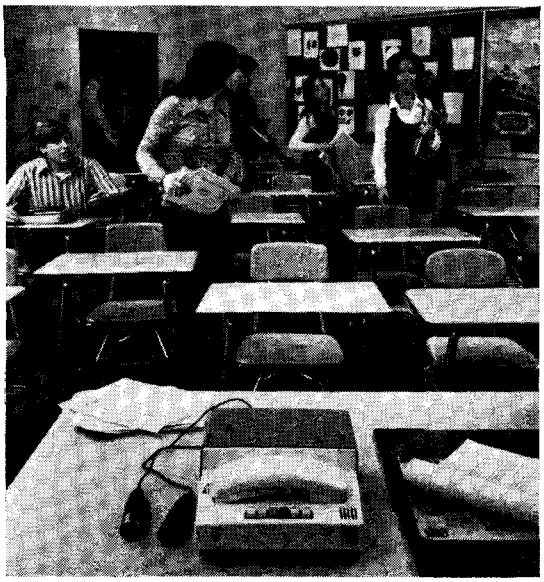

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SR UP FRONT

OCTOBER 14, 1972

# The Semi-annual Miracle

BY ROBERT ARBIB

OVERHEAD, U.S.A.—Silently they sift through the autumn landscape, rustling the leaves of the tall groves, making secret sounds in the thickets, revealing their presence with sudden flashes of wings by hedge or highroad, gathering in restless congregations in the marshes and on the sand flats. By the millions they come: scattered companies, brigades in random or tight formation, moving southward with the weather or the winds. The hordes of birds that inhabit North America only in summer are now in full migration. It will go on, this semiannual miracle, well into December, and, when it is over, the northern half of the continent will be drained of at least three-quarters of its bird life.

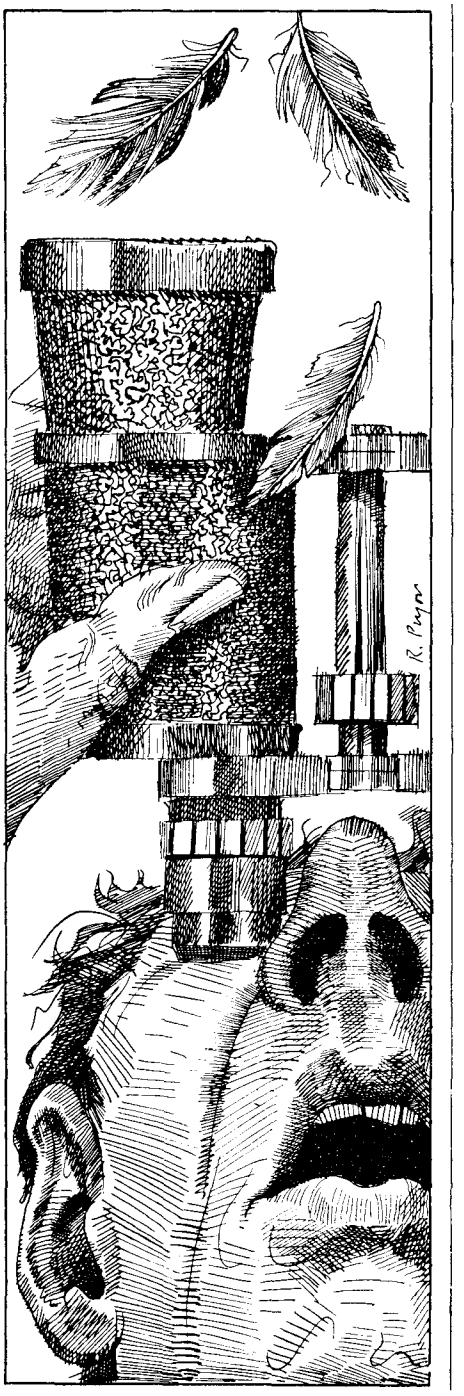
Most people are scarcely aware that this natural spectacular is happening, but it is all around us. Unlike the singing birds of spring, the birds of autumn passage are mostly silent. Gone, too, are the bright plumages of the courtship season. The adults are now in their subdued winter dress, and the young are wearing their first autumn, and always inconspicuous, plumage. Their purpose is single-minded: to reach warmer and more provident wintering grounds, be they the most southern of the United States, or the West Indies, or Central or South America.

The majority of these migrants make their long-distance flights by night, guided by constellations or a single star, or by lines of magnetic force, or by instinct still unexplained. Taking wing in the evening hours, they fly at altitudes of up to 5,000, but usually below 3,000, feet—depending on winds and weather. If there is a long ocean flight ahead, higher altitudes may be sought; there have been radar trackings of shore birds crossing the coast of Nova Scotia (next landfall, Puerto Rico) at 20,000 feet. How these high fliers adjust to the rarefied oxygen and icy air of these altitudes is not known. Some, like the bristle-thighed curlew, make it nonstop from the Aleutians to Hawaii—and even to Tahiti. The tiny ruby-throated hummingbird, weighing only a few grams, zips nonstop across the Gulf of Mexico, 600 miles without a pause. His altitude is somewhat lower—three feet above the waves. I have seen hummingbirds in fall buzzing along at the very edge of the surf on Long Island, like a volley of winged bullets, on their perilous way to far-off Mexico. One quarter of an ounce of feathered determination, heading south.

Overland travelers will alight before dawn, having covered perhaps 200 miles or more. Now they feed hungrily to replace burned fuel (body fat that may, at the start, be 50 per cent of their weight), and then alternately feed and sleep until they are refueled and rested and have favorable weather again. If they must cross open sea, they will island-hop.

Many birds migrate by day—the hawks along the ridges, the crows and jays and flickers following river valleys or shore lines. Each species follows a preordained flight path. Some, like the yellowthroat's, are continent-wide. At the other end of the scale, the Ipswich sparrow, which breeds only on Sable Island in the Atlantic Ocean, probably keeps to a path 200 yards wide as it hugs the east coast dunes.

Migration is fascinating to bird watchers and to serious scientists alike, because it presents so many astonishing, and puzzling, phenomena. Mature American golden plovers, for example,



*Robert Arbib, editor of the National Audubon Society's journal,* American Birds, *is the author of* The Hungry Bird Book *and* The Lord's Woods, *this year's winner of the John Burroughs Medal for distinguished nature writing.*



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follow one path—a great circle route out over the Atlantic from the Arctic to South America, 8,000 miles one way—while their young inexplicably find their own way over land to their southern wintering grounds. Or the Arctic tern, whose annual round trip covers 25,000 miles or more, from northern North America to Africa, south to Antarctic seas, and then back home another way. West Coast watchers will be on the lookout these days for the slender-billed shearwater, a sea rover that rarely comes within sight of land. It breeds in southernmost Australia, then makes an enormous circuit of the Pacific, from Oceania northwest along the Asian and Japanese coasts, past the Aleutians and Alaska, southward past California, and then homeward. In spite of this prodigious journey, all are home by late September, and almost all of the millions of them lay their eggs between November 24 and 26! What miraculous kind of calendar do they keep as they cross the ocean wilderness?

While the far wanderers are mostly sea birds and shore birds, many of our tiny land birds also make lengthy round trips. The handsome bobolink of our northern meadows winters in the Mato Grosso and in Argentina; many of our tiny warblers—birds so small that, as one of my friends puts it, you could put one in an envelope and mail it for 8 cents—wing their way from Canadian forests to Brazilian jungles and back.

A special feature of the fall migration is the frequency of inexplicable "lost souls" among the migrating birds. On the East Coast we watch for westerners—western kingbirds and lark sparrows and Bullock's orioles and such—that frequently appear in late autumn. On the West Coast redstarts and other easterners appear—not merely on the coast but often on the Farallon Islands thirty-four miles out to sea. And in Britain bird watchers delight in the occasional American robin and his relatives that appear without passport or visa. Once it was thought that most of these waifs were hitchhikers on transatlantic shipping, but, since the bird traffic is almost all one way, storms and hurricanes must be the carriers.

Meanwhile, the homing instinct that delivers most birds to the proper address is the subject of countless experiments—most of which astonish rather than explain. Manx shearwaters, taken from their burrows in Wales, flown to Boston, and released, made it back to their burrows, 3,250 miles away, in twelve days. Starlings, released 95 miles from their home city after having been spun in their cages 5,000 times in transit, picked the right route home almost without hesitation. Young birds, leaderless, fly unerringly to the ancestral wintering grounds of the species.

How many birds are there in North America, and how many move southward in the autumn? The answer is simple and unsatisfying: No one really knows. Ornithologists have been studying facets of the question for years but can give us only guesses. Some say the breeding population north of Mexico is about 6 billion; other estimates range from 5.6 billion to 8 billion. The guesses are wild because no one has ever counted them, or ever will.

But studies being made today do give us clues. Three of these studies are sponsored by the National Audubon Society and published in its journal, *American Birds*. One is known as the Breeding Bird Census. Its purpose is to canvass thoroughly some tracts of more or less uniform habitat, counting all the birds that breed there. By making detailed studies of the habitats themselves—their topography, water supply, vegetation, weather, and other factors—it becomes possible to say, for instance, that an oak-hickory forest in West Virginia will support 200 pairs of birds per 100 acres, a hayfield in Ontario 178 pairs, a residential neighborhood in Ohio 150 pairs, a saguaro desert in Arizona only 40 pairs. In the winter another such survey is taken of the nonbreeding bird population. Then similar sample tracts elsewhere are studied in order to ascertain how many birds the different habitats can support.

Now, if we know the breeding or wintering density of all kinds of North American habitats and the total area of each type of habitat, we ought to be able to calculate our breeding or wintering bird population. Quite true. Except that there are hundreds of types of habitats, some of them not yet studied. Furthermore, similar habitats may have different carrying capacities at different latitudes or altitudes. And finally, we have no accurate accounting of how much of each type of habitat we have.

The third type of rough census is the well-publicized Audubon Christmas Bird Count. In this vast bird-in friendly but competitive groups of birders canvass areas strictly limited to fifteen-mile diameters, during a single calendar day, attempting to find, identify, and count all the birds therein. Last year 963 different counts were made from Newfoundland to Hawaii, with 18,798 bird watchers afield. When all the totals were tallied, 64,584,702 birds had been counted.

One would think that it would be possible to calculate the continent's winter bird population by working with two sets of figures: the total count of the sample areas and the percentage of continental area canvassed. Not so simple. Conflicting biases are at work to confuse matters. There is an inflationary bias, since many count areas are chosen precisely because they harbor greater-than-average populations (wildlife refuges, shorelines) and because more counts are taken in southern areas where birds congregate in winter. Conversely, populations in the count areas are underestimated because counters are unable to examine every acre of land in their circle and can rarely spot more than a fraction of the birds that abound there. No one has yet been able to balance these unknowns.

There are other surveys. The Fish and Wildlife Service counts the continent's waterfowl each winter, after the hunting season has reduced the waterfowl population. (If every licensed duck hunter got his bag limit on just two days of the season, the entire duck population would be wiped out.) This winter's total was a low 27,808,000. The Fish and Wildlife Service also conducts a breeding-bird survey, in which hundreds of volunteers make twenty-five-mile treks through varied terrain, stopping every half-mile to record singing males. The data gathered here are mainly comparative, but routes surveyed in 1970 can be precisely repeated in 1990, which may indicate which birds are increasing and which are going or have gone forever.

Are we seeing more or fewer birds in migration than we used to? There is no simple overall answer, although the evidence is clear for some species. For a start, if one compares today's estimated bird population with that in pre-Colonial days, it is probable that birds of the forest edge, of open parkland, and of clearings are substantially up in numbers, simply because the forest that once cloaked eastern North America has been chopped down or bulldozed away. Thus the robin, the oriole, the yellowthroat, and the song sparrow are more abundant today than in earlier times.

Again, several species are probably more abundant today because they have adapted to new habitats or new food sources. The red-winged blackbird, for example, has moved from marsh to hayfield, while some species of gulls are thriving on our inefficient means of disposing of solid waste. Species showing spectacular growth include such foreign introductions as the starling and the cattle egret. The starling has spread continent-wide in screeching millions since its introduction in New York City in 1880. The cattle egret—the Old World species seen in safari films under the feet of rhinos and water



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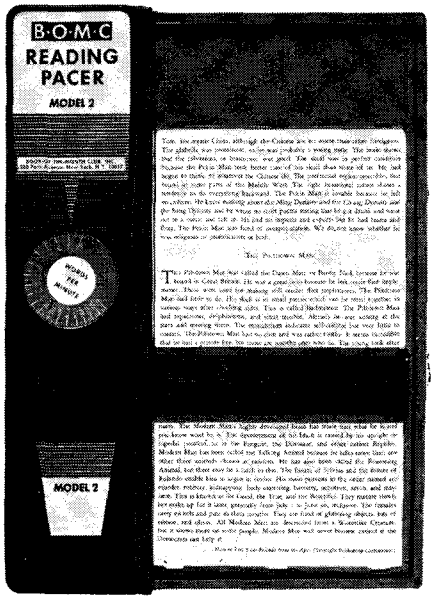


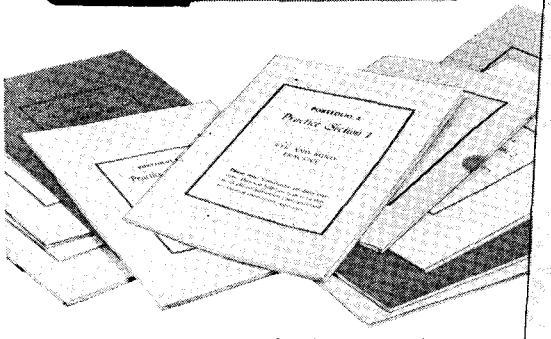

*During its seven-year development, this program came to the attention of Rutgers University, which has long been in the forefront among educational institutions in providing reading-improvement training for its students. A committee of five reading experts from the Rutgers staff reviewed the program's content, and as a result of their report the University decided to become official sponsor of the project.

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buffalo—is now snatching bugs flushed by Guernseys and Herefords on American pastures. The cattle egret apparently made it on its own across the South Atlantic in the 1930s; by the early 1950s it had reached Florida; now it is sighted as far west as California and north into Canada. A few species seem better adapted to cold weather than formerly (perhaps aided by the growing largess of the bird feeder): the mockingbird, tufted titmouse, and cardinal have been spreading steadily northward.

On the negative side are all those birds that once teemed in fresh and salt marshes and that have succumbed, at an alarming rate, to dredge and bulldozer. Similarly, prairie birds, such as the sharp-tailed grouse and the prairie chicken, were more abundant before the prairies were ploughed and planted and drained and—more recently and increasingly—paved over. As were forest species before the forests were filled.

Meanwhile, DDT and other persistent pesticides have wreaked havoc among those birds high on food chains. Among the hardest hit are sharp-shinned hawks, peregrine falcons, ospreys, eagles, cormorants, pelicans, and several of the herons. (Although biologists have come up with volumes of evidence that DDT and other persistent pesticides are harmful to some bird populations, a few chemical manufacturers and a handful of scientist spokesmen continue to insist that they pose no problem. The point is increasingly moot, since DDT is being phased out in the United States by government edict.) Annually tall buildings and TV towers take the toll of thousands of birds in night migration; the automobile kills thousands more along our proliferating highways; picture windows and the house cat are elements of death unknown in an earlier America. Overhead wires, ocean oil spills, the proliferation of hunters, and easier access to hunting grounds also add pressures to our bird population.

But all is not lost. More and more species are being protected by law. Native songbirds can no longer be sold for pets, wild birds' eggs are no longer gathered for food; the growth of sanctuaries and refuges now puts millions of acres into more or less effective protection. Interest in bird study is enjoying an amazing boom, as evidenced by the phenomenal sale of bird books and the astonishing tonnage of wild bird food sold each year in all but the most urban supermarkets. America is now, as never before in its history, pro-bird. If we control our own population growth and can restrain ourselves from paving over the nation, our birds can be saved for our children's children to enjoy. □

# A Tax Man Talks About Taxes

BY STANLEY CARR

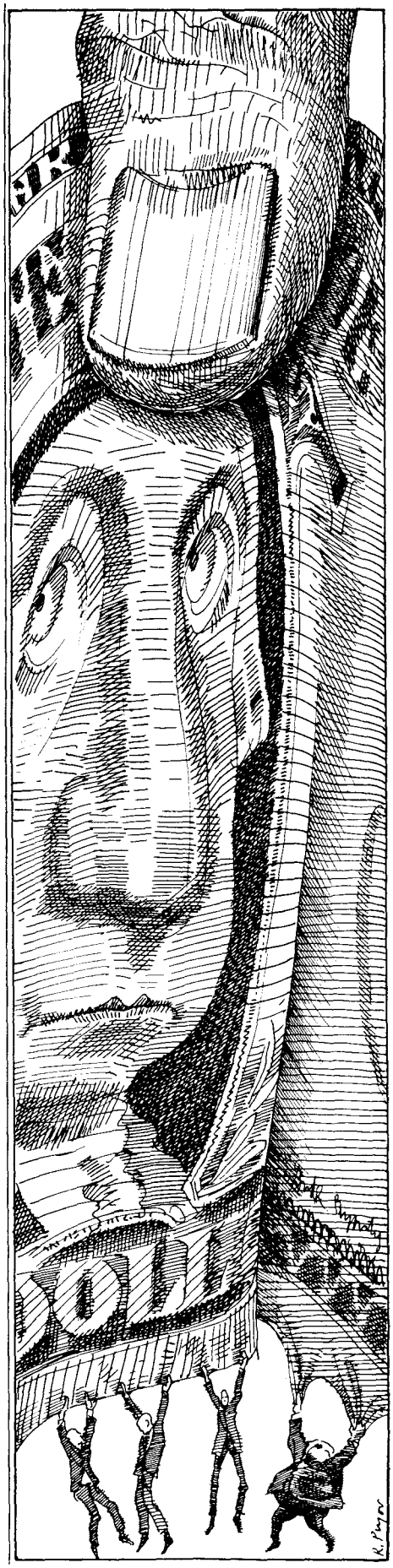
NEW YORK, N.Y.—David D. Brockman is head of C. D. Giles & Company, an old Wall Street CPA firm. He joined the company thirty-five years ago as a $25-a-week shaveling and went on to become the tax watchdog of major corporations, banks, trusts, museums—and millionaires. (He is also a partner in a successful electrical appliance company and has substantial real estate holdings, including a 300-acre parcel ripe for development at Marbella, on Spain's Costa del Sol.) If anyone has cast-iron credentials for talking taxes, it is Brockman.

Recently I went to seek Mr. Brockman's opinion of the tax reforms that are being discussed in this election year, particularly those of Sen. George McGovern. Late this summer McGovern outlined for a Wall Street audience a tax package (replacing earlier and headier proposals) that would require corporations to pay more taxes and that would eliminate tax shelters enjoyed by individuals who have unearned income. The purpose of McGovern's proposals is to raise more revenue for the government without putting additional tax burdens on the middle- or low-income person. McGovern has said that this plan would be more equitable and would also simplify the administration of the tax system.

President Nixon has said that he will propose tax-reform measures only in a "second term," but his advisers are already drawing them up. One measure would restructure the system so that the highest rate at which any individual could be taxed would be 35 per cent. (McGovern has proposed a 48 per cent ceiling.) At present the highest rate of federal taxation for an individual is 70 per cent.

Brockman greeted me in his fifth-floor—the whole floor—Fifth Avenue apartment overlooking Central Park. His all-black outfit—silk shirt, slacks, and buckled loafers—set off his shock of white hair. His wife, Elizabeth, emerged from the music room. Tall and striking, she is called "Princess" by her friends. She was wearing a

*Stanley Carr, an editor in the Sunday department of the* New York Times, *hopes soon to be in a higher tax bracket.*





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slinky black-and-white hostess gown. The three of us settled down to talk in a room decorated in antique furniture, Oriental *objets d'art* and paintings.

I asked Brockman what he thought of McGovern's proposed tax ceiling of 48 per cent. "I believe this is a fair proposal," Brockman said. "It would mean that all types of income, including sheltered income, would be treated the same. But the point McGovern is getting at here is that sheltered income brings down the *actual* tax rate paid by wealthy people. For them the tax structure is progressive only on paper."

I asked Mr. Brockman to explain to me what a tax shelter is. "It is an investment that protects a wealthy person from paying the full tax on his income," Brockman said. "One example is capital gains, an area that, as McGovern's plan recognizes, needs reform. On a capital gain—or profit—of more than fifty thousand dollars made on the sale of stock held for more than six months, a corporation pays a flat thirty per cent tax and an individual pays up to thirty-five per cent. [The percentage of tax an individual pays depends on his bracket and the amount of profit in the sale.] On the other hand, a tax as high as seventy per cent applies to certain other forms of income, such as interest. That is to say, a special advantage is given to those who sell stock or other assets at a profit."

Brockman explained further that, if he bought a stock for $10 a share and held it until his death when, after splits and dividends, it was worth $1,000 a share, he would escape paying tax on the difference between its cost and its value. Holding stock, he added, is a method of escaping the payment of capital-gains tax and of passing wealth —minus estate and inheritance taxes, of course—on to heirs.

"The Treasury Department itself has admitted that a high proportion of the wealthy pay tax at an actual rate of only thirty per cent or so because tax-sheltered funds are included in their income," Brockman said. "Yet the bachelor having a taxable income of twelve thousand-a-year pays tax at a twenty-nine per cent rate on the top slice of his income."

In his first tax program McGovern had urged that the income of any individual in excess of $50,000 a year be taxed at 52.5 per cent. The $50,000 cutoff point was dropped from his new plan, presumably because it sounded too radical. However, that 52.5 per cent bite would have had Brockman's approval. "It would not be excessive," he said.

There was a murmur of sympathetic agreement from Mrs. Brockman, who


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was sitting next to a huge vase of mauve rhododendrons from their estate at East Hampton, Long Island. (Part of Norman Mailer's film *Maidstone* was shot there.)

I then asked about a tax shelter that had not been struck down by McGovern's blueprint: tax-exempt state and local bonds. (The senator's program provides only for a federal subsidy for state and municipal governments that issue fully taxable bonds as a means of discouraging the issuance of tax-free bonds.)

"Some people would claim that without the tax exemption the states and cities would have to pay a higher rate of interest to attract buyers," Brockman said. "But the fact remains that a person whose tax bracket is fifty per cent, and who holds bonds paying five per cent—New York State bonds, for example—is achieving, in effect, a ten per cent return on his investment. That is a loophole enjoyed by the rich, for they have been buying these bonds at the expense of the average citizen. They should be required to pay taxes on the interest from these bonds."

Brockman thinks that the government should assign the money collected as taxes on these bonds to the cities, which need every cent they can get. He also believes that there is greater control over money when federal authorities, rather than states and cities, are in charge of it.

He paused as a Chinese maid, responding to a signal from Mrs. Brockman, placed a tray of hot hors d'oeuvres on a table in front of us.

Then he continued: "What tax reform must concentrate on is straightening out the cockeyed exemptions that make the rich richer and allow them to pay less tax. The way to do that is to tax *everything* at the same rate regardless of source."

On estate taxation and inheritance taxes, I said, McGovern suggests a shift from taxing the estate of a person who dies to a cumulative tax on the recipient—that is, a combined tax on gifts that are received by the heir during the testator's lifetime, as well as a tax on the final inheritance. What did Brockman think of this?

"The idea of a combined tax on gifts and bequests is sound," Brockman replied, "but there should be no gimmicks. Once a citizen has paid taxes during his lifetime, the government should be generous with the evolution of his property."

He explained that the law is generous now in allowing parents to make gifts to their children. Every year a couple may give $6,000 each to as many beneficiaries as they wish, and there is no tax for those sums on the donor or the recipient. Another method of saving money on an estate, Brockman added, is for a parent to leave it in trust, the beneficiaries enjoying the interest without touching the capital. Such a trust can be left not only to a son but also to a grandson or great-grandson, even though he hasn't been born. Under this system, called generation skipping, tax is paid only once, when the testator dies, and so tax on the growth in value of the estate as the years go by is avoided.

> "The oil companies have been extraordinarily successful in perpetuating their advantage; their drilling costs are recovered many, many times over."

McGovern had talked of raising billions of dollars by closing loopholes, among them "incentives" like the 7 per cent credits on a corporation's tax bill for its investment in new plant and equipment, as well as depletion allowances for oil exploration and mineral mining. Were these incentives really necessary?

"Some of the things that the Revenue Acts call incentives are about as necessary as it is to tell a capitalistic society that its job is to make money," Brockman said. "A manufacturer who believes that new equipment will save labor and cut costs will buy that equipment because it is wise to do so, not because the federal government gives credits."

Brockman went on to explain that oil companies are allowed tax deductions for drilling and exploratory work and that every year they can write off 22 per cent of their income as a depletion allowance—theoretically, the oil in any well is being used up that fast. "Oil companies are singled out for special treatment," he said, "even though other industries maintain laboratories for research but are allowed to write off far less. The oil companies have been extraordinarily successful in perpetuating their advantage; their drilling costs are recovered many, many times over."

Oil producers also get a huge tax exemption on royalties paid to foreign governments. If they pay a 50 per cent royalty on the value of the oil they get out, the United States allows them to deduct that 50 per cent—not against income but against their tax bill.

Not surprisingly, oil exploration is a big attraction for the tycoon in a 70 per cent bracket. He can sink $100,000 in a drilling project without paying taxes on the money and comfort himself with the thought that, even if no oil is struck, he stands to lose only $30,000—because if he had kept the $100,000 he would have had to pay $70,000 of it to the government.

"In a case like this," Brockman said, "the seventy thousand dollars that has not gone to the government has to be made up by Uncle Sam—in other words, by other taxpayers."

Could he describe another loophole that he thought should be closed? Brockman cited real estate, an area in which McGovern has suggested eliminating tax shelters.

"A corporation buys a building for one million dollars, putting down one hundred thousand dollars and borrowing the balance. All the interest paid on the loan is allowable for deductions, and so are the operating costs of the building. The corporation also gets a depreciation allowance based on the purchase price of the building, even though the market value might well be rising. The result is that the corporation, which has only laid out one hundred thousand dollars, has low taxes—or even none—on the income from its investment. It gets to keep much of the income—in other words, it has a cash flow. It can use that money for other money-making investments."

Cutting tax deductions available to "hobby farmers" is another measure in the McGovern plan that makes sense to Brockman. Specifically, the McGovern plan would end the deduction of more than $15,000 in farm losses in any year. Brockman explained that hobby farmers—wealthy investors in farming—can now write off $50,000 a year for five years. "What they do," he said, "is show a profit on the fifth year's operation and then reinvest the profit immediately and start over again to show a loss for another four years. They are, in fact, building up value through depreciation. They can invest in cattle and make a capital gain when they sell. In addition, the 'gentleman farmer' is competing with the genuine farmer, and that is a bad state of affairs.

"Whichever way you look at it," Brockman commented, "the next administration should end the distinction between capital gains and other unearned income, which is taxed at about



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twice the rate of gains. It should also end the law under which a person can leave property that has grown enormously in value since its acquisition without paying an income tax on the gain. What is more, leveling off the tax rates would reduce the complexities of the tax system."

Many people complain that they are paying more tax now than ever. Is there any evidence to support the claim of the Nixon administration that people earning less than $100,000 pay less taxes now than they did a few years ago? According to Treasury figures, Brockman pointed out, tax reforms introduced in 1969 and 1971 will reduce individual income taxes this year by $12 billion. In addition, the figures say, these measures will decrease excise taxes on automobiles and telephones by $2.6 billion, and lower corporation income taxes by $0.4 billion in 1972. So, if people say they are paying more taxes, it must mean they are earning more.

"In any event," says Brockman, "there are many privileges and loopholes that are enjoyed by the rich and are not generally recognized. Just as large corporations employ lobbies to persuade the Treasury Department to make changes, so too the public needs a lobby of its own. And, if taxpayers were better informed about how the government loses millions of dollars because of inequities, it would demand reforms and our financial position would improve measurably."

I asked one last question: Who would Brockman vote for next month—Nixon or McGovern? With a charming smile, Brockman offered me another drink. □

# Bobby the Mooch

BY PATRICIA BOSWORTH

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Bobby Weiner, thirty-five years old, six feet tall, and gaunt (he tips the scales at 130 pounds), has the dubious distinction of attending practically every cultural event in New York—and always for free.

In the past year the frazzle-haired Bobby has sat through more than a hundred screenings and listened to a plethora of rock concerts. He has also turned up at (and this is by no means a complete listing) the Charlie Chaplin Gala at Lincoln Center, the Met's new production of *Tristan*, the Chelsea Theater's production of *The Beggar's Opera*, a Broadway revival of *A Funny Thing Happened . . . . .*, the Netherlands Dance Theater's nude ballet, Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan at Carnegie Hall, Shirley Bassey at the Philharmonic, The Cockettes . . . .

As a middle-class kid growing up on Central Park West, Bobby begged for tickets to the opera. Now, according to rumor, he gets into rock festivals by parking rock stars' helicopters.

"Bobby is a freebie freak," says a friend.

"Bobby has this mania for spectating," says another.

"Bobby can't miss anything. It's compulsive," says a third.

"And, don't you think, a bit creepy?" John Simon asks. Simon covers both movies (for *The New Leader*) and theater (for *New York*), so he frequently bumps into Bobby twice a day. Simon maintains that, while "Bobby *seems* bright enough, he's gorging himself on culture to no particular purpose. And how in God's name can he fit everything in?"

According to *After Dark*'s rock critic, Henry Edwards, "Bobby exists on very little sleep."

Adds *Mademoiselle* columnist Lillian Roxon, "Bobby is so terrified he'll miss something that he's driven to be where the action is sixteen hours a day."

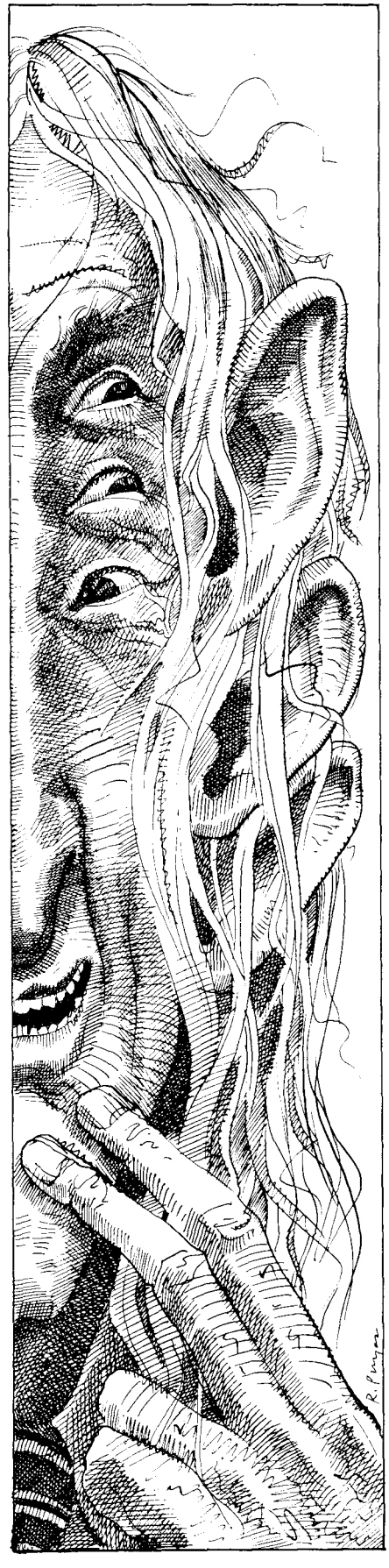
Lately, this need to follow the action has carried Bobby right into exclusive private parties, where he can be seen munching free *hors d'oeuvres*. At a fund-raising party for wealthy McGovern backers held at the posh Four Seasons, he was observed trailing Earl Wilson through a sea of celebrities including Mike Nichols, Shirley MacLaine, and Pierre Salinger. Although Bobby hadn't been invited, nobody questioned his presence at that party because, as public-relations lady Abby Hirsch puts it, "Bobby is an accepted character at most New York events. He can invariably convince people he belongs."

"'Browbeat' might be a better word," scoffs a movie publicist who is constantly badgered by Bobby about free screenings. "My day is not complete without several nudging phone calls from him."

Recently I got a close-up view of how Bobby operates when he allowed me to follow him through roughly two days of freebie spectating. (I did, however, skip the four screenings he attended.)

*Patricia Bosworth is a former managing editor of* Harper's Bazaar. *She is currently working on a novel.*

*"I live in a constant state of anticipation. I'm sure I'm going to hear a great new poet or listen to a grand new song, or..."*





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# Saturday Review is now a family of four monthly magazines.

## Introducing a unique opportunity for you to satisfy your informational needs with a flexibility and selectivity you never had before.

Saturday Review has evolved into a family of four monthly magazines: SR/THE ARTS, SR/EDUCATION, SR/THE SOCIETY, and SR/SCIENCE.

These are edited in weekly rotation, so that *current* Saturday Review subscribers will continue to receive *all four monthlies*—one each week.

Each of the four magazines is available to *new* subscribers as an independent publication. Thus, new subscribers can choose one or two monthly magazines only—SR/EDUCATION, for example, and/or SR/THE SOCIETY.

It is also possible for new subscribers to receive *all four monthly magazines,* in which case they, too, will receive a magazine a week.

### Why the change?

It is increasingly difficult for readers to keep track of changes in all of their areas of interest.

The changes are too complex and they are happening too fast.

The changes we've made in Saturday Review are designed to make information more accessible to the reader and easier to absorb.

By creating a family of four monthly magazines we are able to bring each area of interest into sharp focus (as opposed to narrow focus).

### A natural evolution.

This process of editorial change has been a gradual, evolutionary one.

Over the years four basic supplements were introduced in Saturday Review: *Multi-Media, Education, Communications,* and *Environment (Science).*

These supplements enabled Saturday Review to give readers better—and better organized—coverage in these areas.

*Multi-Media* has been expanded to examine *all* the arts as they affect life—not just the professional arts (theater, music, dance, television, etc.) but the popular arts (like amateur photography and even gardening) as well. SR/THE ARTS takes the arts public and encourages *everybody* rather than a few people to enjoy and understand the arts.

*Education* has been expanded to focus on the life-long search for knowledge in all its forms. SR/EDUCATION explores how the process of learning can become a more significant part of the excitement of living before, during, and after so-called formal education.

*Communications* has been transformed into SR/THE SOCIETY, thus providing a broader, more comprehensive editorial focus. SR/THE SOCIETY's primary editorial thrust is to help readers cope with the dizzying change that has overtaken all of our social institutions in this age of discontinuity.

And *Environment (Science).* In an era in which men split the atom, walked on the moon, traced the delicate workings of the brain, and charted evolution through fossil finds, a huge communications gap has been opened between scientists and laymen. In fact, the scientist outside his own field is another scientist's layman. SR/SCIENCE seeks to make the relevance of all the sciences understandable to the layman.

Each of these monthly magazines retains a good measure of continuity. SR/Up Front appears in each of the four magazines offering four or five observers a chance to focus on a single person, phenomenon, or event in accordance with our conviction that great trends are often best understood when dealt with on a small, human scale. Each of the magazines also includes the regular Saturday Review features like editorials, comprehensive reviews (books, music, films, theater, and dance), a travel column, and puzzles.

### To make one important magazine four important magazines.

We have doubled our investment in our most precious resource: people.

We've added 45 people to our editorial staff: editors, writers, researchers, and graphics experts.

We've drawn upon the editorial resources of the nation, attracting individuals from The New York Times, Newsweek, Time, Natural History Magazine, Horizon, and many other important publications. Now, we all face with excitement a major editorial challenge and opportunity: To make a great magazine greater.

*Five separate editorial staffs* have been created: one for each of our new magazines and one to maintain continuity and a family resemblance among them.

All the credentials of Saturday Review's editors would amount to little if they were not deeply committed men and women. Our editors' concerns, their passions, their involvement in the world of ideas are reflected on the pages of this family of magazines. They strive for truth and realize that truth may emerge from a balanced view of our times, but realize that "balance" must never dilute a compelling idea.

To reach our objectives we've increased the editorial pages in each issue of the family of monthlies by 40%.

Believing that graphics are a vital part of effective communication, we've also invested heavily in full-color photography and illustration.

### How to subscribe selectively.

Each of our new magazines is available at a regular $12 annual Charter Price.

However, each of them is now being offered to new subscribers at a Half-Price Introductory Rate of $6 per year.

The newsstand price per issue is $1.

In addition, for those new subscribers who elect to subscribe to *all four* of our magazines (thus receiving a magazine a week), the regular combined price is $24 per year.

The two pages that follow describe our family of four monthlies in more detail.

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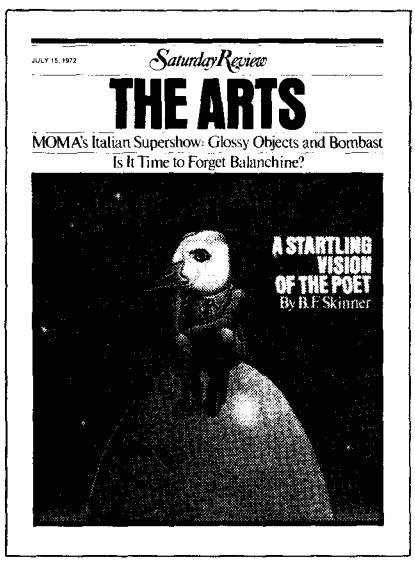
# THE ARTS

Across the country there is more interest in the creative powers of our culture than ever before.

It isn't just a passive interest; people are discovering that in every one of us there lives an artist, a creator of some sort, and that "art" is no longer the special preserve of a few experts. New art forms, new art centers, and new concepts of what art should be are developing in joyful profusion.


JULY 15, 1972
SaturdayReview
THE ARTS
MOMA's Italian Supershow: Glossy Objects and Bombast
Is It Time to Forget Balanchine?
A STARTLING VISION OF THE POET
By B.F. Skinner

SR/The Arts is designed to help you keep up with all these exciting developments.

It features eight regular departments: Cinema; Art; Theater and Dance; Entertainments; Writing; Architecture and Design; Music; and People and Ideas.

These departments spot trends, report on coming events, revisit forgotten masters, and put you in touch with the personalities behind art news.

But Saturday Review/The Arts does not confine itself to the traditional cultural categories. The magazine sets no artificial limits on its scope.

It looks at all the Arts.

Photography. Design. Dance. Sculpture. Architecture. Literature. Painting. Communications. Criticism. Opera. Music. Film. Theater. Poetry.

You'll get guides to European and American music festivals, thorough reviews of the latest recordings, reports on jazz, pop and rock, and articles on Broadway musicals. Sir Rudolf Bing will recall his twenty-two years as impresario of the Metropolitan Opera, and novelist Terry Southern will cover the Rolling Stones' American tour.

—You'll read a debate between two great men of letters, Francis Steegmuller and Alberto Moravia, that continues a modern controversy over a novel written more than a hundred years ago.

—You'll discover how an American firm is redesigning Sao Paulo's transportation system, how a famous lighting designer is constructing mobile theater units, how a woman artist is coming up wth new, humane concepts for buildings that startled and influenced established architects.

—You'll read John Hightower, former director of the Museum of Modern Art, on how tax dollars may revolutionize museums, changing them from private clubs for connoisseurs to vital public institutions. You'll see Claude Picasso's essay on the private collections of America's best-known modern artists.

In addition, The Arts carries features, puzzles, reviews, contests and editorials.

We invite you to become a Subscriber to Saturday Review/The Arts at the half-price charter introductory rate of $6.00 for one year.

# EDUCATION

This magazine explores the world of learning, and raises fundamental questions about the existing educational system, and the new directions it might take.

It has several editorial departments, including Previews and Reviews, Life and Learning, Early Childhood, The Schools, Colleges and Universities, and People and Ideas.

It examines how we learn, where we learn, and what we learn, and relates it to the new requirements of our society.

It does not restrict its attention to schools, colleges and other formal institutions, because we are constantly learning outside the classroom.

All through your life, environmental influences are having a profound influence on your ability to cope.

In addition, basic education is undergoing significant change at all levels in our society.

The information explosion is partly responsible.

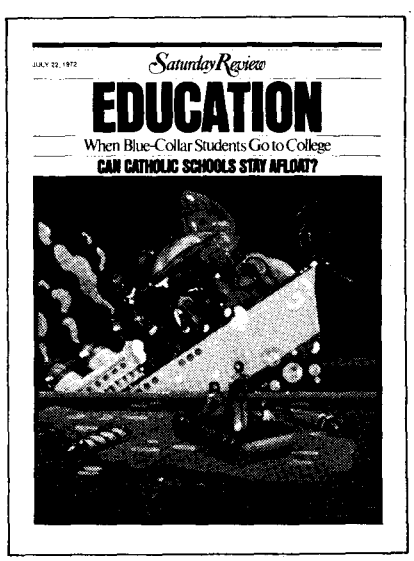
New technology plays its part.

And educators are learning more about how people learn, and what they retain.

But the major change occurring in education today may be due to the fact that teaching methods which worked in America during the industrial revolution and the immigrant waves will not be relevant in the 21st Century.

We are faced with education in the urban ghetto.

Retraining of workers who have been automated out of jobs.




Overcrowded, underfinanced school systems.

Continuing education beyond college, for people who need it, and for people who enjoy it.

SR/Education is intensely readable, relevant and exciting.

Here are some of the things you will read about in Education.

—Are "educational toys" really educational? Are they really necessary?

—Children's TV. A guide to the coming season that parents, and educators can really trust.

—The "blue-collar" colleges: as open admissions becomes policy in many colleges, what experience from the past will be significant?

—Do those "crash courses" for the College Boards really help?

—A head-start on Head Start: education begins in the home.

—Should schooling be compulsory? Direct reports from states where it is not.

We invite you to become a Charter Subscriber to Saturday Review/Education at the half-price introductory Charter Rate of $6 for 1 year.

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# SCIENCE

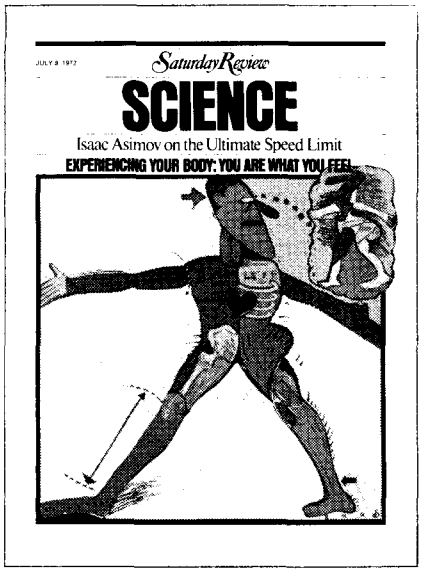
Science has become too important a part of our lives to be left to scientists.

Yet most magazines that deal with the subject of science are so technically oriented, they tend to be obscure to the non-professional.

So the editors of Saturday Review have created a monthly magazine to solve the problem.

It's called Saturday Review-Science, and it's written for you, the non-professional.

Which is not to say that it's simplistic.


JULY 8 1972
SaturdayReview
SCIENCE
Isaac Asimov on the Ultimate Speed Limit
EXPERIENCING YOUR BODY: YOU ARE WHAT YOU FEEL

In fact, many scientists thoroughly enjoy it. They read it to learn more about areas other than their own.

What we've done is to make the materials more relevant, and more digestible.

We've eliminated the statistical probability curve charts.

And the complicated three-paragraph chemical formulae.

We've left the fun in.

SR-Science covers science as it needs to be covered.

It keeps you abreast of developments in virtually every field of science.

Health and medicine. Psychology. Physics. Environment. Sociology. Anthropology. Biology. Chemistry. Computer sciences. Applied sciences. And the ideas and discoveries of the top men and women in the various fields of science.

Our approach is to clarify and communicate, rather than just to report.

After reading an article on the phenomena of lightning, you will actually *understand* the processes that produce them. In detail.

Some articles:

—The computer and civil liberties: the danger of a nation on file in a machine's memory.

—Lunar tides: how the attraction of the moon results in everything from mirth to madness.

—What's wrong with American agriculture.

—Weather modification: are raindrops as lethal as bombs?

—The psychology of foreign aid: is it really better to give than receive?

—The schedule of the human embryo: when does life really begin.

—The definition of death. When does life really end?

In addition, Science carries features, puzzles, reviews, contests and editorials.

You can get a Charter Member Subscription at the half-price rate of $6.00 for one year.

We invite you to take advantage of this offer today.

Layman or not.

# THE SOCIETY

The new politics. Changing lifestyles. Business booms and busts. Freer relations between the sexes. Power, and how to get it. War, and how to stop it. Money, and how to make it. Things, and how not to let them get the better of you. Nature, and how not to muck it up.

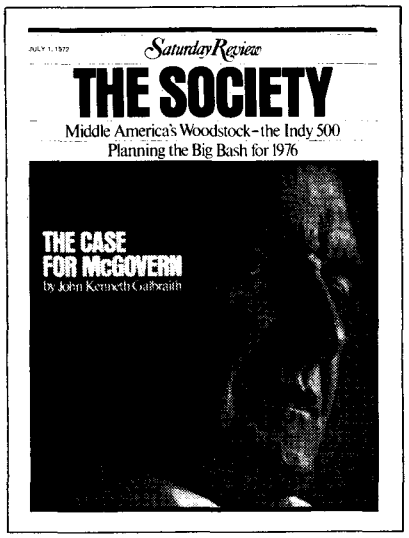
Newspapers and television do cover these topics, and that's why they're conversation pieces. But even the newspapers can't cover these subjects in depth.

Deadlines won't permit it.

So the editors of Saturday Review have created a new magazine that fills the need.

It's a monthly, so that we can have the luxury of research, re-examination, and reflection.

The result is articles that are meaty enough to give you something to talk about for a month. And think about for a lot longer.




In a way, it is an invaluable, practical aid to coping with and surviving in a society that is changing around us at a future-shock pace.

Its main fare is things you don't get to read about in the newspapers.

—Like John Kenneth Galbraith's witty and compelling statement of "The Case for George McGovern."

—Like a recent essay by Clark MacGregor (President Nixon's new campaign manager) entitled "The Coming Nixon Victory."

—Like "A Radical Guide to Wedlock"—in which the authors spell out the way (they think) a modern marriage contract ought to read.

—Like "Smart Bombs and Dumb Strategy"—an analysis of how the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese manage to go on shooting even after having been bombed harder than the Germans in World War II.

—Like the profile of the man who is called "The Ralph Nader of the Insurance Business."

—Like the psychoanalytic probe into the fad of skyjacking.

—Like a symposium of the nation's leading economists on the subject of tax reform.

—Like an analysis of the new "social responsibility" mutual funds.

Saturday Review-The Society is looking into the issues of society. Our corporation. Our unions. Prisons. Environmental protection groups. Community-run day-care centers. The economy. Leisure. Business. Communications. Politics. Advertising. Technology. Welfare. Jobs.

In short, the pulse of life.

We invite you to become a Charter Subscriber to Saturday Review-The Society at the half-price introductory rate of $6.00 for one year.

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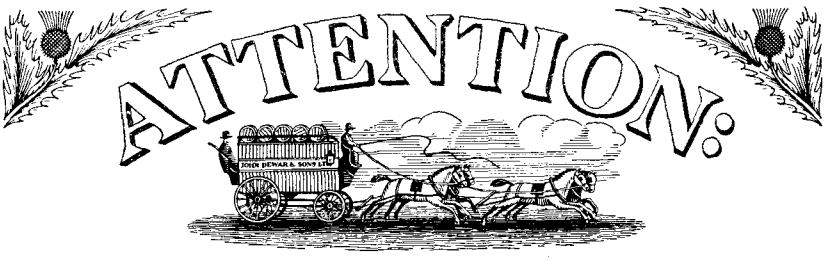


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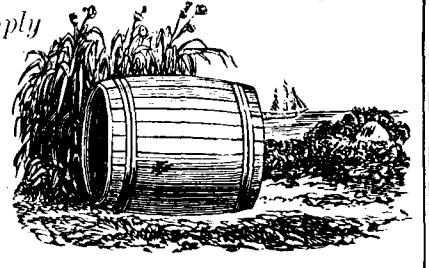

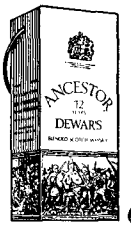


Those planning to use some of their ANCESTOR as holiday gifts should pay particular notice to the limited supply available. We, therefore, suggest a certain amount of haste in assuring your requirements.

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*The directors of the company continue to appreciate your indulgence.*

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We began one humid Wednesday afternoon in Bobby's West Side office apartment, which is stuffed with free records. "I have more than two thousand," he confided. He saves everything, so souvenir programs, ash trays, posters, flags, and statuettes flood the small rooms.

I watched and listened while he relentlessly manned the phone, trying to get onto a junket for a rodeo to be held in Aspen, Colorado. I had heard that he had thrown a screaming fit in order to be invited on at least one European movie junket. But now he spoke gently into the receiver, stroking with one finger his brown, shoulder-length hair.

It sounded as if the rodeo junket wasn't coming off.

He hung up. A minute later he tried to wangle his way into a Paramount screening. No luck. Undaunted, he went about making arrangements to see Shakespeare in the Park, then talked to friends about getting into John Lennon's upcoming concert.

Between calls Bobby told me that he spends part of each day on the phone checking and double-checking with press agents and cronies to make sure he won't overlook a single exclusive film showing or Off-Broadway revue. He went on to say that he believes his obsessive need to attend anything cultural feeds right into his other life: Although Bobby rarely mentions the fact, he has worked almost continuously in show business for fourteen years. He's been company manager for half a dozen Broadway shows, including *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg*. He was associate producer of Steve McQueen's *Bullitt*. His biggest credit to date is the documentary *The Groupies*, which he produced in 1970. Currently he's in partnership with Herman Krawitz, former assistant general manager of the Metropolitan Opera. The two met when Bobby was studying drama at Columbia. Now they are working on various film and theatrical projects.

By the end of the afternoon Bobby had scheduled his entire weekend, most of which would be spent at a twenty-four-hour rock festival in Nassau County.

At 6:30 p.m. we left his apartment and walked over to Central Park to hear Peggy Lee. On the way Bobby explained that, although he used to crash a lot of events, he no longer has to—now that he's a rock critic for the underground magazine *Screw*. "I can always get seats now. It's cool."

However, when we reached Wollman Rink, where the concert was to be held, the press section was roped off, and Bobby was stopped by a large, black policewoman.





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"These seats are reserved for Peggy Lee's guests."

"I'm a guest," Bobby countered, grinning. His eyes sparkled behind granny glasses.

"What's your name?"

He told her.

"You on the press list?"

"I *am* press. Press," he hissed seductively, and, putting his arm around the policewoman, he whispered something into her ear. She giggled. A small crowd gathered. In front of us the band had begun to tune up.

Eventually, a press list was brought over. Bobby's name was not on it, and we were banished to the side bleachers.

"I always sit down front," Bobby sulked. "This is bizarre." Two hours later the entire audience—with the exception of Bobby—gave Peggy Lee a standing ovation.

We spent the remainder of the evening at, first, a press party at the Continental Baths, on the upper West Side, then a rollicking folk fest at Folk City in Greenwich Village. At both places Bobby was admitted without a hassle, and people greeted him with amused tolerance—particularly when he quizzed them about future screenings or concerts. "You got an invitation to that one? I didn't. Who do I call?"

At Folk City Brian Vanderhorst, public relations man for Atlantic Records, clapped him on the shoulder and boomed: "Bobby Weiner! The man who goes anywhere! Where'd you just come from?"

Bobby told him. Later he muttered to me, "This was an off night. Nothing much *happened*. But tomorrow it will."

"What?" I asked him.

"*Something*. I live in a constant state of anticipation. I'm sure I'm going to hear a great new poet or listen to a grand new song or . . . ."

"Aren't you ever disappointed?"

"All the time. Look. I don't want to be alone with myself. It's as simple as that. A shrink would have a field day. People think I'm crazy to go the way I do. But I'm not hurting anybody, am I? All my life I've had this fantasy about being able to go everywhere, and I'm starting to fulfill it."

"Would you go to everything if you had to pay?"

Bobby thought for a minute. "No, but, see, it's all part of this gigantic freebie game. Our country is run by enormous public relations machines, and, if you're hooked into p. r., you're automatically part of the power and energy, and you can touch on a lot of worlds."

The following evening we touched on what one disillusioned music critic calls "the rock freebie circus."


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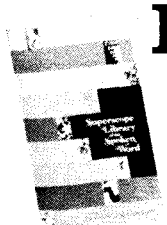

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At 5 p.m. Bobby and I joined more than two hundred other journalists and rock groupies who were waiting to board buses outside the Warner Brothers Records office on East 50th street. Our destination: Jersey City and a concert headlined by the Alice Cooper Band.

"Alice Cooper is a man," someone said. "But it's not true that he kills chickens on stage and drinks their blood."

Before our bus started up, we were served Cold Duck—red and white wine mixed with champagne—and, as we rolled into Lincoln Tunnel, Bobby crowed, "Our bus is the heaviest." Seated around him were Don Heckman and Grace Lichtenstein of the *New York Times*, Lillian Roxon, and Henry Edwards. Edwards kept up a running commentary on the raunchy goings on at the back of the bus. According to him, a buxom girl was about to perform indecent acts for the price of a five-dollar bill. Several men got up to investigate, but Bobby stayed put, clutching the Alice Cooper T-shirts he had grabbed before we boarded the bus.

As we drove into Weehawken, a bearded press agent bounced down the aisle, passing out Quaaludes. "They're horse tranquilizers," Henry Edwards cautioned, "the kind wild animals are given to calm them down." Despite his warning several couples near us swallowed the pills, and in a short while a young man who called himself "the Baron" was babbling doggerel. Moments later he vomited into his hands.

Beside me Bobby jumped up and down, squealing, "Woo! Woo!! *Mondo bizarre*!"

When we reached Roosevelt Stadium in Jersey City, we saw hundreds of blue-jeaned kids milling about the littered grass, waiting to get into the concert. Many of them were selling various kinds of amphetamines.

A party, catered by Nathan's, was already in progress in the dimly lit locker room adjacent to the stadium. We went in and were immediately surrounded by a tacky assortment of midgets and somersaulting acrobats. Bobby promptly started to scoop up souvenirs. Soon he was laden down with two life-sized Alice Cooper cardboard figures, a Nathan's straw hat, and his Alice Cooper T-shirts—in spite of which he managed to juggle a paper plate of hot dogs.

People kept pouring into the party. A man in a gorilla suit. Andy Warhol stars Jane Forth and Candy Darling. Disc jockey Alec Bennett, decaled and ponytailed for the event. Bennett's nymphet girl friend, her cheeks painted with fake freckles.

Chairs splintered under the weight of the crowd. One reporter broke his leg. We could see Bobby scrambling through the overturned chairs, trying to gather up his scattered souvenirs.

Bobby moved restlessly from group to group, questioning, listening, observing. He was anxious to line up more concerts, more screenings, more Off-Broadway shows. He couldn't waste time "goofing off," he told me. Occasionally he rose on tiptoe and studied the crowd, checking out faces to make sure that he wasn't "missing" anything.

At one point he hissed, "There's Tony Pink! He crashes places now by saying he's me."

Pink, an angel-faced boy with a 1950s haircut, waltzed by us with an armful of Alice Cooper records.

"Hey, Tony, where'd you get those?" Bobby demanded.

"They gave them out free," Pink retorted, grandly. "But I took the last ones."

By the time the concert began numerous couples had passed out from taking Quaaludes. As we walked out of the locker room and onto the stadium field, we heard the whine of ambulances. "Pay no attention," Bobby said. "Happens more and more at these things."

We settled ourselves in the press section—folding chairs directly in front of the stage. A radio announcer sitting near us estimated that the crowd in the stands was close to 15,000.

During "Flash," the first musical act, Bobby kept dropping his souvenirs. He put on his Nathan's straw hat only to have it splinter to bits. He managed to swipe another, but I sat on it by mistake. An hour-and-a-half later, when the J. Geils Band whammed on stage, Bobby was on his knees, trying to prop up his Alice Cooper cardboard figures.

"You're acting like a matinee lady," Henry Edwards chided. "Enjoy."

But the music was so shattering that we all put our hands over our ears.

After J. Geils had finished, an hour passed while Alice Cooper's complicated sound equipment was set up. Hoards of kids started to push down from the bleachers. Yelling impatiently, they



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moved into the press section. Bobby gave some of them cigarettes and talked to others who were drooping from the effects of pills. The press section got so congested that we had to stand on our chairs in order to watch the remainder of the show.

Finally, what sounded like thunder rumbled through the air. Then thousands of shimmery soap bubbles descended on us, and Alice Cooper made his entrance, while music blasted behind him.

Alice—his real name is Vince—spat into the front row; his fans cheered. Wearing a ragged transvestite costume, he performed suggestive bumps and grinds. He made faces through grotesque make-up. During one number he sang to an eleven-foot pet boa constrictor named Yvonne. During another he and his group performed a violent, street-gang fight, complete with swords and knives. The act culminated with Alice's being "hung" on a scaffold shrouded in a cloud of colored smoke.

"He used to be electrocuted," Bobby breathed.

Around us kids were shoving closer to the stage. Some were kissing each other passionately.

Suddenly, Alice screamed, "You think I'm crazy? *You're* the ones who are *really crazy!*" And with that he began tossing rolled-up souvenir posters into the audience. Everyone rushed forward to grab at them. Chairs splintered under the weight of the pushing crowd. One reporter broke his leg. I was nearly trampled until Henry Edwards pulled me to my feet. We could see Bobby scrambling through the overturned chairs, trying to gather up his scattered souvenirs.

The ride back to New York took hours. Our bus driver made a wrong turn, and we were stuck in a traffic jam till 1 a.m. Nobody felt like talking except an elderly midget who had performed hours before at the locker room party and wanted an explanation of the past few hours.

"Explain? Explain?" Edwards snapped. "The evening was a great ugly." For me this summed up the experience perfectly.

But Bobby seemed genuinely pleased. As far as he was concerned, "something definitely had happened."

What bothered him was the loss of most of his souvenirs. He had only one Alice Cooper cardboard figure. The rest must have been stolen during the bedlam after the concert.

But who would do such a thing?

"Tony Pink," a voice mumbled from the far reaches of the bus. "Tony Pink, the guy who pretends he's Bobby. Doesn't it figure?" □


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# Letters

**Economics, Equality, and Education**

The argument of Mary Jo Bane and Christopher Jencks in "The Schools and Equal Opportunity" [*SR*, Sept. 16] that equalizing opportunity in education cannot take us very far toward eliminating inequality of income is misleading. When it is published in a magazine read by the general public, the effect is to reinforce either the passive acceptance of our present social order or the belief that Harvard professors should confine their research to such fields as organic chemistry.

Bane and Jencks say that the difference between the incomes of a random pair of individuals in society at large averaged about $6,200 in 1968, while that of brothers' incomes averaged about $5,700. Thus, they say, "people who start off equal end up about as unequal as everybody else."

I am sure that the difference between the incomes of the Rockefeller brothers averaged more than $6,200 in 1968. Although they started off equal in many ways, they no doubt ended up by exhibiting a considerable variation—of about a million or so—which certainly exceeds that within most poor families. The statement "Inequality is not mostly inherited: It is re-created anew in each generation" should be compared with "Children of the rich become unequally rich; children of the poor become unequally poor." From the evidence presented, one statement seems as true as the other.

Herbert Robbins
Chairman
Department of Mathematical Statistics
Columbia University
New York, N.Y.

Bane and Jencks fail to note that America is one of the few Western countries in which equality of educational opportunity is not—at least in practice—a matter of individual right. During the 1960s there were still vast disparities between per-pupil expenditures in the slums and suburbs and in rich and poor states. The children of the rich were nearly always able to send their children to schools that were superior to those attended by poor children.

Since America provides tragically few well-financed schools in the slums (and few impoverished schools in the suburbs), we really have no evidence that bears directly on whether it is possible to "reverse" the effects of slum living through educational enrichment.

We find no justification for the authors' conclusion that "the character of a school's output depends largely on . . . the characteristics of the entering children." Unfortunately, only three possible "outcomes" of schools are discussed by the authors: occupational status, income, and test scores. Even if it should turn out that all of these are relatively impervious to the quality of the schools, we are appalled by the idea that these criteria constitute adequate measures of school "output." Surely scholarly attainments, love of knowledge, interest in the subject matter, and ability to live a useful life are also measures of school "output." To use the income criterion is to argue for the abolition of postgraduate education—since it is well known that Ph.D.s (most of whom are employed by universities) earn less subsequent income than businessmen or bankers.

The authors appear to have abandoned all hope that the school might actually teach students anything. As they put it, "the primary basis for evaluating a school should be whether the students and teachers find it a satisfying place to be." Surely we have grown beyond such misguided notions —exemplified by "progressive schools" of an earlier generation in which one could find "happy and satisfied" fifth-graders who were "not yet ready" to learn to read!

Bane and Jencks are to be applauded for relieving schools of the necessity of curing all of the social injustices of America. But they are to be roundly booed for failure to recognize that citizens have a legitimate right to expect schools to educate their pupils. As the authors also said in another context, "Reformers are always getting trapped into claiming too much for what they propose." Shoemakers, attend thy lasts!

Bruce J. Biddle
Professor of Sociology
and of Psychology
Thomas L. Good
Associate Professor of Education
University of Missouri
Columbia, Mo.

**Reform School Revisited**

Brian Vachon's article "Hey Man, What Did You Learn in Reform School?" [*SR*, Sept. 16] plainly shows what Ohio lost when Jerome Miller left for Massachusetts, where he closed the juvenile in-



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stitutions and substituted a program designed to rehabilitate.

As a social worker for three years on the staff of our state's institution for the "most severely delinquent boys," I soon realized that the concern of the administration was focused, not on the boys' problems, but on how to keep them from escaping. My efforts to implement a prerelease program were little appreciated and halfheartedly supported by a staff that considered my approach overindulgent.

All who have a concern for a more just and humane treatment of problem children will follow Dr. Miller's experiment in Massachusetts with the hope that it may prove successful.

Miriam C. Wollam
Columbus, Ohio

**Experimental First**

I read with interest James Cass's article "A System Designed to Be Beaten" [*SR*, Sept. 16] about experimental colleges. What is unexplainable is Cass's omission of Goddard College from the list of "Montpelier Conference Participants." The list of participating institutions distributed at the conference included Goddard. Moreover, anyone familiar with experimental education is aware that many experimental programs are based on models developed and implemented by Goddard College during the past decade.

Francis Voigt
Coordinator of External
Degree Programs
Goddard College
Plainfield, Vt.

**Hailing the Chief**

The snotty Up Front article "The Coronation of Richard Nixon," [*SR*, Sept. 16] by Lucian K. Truscott IV is an example of why thoughtful people have turned sour with respect to the media.

Mr. Nixon must be a pretty good guy to call forth such as Mr. Truscott wrote.

B. F. Holme
Northville, Mich.

Truscott's article stinks up to high heaven. My proper Bostonian parents and teachers who tried so hard to fill us kids up with patriotism and respect for OUR President and our country must be turning over in their graves! "You need only take the long walk from my hotel to Flamingo Park to begin to smell the low sweet stench of the orgasm that is known as a Political Convention." For shame, Editor! Is this the manner in which writers of *SR* should be reporting about a most important occasion?

Alice Richmond
Denver, Colo.


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# Editorial

## A Blow to European Unity

Perhaps the approach of winter with its foreshortened days and leaden skies had something to do with it. In any event Norway was in an emphatically negative mood a couple of weeks ago. In a nation-wide referendum Norwegians rejected membership in the European Economic Community, more widely known as the Common Market. Barely had those ballots been counted when a five-member committee of the Norwegian Parliament announced in Oslo that the Nobel Peace Prize would not be awarded this year (*see below*).

Although the decision to withhold the Peace Prize is of great symbolic significance, the rejection of Common Market membership will have a far more palpable and immediate impact. In the words of Sicco Mansholt of the Netherlands, president of the Common Market Commission: "It represents a setback on the way to European unity."

Despite the Norwegian "no," the enlargement of the market will go ahead on schedule. On January 1, 1973, the Six were to have become the Ten. The founding members—Belgium, France, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, and West Germany—were to have welcomed four newcomers. Ireland has already held a referendum and accepted membership. Prime Minister Edward Heath's Conservative government is committed to joining the community on the basis of a parliamentary vote, and Heath is unlikely to yield to pressure for a referendum. Denmark and Norway were to have rounded the membership to a total of ten.

Even without Norway the expanded Common Market will be one of the world's most formidable geographic and economic units. Its population will total roughly 250 million—greater than that of either the Soviet Union or the United States. Its gross national product will be nearly $600 billion—trailing America's trillion-dollar economy and approximating Russia's (though Moscow may exaggerate a bit about its real GNP). Subtracting Norway's 3.9 million people and its $10-billion economy from this community scarcely matters in terms of overall size and impact.

Where it does make an emphatic difference is in psychological and political terms. Norway's fishermen, foresters, and farmers were unalterably opposed to entry out of fear that their products would fetch lower prices within the larger community. They were joined by conservatives who saw the Common Market as a threat to the country's sovereignty and by radicals who saw it as a tool that would permit entrepreneurs to fatten their profits. The upshot of their vote—1,025,782 against the market and 889,243 for—will be to stunt Norway's economic evolution, which is gradually moving the country away from its dependence on herring, timber, and vegetables. It also will turn Norway inward, which may be more important in the long run, and encourage the nationalistic impulse that has made life difficult for every advocate of European unity over the centuries.

The "no" vote could not have come at a worse time in another respect. On October 19 the heads of government of the current and prospective Common Market members will meet in Paris. On the agenda for this summit are proposals to create a European monetary union, a European political secretariat, and a regional assistance program for poorer areas within the community. Adoption of any one of these proposals would give considerable thrust to the efforts to erase Europe's artificial borders and to create, someday, a genuine community. But now Messrs. Pompidou, Brandt, Heath, and Co. will be less likely to push hard for a final decision on any of the proposals.

In the face of such setbacks it is difficult to cling to the belief that Europe will eventually overcome the obstacles to unity. The Holy Roman Emperors failed, and so did more secular successors such as Napoleon. Nonetheless, there are those who feel that Europe's position, sandwiched between the United States and the Soviet Union, makes some form of union both imperative and inevitable. Harvard's Carl J. Friedrich, for one, wrote in *Europe: An Emergent Nation?* that "Europe is bound, in this world of emerging cultural and convictional federal unions of continental dimensions, to go forward in the direction of unification." Jean Monnet, one of the prime movers behind the Treaty of Rome, which brought the Common Market into being, put it this way: "We are not bringing together nations, we are uniting men." The trouble is that men remain stubbornly wedded to the idea of nations.

Ronald P. Kriss

## No Nobel for Peace

It comes as no great surprise when, in any given year, the Nobel committee announces that it has been unable to find a single candidate worthy of the Peace Prize. In our century of total war it is more astonishing that, since it was first awarded in 1901, the prize has been withheld on only nineteen occasions. The last twelve months, moreover, have not been particularly pacific ones, what with Vietnam, Northern Ireland, Bangladesh, and Arab terrorist acts followed by Israeli reprisals.

Of course, the committee overlooked an obvious candidate during its deliberations—obvious, that is, to Hugh Scott, Republican senator from Pennsylvania. In what must rank as one of the most absurd statements in a year characterized by outrageous rhetoric, Senator Scott urged that Richard M. Nixon be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his efforts to end the war in Vietnam. It is true that the President inherited the war from previous administrations. It is also conceivable that he could end it—or at least the American involvement in it—before November 7. Even if he does, however, it is useful to keep in mind that he has already been in office for a period longer than that between Pearl Harbor and the end of World War II, that scores of thousands of men have been wounded or killed during his winding-down of the war, and that he has launched the heaviest aerial bombardment in history. With credentials such as those, the Nobel committee should not have much trouble making up its mind in 1973, either.

R. P. K.



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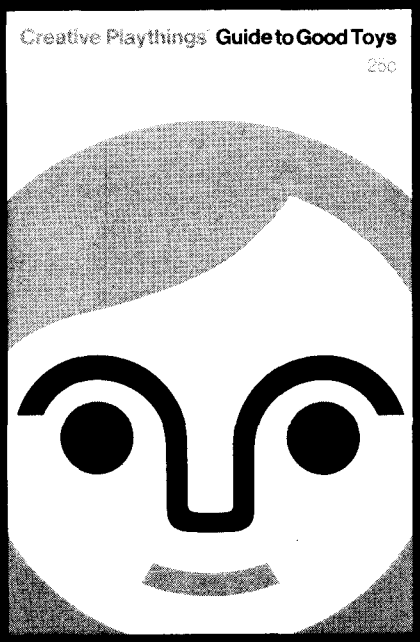


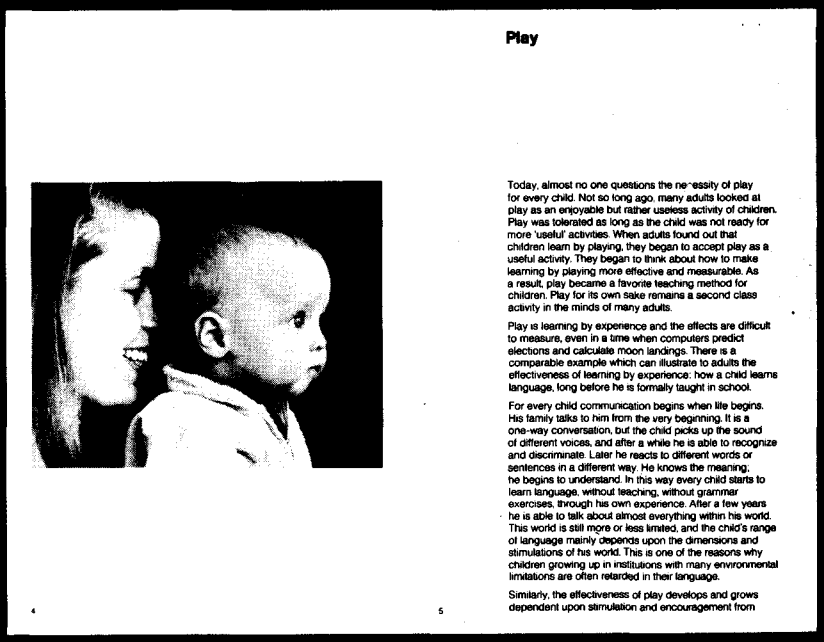
Play
Today, almost no one questions the necessity of play for every child. Not so long ago, many adults looked at play as an enjoyable but rather useless activity of children. Play was tolerated as long as the child was not ready for more 'useful' activities. When adults found out that children learn by playing, they began to accept play as a useful activity. They began to think about how to make learning by playing more effective and measurable. As a result, play became a favorite teaching method for children. Play for its own sake remains a second class activity in the minds of many adults.
Play is learning by experience and the effects are difficult to measure, even in a time when computers predict elections and calculate moon landings. There is a comparable example which can illustrate to adults the effectiveness of learning by experience: how a child learns language, long before he is formally taught in school.
For every child communication begins when life begins. His family talks to him from the very beginning. It is a one-way conversation, but the child picks up the sound of different voices, and after a while he is able to recognize and discriminate. Later he reacts to different words or sentences in a different way. He knows the meaning; he begins to understand. In this way every child starts to learn language, without teaching, without grammar exercises, through his own experience. After a few years he is able to talk about almost everything within his world. This world is still more or less limited, and the child's range of language mainly depends upon the dimensions and stimulations of his world. This is one of the reasons why children growing up in institutions with many environmental limitations are often retarded in their language.
Similarly, the effectiveness of play develops and grows dependent upon stimulation and encouragement from
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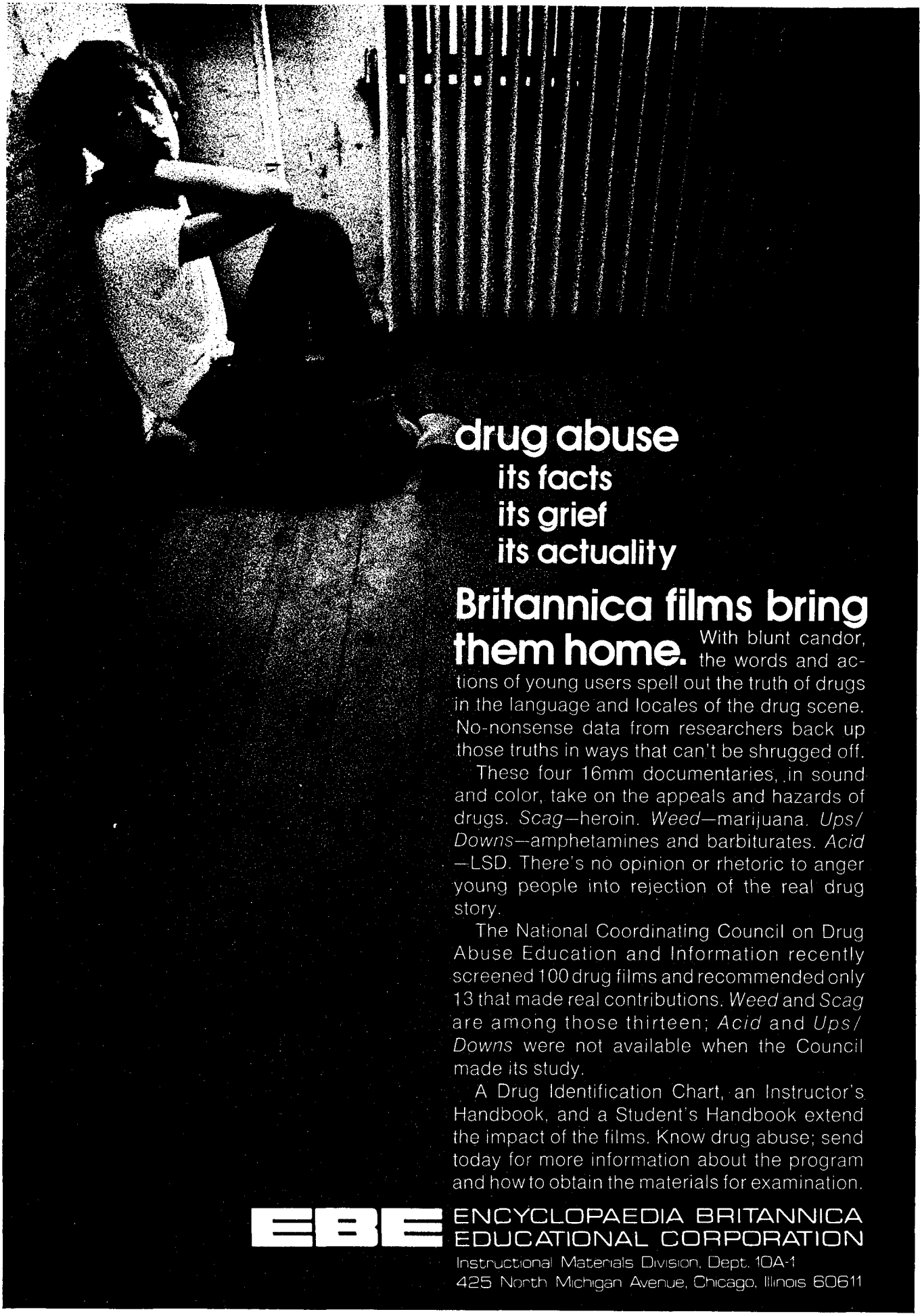

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The National Coordinating Council on Drug Abuse Education and Information recently screened 100 drug films and recommended only 13 that made real contributions. *Weed* and *Scag* are among those thirteen; *Acid* and *Ups/Downs* were not available when the Council made its study.

A Drug Identification Chart, an Instructor's Handbook, and a Student's Handbook extend the impact of the films. Know drug abuse; send today for more information about the program and how to obtain the materials for examination.

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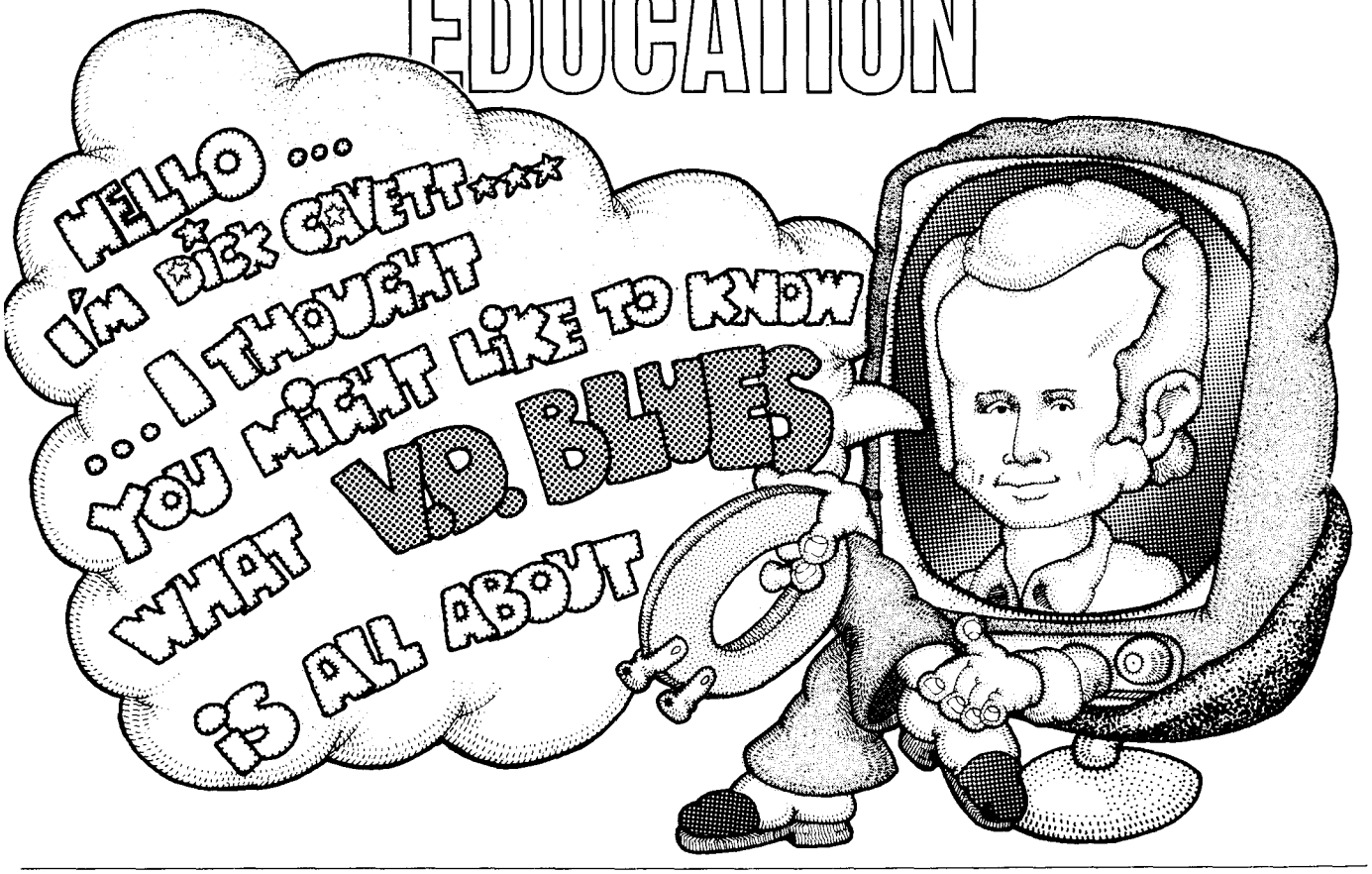


# Putting VD on Public TV

BY HENRY S. RESNIK

**Dick Cavett:** "A lot of people have been wondering why I'm hosting a television show on venereal disease. Well, actually I wasn't WNET's first choice. They asked George Plimpton to go out and get a dose of clap and then come back and tell of his experiences. George said no and blew the show. They asked Senator Muskie to do it—they're still waiting for him to answer. Senator Humphrey answered—but he wasn't even asked—in fact as I talk to you now, he's still answering. Spiro Agnew refused to have anything to do with sex because he's keeping a low profile this year. So they asked me—their thirty-fifth choice.

"I thought you might like to know what *VD Blues* is all about—might even be curious about why I decided to do this show. I'm doing it because I was asked. It hardly seems necessary at this stage to talk about the epidemic of gonorrhea in this country. Two-and-a-half-million cases last year. A startling increase in the number of cases of syphilis. That's enough reason right there to do a show. Obviously, something's happening in our society, and there are no simple answers. Change of values; lack of parental guidance for the young; more permissive attitudes toward sex; the young seeking instant gratification; people responsible for VD information and control not doing the job: The epidemic may be the sum of all or some of these reasons, and more.

"Anyway, the young still seem to get their sex education from their peer group—and it's bad education, at least about VD. So we set out to broadcast some straight information. The target audience of this show is young. Younger than some of you would like to admit. Most VD and the fastest-rising rate of VD is among teen-agers. You reach the young by being cool, not by moralizing, by telling them the facts and even by poking fun at the most-esteemed stereotypes of their elders. You reach the young through music—rock and ballads that tell an honest story.

"The problem was to design a show that filled those requirements. A show—not a program. A show they'd watch—not a program they'd be told to watch."

—*From the script of Cavett's introduction to a closed-circuit preview of VD Blues*

By the time this copy of *SR Education* is in your hands, you may well have already viewed an hour-long TV show called *VD Blues*, which was first aired Monday night, October 9, on the nation's public broadcasting network (PBS), with Dick Cavett of ABC playing host. The show was one of the more significant events in the history of television as a medium for education, enlightenment, and raised consciousness (as opposed to television as a medium for mind-rotting schlock).

*VD Blues* set out to be an educational entertainment, a sort of *Sesame Street* for the sexually active, a show that people (particularly young people, who are increasingly the victims of venereal diseases, though they've hardly cornered the VD market) would want to see, would enjoy seeing, would not switch channels on. It has become axiomatic in videoland that, in conveying useful and important information, documentaries don't really make it, that the great Nielsen in the sky rates them poor. A preachy documentary on VD was bound to be a disaster. You certainly didn't feel preached at if you were watching *VD Blues*. Instead, you saw a bizarre, sometimes hilarious, and remarkably informative show—saw it, enjoyed it, stayed tuned to one of numer-



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ous "breakaway" half-hours produced by local PBS affiliates in an immediate follow-up to the national hour-long special. In the process you painlessly learned a great deal more about VD than you knew before, and you began to be part of a massive effort to counteract what most public health authorities readily acknowledge as an epidemic (in fact, a *pan*demic) with genuinely alarming potential.

There has never been anything on television quite like *VD Blues*. In terms of public health venereal disease is hardly controversial—the only aspect of VD people might argue about is how best to get rid of it. But, as a subject for prime-time television programing, VD is quite another matter. *VD Blues* deserves to be categorized as a rather daring experiment. The show openly challenges taboos; one of its main goals is to change attitudes, to bring VD out of the closet and into the clinic. ("We're going to be speaking pretty openly here," Dick Cavett says, early in the program, "so, if there are any children watching, ask any of your parents who might be easily offended to leave the room.")

The producer of *VD Blues*, Don Fouser, has a particular penchant for making waves. Fouser was fired from Boston's public television station, WGBH, because of the controversies that arose during the making of a series called *The Nader Report*, based on the work of the consumer activist and aired in 1970 and 1971. Short, almost stocky, with medium-length dark-blond hair and intense blue eyes, an unglamorous but compelling presence whose clothes are in a constant state of disarray, Fouser resembles a walking explosion. His conversation bristles with expletives and trenchant indictments of slow-moving, conservative establishments everywhere. I suppose that Fouser is as radical as anyone can be in public television and still be in public television, and he lives what seems to be a precarious existence. Fouser was also the executive producer, I should note, of the installment of *The Great American Dream Machine* that won that show an Emmy award. But his future in television may well hang on the success of *VD Blues*.

"The guy's amazing," a member of Fouser's staff confided to me one day in Philadelphia as we watched him charging around a studio, checking out details of a *VD Blues* episode that was being videotaped. "This show is a mania with him—he's made it a personal crusade." The comment seemed about as subtle as an Ajax commercial; but, as I got to know Fouser during the production of *VD Blues*, I could only agree. Fouser *was* the show—for several months he lived and breathed it, became probably one of the world's leading authorities on VD. Fouser is almost compulsively energetic about his work. During the taping of the Cavett segments he discovered that the prop man had neglected to provide a toilet seat. ("All right, let's kill some myths," Cavett's commentary runs. "You cannot get venereal disease from a toilet seat.") Fouser disappeared for a minute or so and returned with a seat that he had personally yanked off a toilet in one of the studio's bathrooms.

CLAP KOMIX
Listurene may make your breath clean... but...
if you're old enough to have sexual contact, you're old enough to have VD.

Fouser got the idea for *VD Blues* three years ago at a party, when he fell into conversation with a doctor who had seen some of his previous shows and who told him that, if he really wanted to use television for public service, he ought to do a documentary about VD—that *there* was a serious social problem. From that point on Fouser became an avid student of the VD epidemic. He began reading books about VD. He talked with public officials. "In Massachusetts," Fouser told me early in my conversations with him, "the rate of VD has gone up 120 per cent in a decade." His intensity seemed to increase by at least 60 per cent as he spoke. "I found that you can die *insane* from syph. And gonorrhea is probably the primary cause of sterility in the country!" Fouser found support for the show among his colleagues at WGBH, but one thing after another intervened, he was fired, and he didn't get around to trying the idea out on his new bosses at WNET until two years later.

When I myself began exploring the evolution of *VD Blues*, I thought that VD was one of the last things in the world I needed to know a great deal about. I was aware that VD had become, in certain circles, an almost fashionable disease, a smile-and-poke-in-



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**The show openly challenges taboos. One of its main goals is to change attitudes, to bring VD out of the closet and into the clinic.**

the-ribs disease. But for me VD has always been conspicuously lacking in tone, a sleazy disease without any real class. Not, I used to think, a particularly serious disease. A disease to sneer about, a disease taken for granted by some people—like GIs, who are always getting it and quickly getting cured (as I mulled over the little I knew about VD, it seemed that there was a case of clap in every war novel I'd ever read).

Having spent a good deal of time learning about what went into the making of *VD Blues*, however, I find that my own attitude has changed. I've learned, for example, that the various forms of venereal disease are not the exclusive property of the slovenly and outrageously promiscuous. As one song written for *VD Blues* put it (the song has since been cut for lack of time), "Even Bankers Have Chancres." If VD is allowed to progress past the earliest stages, as it is in a surprisingly large number of cases, it can be brutally destructive. Many people, women especially, can have VD and pass it on without ever showing symptoms. I am less inclined now to think of VD as a subject for sly jokes.

Yet, as I followed the evolution of the show, I couldn't help wondering how successful it would be in reaching its audience. Shows such as *Marcus Welby* and *Medical Center* are successful, I speculated, mainly because they're so relentlessly solemn—every disease on these shows has its own crying track. But a *variety* show about VD? The idea seemed almost surreal. When one of Fouser's production assistants phoned playwright Israel Horovitz to invite him to do a playlet for the show, his immediate reaction was, "You're putting me on! Who *is* this?"

Indeed, *VD Blues* is no one's idea of garden-variety variety entertainment. The show contains stark descriptions of germ-infested chancres as part of a segment in which an actor portraying a hip young doctor speaks directly to the camera (and an imaginary male homosexual patient) about VD and anal intercourse. That segment was written by Gary Belkin, a TV variety-show veteran who also wrote Dick Cavett's script in collaboration with Fouser. Horovitz's segment takes place in a uterus—James Coco and Robert Drivas portray a gonorrhea germ and a syphilis germ vying for control of a young girl's body. They get shot dead by penicillin in the end, but it's a medical black comedy all the way. (Horovitz, who teaches literature in addition to writing plays, decided to contribute to *VD Blues* after he had gone to a library and discovered that VD had killed both Boswell and Keats.) Another playlet, by Clayton Riley, deals with the plight of a young black girl who has VD and can't find help or advice.

Other sections of the show are considerably lighter, however. In Jules Feiffer's skit a portly and pompous physician, played by Severn Darden, gives the word to his patient, comedienne Marcia Rodd, that she has syphilis. He mutters it so disdainfully that at first she misunderstands and thinks she has "silverlips." That misunderstanding corrected, there's another, when she announces that he gave it to her. She suggests that the case be reported, and he counters with "Exactly what kind of girl are you? The kind of girl who betrays her *doctor*?"

Also, there are songs. "Don't Give a Dose to the One You Love Most," written by Shel Silverstein, is sung by a rock group called Doctor Hook and the Medicine Show—it's consummate freak-funk filmed in Sausalito, California, with crowds of long hairs marching off to a VD clinic as the song con-



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cludes. "Carrier" is powerful and sultry and done beautifully by Novella Nelson in a cabaret atmosphere with a jazz combo. "What Am I Gonna Do Now?" about a young girl who discovers she has VD, is sung by teen-aged-wonder-songstress Karen Wyman. Finally, there is a bitterly ironic, little-known ballad about VD written by Woody Guthrie and sung on the show by Arlo.

One socko hour, Fouser hoped. But that was to be only the beginning. The kicker would come from the way the 223 local stations of the PBS network decided to handle their local breakaway shows. For, as Fouser saw it, *VD Blues* would initiate a massive, nation-wide VD-education campaign whose audience might ultimately dwarf that of the original TV hour. The variety show was the sugar-coated capsule; what really mattered were the thousand tiny time pills that followed it. A PBS programing official described this approach to me as "more-than-television." The show would kick off a long-term campaign involving not only local media but also books, pamphlets, community and public health organizations, schools—"I want to flood the country with information about VD," Fouser told me.

Critics of the medium have long contended that one of TV's main problems is its tendency to lull viewers into a state of utter inactivity. Thus, many programs may be more antigrowth, antieducational, than otherwise, even when they are trying very hard to be stimulating and informative. It has become a virtual truism that television isolates people and disconnects them from reality and one another at the same time that it links them together in what Marshall McLuhan has called the Global Village but which is more often the great electronic Milky Way of Mush.

Broadcasting isn't always a one-way avenue of noncommunication, of course. Fund-raising telethons have their origins in Jerry Lewis's campaigns to raise money for the Muscular Dystrophy Fund, which began as many as two decades ago. Public television stations across the country commonly follow the lead of San Francisco's KQED, which holds on-the-air auctions to raise money for its own support. And any night of the year the airwaves flow heavy with the endless chatter and agony of the radio phone-in shows.

Partly because it was conceived as a public service medium, public television has attempted to orient itself more directly to its audiences than commercial television usually feels the need to do. One of public TV's most significant efforts in this direction, a series of shows called *The Turned-on Crisis*, was initiated by WQED, the local station in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, which devoted a month of programing in the fall of 1970 to the question of drug use, and abuse, in response to extensive questionnaires, phone calls, and surveys that revealed drugs to be a primary community concern. Working with $450,000 in grants from the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, public television's main funding agency, and $100,000 from local foundations and corporations, WQED produced more than one hundred hours of programing that covered a spectrum from panel discussions to documentary-style plays to "mini-town meetings." It also arranged for the publication of thousands of books and pamphlets on the subject of drugs. The climax of the effort was a series of meetings and group discussions that took place in schools and community centers in the ten-county area the station serves. Parents, children, school administrators, teachers, public health officials, addicts, ex-addicts—many thousands of people became actively involved.

The theory behind a mass education program about venereal disease is inherently different from that of a mass program of drug education, however. It is, mainly, a great deal simpler. If masses of people are sufficiently informed about VD, they will be able to recognize its symptoms, know what they should do to find out if they have VD even if they don't have symptoms, and do something about getting cured. Disseminating information to the widest possible audience is the key to such a program's success. With drugs the dissemination of information is only the beginning of a complicated process that may not prove successful even if the information reaches many millions of people.

How have most Americans received information about venereal disease in the past? Health courses and sex education courses in schools are obvious ways; health educators estimate that a large majority of the nation's school children from seventh grade through high school do receive such information. According to the Center for Disease Control (CDC) in the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, there is substantial evidence in favor of VD-information programs in schools. But the nature and content of school courses are still subjects of such constant debate that they cannot be relied on exclusively; moreover, the communications gap between so many schoolteachers and their students does nothing to reassure a concerned public that such courses are useful even when their content is accurate and unbiased.

Until relatively recently VD has had fairly low priority in the mass media—given its long-standing reputation as a low-life disease, *infra dig*, dirty, not really worth the attention of anybody who's anybody. During the production of *VD Blues* one of Fouser's staff managed to locate several World War II VD-education posters that seemed to epitomize the general attitude toward VD that still prevails. The posters bore lurid drawings of whorish-looking women, cigarettes dangling from their lips, blouses falling wickedly from their shoulders, and captions like "Danger—disease ahead!" and "Juke Joint Sniper." Fouser told me that the only thing he had ever seen about VD on television was a documentary in which all the men and women were shown in silhouette. "Nobody had proposed to do a VD program before," Fouser said, "that didn't also lecture about shame. I want people to be able to talk *openly* about VD."

Though VD education is inadequate—whatever its extent to date—interest in the problem is clearly growing. KMOX, a CBS-owned radio station in St. Louis, prepared a half-hour panel show on VD last year, aired it without any advance publicity, and received several thousand phone calls requesting more information and advice. This past June WNEW-AM, in New York, did a call-in show with similarly impressive results. Yet many public health workers I interviewed said that useful and impartial information about VD is woefully hard to come by; some of the most prestigious national public health organizations either have no official policy about VD education or have only just adopted one. "Until very recently," a representative of the American Public Health Association told me, "we didn't do very much at all about VD. Our theory was that venereal disease was under control. Now it's epidemic, and we feel we should get involved."

In short, when he got the go-ahead for the project from WNET last January, the time was ripe for Fouser's attempt to flood the country with information about VD. But that, as he (and I) discovered, was a Herculean, hazardous undertaking.

The question of scheduling was crucial, for example, and on this Fouser lost out at the very beginning. The only time slot PBS could find for *VD Blues* was Monday night at eight o'clock, a precious hour before the NFL game on ABC, which is right up there with *Marcus Welby* at the top of the ratings charts. In the East only the breakaway shows would conflict with football, but millions of presumably germ-bearing young men and women were likely to switch channels as soon as Howard Cosell's voice came over the airwaves—and miss a vitally important part of the program. In the rest of the country football would overlap the national show as well. "From the moment I started the show," Fouser



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## Flooding the land with information turned out to be a risky undertaking.

told me, "I pleaded with people not to put it opposite the World Series or the NFL game. I lost that battle. What do you do when you're a producer? You take what they give you."

Money was just as important a factor, and Fouser's luck wasn't much better when he and a WNET colleague set out to raise funds. They went to the HEW Center for Disease Control with a $200,000 proposal for VD comic books, posters, and pamphlets that would be couched in simple language in order to reach the widest possible audience. According to Fouser, HEW's initial response was enthusiastic. "Our understanding of what they said was 'go back and beef up the proposal,'" he recalls. "So we drafted a new proposal, requesting $500,000." In addition to the print materials previously requested, the second proposal called for four "saddlebag producers" to tour the country for several months, organizing community support for the show, radio spots in various styles appropriate to different regions, p. r. writers—it even had a provision for newspaper copy about VD in boiler plate, so that any newspaper interested in the copy could easily drop it into an edition. "If I'd had $500,000," Fouser said many months later, "you would have had a VD campaign the likes of which you've never seen."

But then, for three months, silence. Finally, HEW turned the proposal down, explaining that the department insisted on having full control over the content of the printed materials. This continues to be the official reason, from HEW chief Elliot Richardson on down the line.

When Fouser first told me about the HEW incident, he admitted some confusion about what other reasons may have prompted the decision—"It was an intentional misunderstanding," he said. I pursued the question with William Schwartz, a consultant in CDC, who offered the following explanation: "We're approaching shows like this with long teeth," he said. "We saw what they said they were going to put in the show, and we thought it might do more harm than good—for instance, a gonorrhea germ and a syphilis germ having it out in somebody's uterus. We're trying to get away from the idea that this is only a *sexual* disease. And we're afraid of media overkill on VD, as you have with drugs. It's been demonstrated that the mass media are of very low efficiency in changing attitudes—media *reinforce* attitudes; they don't change them."

I mentioned this response to Fouser. "They turned it down either by design or because of a legitimate difficulty in communication," he said. "They may have thought we were just going to use the money to plug the program, but that wasn't what we were requesting. What we were really trying to do was raise the whole level of consciousness about VD by barnstorming the country. I think it could have worked. I think HEW is very narrow-minded about it. They have *not* done the job. They don't have any flair for how to get the public's eye or ear. Their pamphlets are dreary." (Ironically, long after the proposal had been turned down, several other CDC officials did endorse the show.)

At any rate, although the defeat was a significant one, it only seemed to spur Fouser on. After approaching several pharmaceutical companies, which also declined to support the show, Fouser finally obtained a grant of $105,000 from the 3M Company. But this was far from the amount of money he needed to mount the educational campaign he'd originally planned. It was scarcely enough to cover minimal production costs, in fact (an hour-long show on commercial television ordinarily costs three to ten times as much). From then on production of the show was a series of cliff-hangers. All the actors and singers were paid "scale" (the minimum for actors according to guild contracts). Several contributors, notably the writers and composers, worked for nothing but the cause. In order to save money Fouser and his staff had to move the production to Baltimore, Maryland, where the local public television station donated its facilities when they were available. Some of Fouser's more grandiose plans—cameo spots with superstars like John Wayne, for example—quickly fell by the wayside. Such questions as whether musicians would be given money for flying back to New York City or whether they should take the train and save $10 became highly problematical.

By the time the show was a month into actual production, Fouser had completely exhausted the initial 3M grant. *VD Blues* was originally budgeted at $150,000, and Fouser had decided to take a calculated risk by proceeding as if he had the full sum—"I thought the program would be so good that I'd get the backing of *someone*. Being by nature an optimist, I never thought I wouldn't get the money. I just forged ahead. I'm a bull-headed German." Fouser finally forced the issue at WNET and, with the support of Robert Kotlowitz, the recently appointed editorial director of WNET/Channel 13, obtained the money he needed to finish the show.

There was no money for a national coordinating staff, and Fouser had to fall back on a single WNET project coordinator to organize the backup effort, though at the beginning he did a good deal of this himself, flying out to Kansas City three times, for example, to discuss the show with representatives of the American Academy of Family Physicians. (This group later became one of the show's strongest supporters by encouraging its membership to participate in the local breakaways.) As for printed information, Fouser was lucky to get, as a gift from the Pfizer Corporation, a million copies of a VD pamphlet, another hundred thousand copies of the pamphlet in Spanish, and 75,000 posters—all to be distributed to local stations across the country. Fouser alternated between gratefulness to the people who were willing to help him and rage at all the others who didn't want to be bothered. "One insurance company puts out an excellent booklet on VD," Fouser told me as the deadline for the show's completion drew near. "But they don't want to just give it away. They want people to write to them to ask for it. Well, that's going to eliminate everyone but highly literate, motivated people. I want to get to the great *unwashed*. The show could be a great success critically and not reach its audience." Two weeks before air date 3M gave $16,000 for 40,000 posters and a million reprints of a recent *Reader's Digest* series on VD. A publisher in Syracuse offered—for sale—100,000 copies of a VD comic book. But even with these additions, the "flood" of information seemed more like a trickle.

Considering the many obstacles Fouser encountered, he was, however, surprisingly successful in mobilizing a follow-up campaign. He accomplished this, I began to realize, simply by substituting huge amounts of bull-headed energy for money. Aided by his own staff assistant and a representative from 3M, Fouser worked almost as hard on the local breakaway shows as he did on the national show. WNET/Channel 13 bombarded the local stations with news releases about *VD Blues* at the rate of several a week. By late September some ninety of the



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## Will we all be a little better off until the vaccine comes?

223 stations—in effect, half the PBS network, since many of the stations are simply transmitters—had decided to do their own productions, mostly panel discussions and phone-ins with medical authorities and other concerned citizens answering questions on the air as they talked to callers. Stations that chose not to produce their own shows were offered a WNET-produced half-hour discussion of venereal disease by a group of Philadelphia teen-agers who had organized a VD-information service called Operation Venus.

Boston's WGBH decided to run the full hour of *VD Blues* three times during the week of October 9, varying the time slot in order to reach as many people as possible; WNET scheduled the show for two airings, each with a breakaway show. Other local stations in university towns, where sixty-eight of the PBS affiliates are based, arranged to pipe the show directly through closed-circuit systems to reach students in lounges and meeting rooms. In Cleveland plans were under way for a two-and-a-half-hour telethon with a goal of 150,000 phone calls requesting information. (Not all stations were so cooperative, however. PBS local stations decide whether to air network shows. At this writing a number were known to have turned the program down. Thus, audiences in Little Rock, in Tacoma, and in the state of Mississippi were not to have an opportunity to see *VD Blues.)*

In addition, Fouser's staff assistant, Nelsa Gidney, rounded up eighteen national organizations—the National Student Nurses Association, the American Public Health Association, B'nai B'rith, the NEA, and others. They offered help in organizing the breakaway shows, in cooperation with the local stations, by recommending medical experts, public health administrators, doctors, teachers, and clergymen to participate in panel discussions and to answer telephones. Articles about the show appeared in several of these organizations' newsletters and magazines. The American Library Association even proclaimed October 9 "VD Day."

And every time I talked with Fouser and his staff I heard of new people, new organizations, that were helping with this massive effort. "The list gets longer every week," they would say. "So-and-so just wrote us a letter offering his/her/their support. . . . People are begging to work with us. . . . This or that city is going to. . . . Cast of thousands. . . . Fabulous. . . ." They were high on their hype; they had to be just to keep going.

But what was the most effective way, I wondered, to "flood the country" with information—any information—and reach the youthful audience who, according to Fouser, needed most to know about VD? Was a flood of information a realistic and practical goal? The CDC spokesman had insisted it wasn't, that personal contact with knowledgeable experts in clinics and doctors' offices was much more important—of course, the CDC, most of whose money for the control of VD goes to such ventures, has a certain vested interest in this point of view. (The CDC might well have noted, in turning down Fouser's proposal, that if the show has any single message, however, it's "Get thee to a doctor, and do it *now.*")

As an entertaining show, *VD Blues* was sufficiently strong, I finally decided, to produce positive results and to grab audiences. A group of public health workers with whom I watched the show at a screening in San Francisco welcomed it enthusiastically and were eager to support it—"It's so much better than the usual garbage about VD," said one. *VD Blues* is likely to be a show that people will talk about, remember, and see again (in addition to pushing for reruns, Fouser hopes to arrange for subsequent distribution of the show on film and video-cassette). More important, perhaps, than the show is the fact that VD's time seems to have come. Partly because of *VD Blues* itself, partly because of a National VD Week to be sponsored (though not until next spring) by the American Pharmaceutical Association, partly because most people, especially young people, are thoroughly weary of "drug education," if not of drugs, VD is soon likely to be the Social Problem of the Hour. And, as a social problem, VD has many positive attributes: Its solution is relatively uncomplicated—information and more information, consciousness raising, attitude changing. It is difficult to argue with—it's a real problem that affects people in all walks of life, in constantly growing numbers. And it is difficult to place among those issues whose very discussion may seem, to some, to shake our tenuous national equilibrium and sense of well-being.

Will *VD Blues* succeed in reaching the young people who presumably need it most? Will it reach the poor and the non-English-speaking who do not regularly consult private physicians? These are two distinct audiences, of course, but public television has always had a notoriously low share of the nightly audience under the best conditions. In fact, public television's poorest ratings, according to a Harris poll conducted nationally in September 1971, are among people under the age of twenty—Fouser's crucial target. It seems a sadly ironic commentary that one of Fouser's most vaunted means of expanding the audience for *VD Blues* was his effort, at this writing still unrealized, to coax the producer of *All In the Family* into doing a segment of *his* show in which Archie Bunker argues with his son-in-law about that "dirty pinko" show, *VD Blues.*

Dick Cavett will help—he is almost a cause himself. Doctor Hook and the Medicine Show will help (the group recently had a gold record, "Sylvia's Mother"), and so will skits by Clayton Riley and Jules Feiffer. Decision-makers will find *VD Blues* hard to ignore. Some, perhaps many, teachers will see the show or hear about it and want to screen it in their classrooms. The efforts of the numerous cooperating organizations are certain to pay off to some extent, although this will be difficult to measure. Everybody's consciousness will be raised a notch; attitudes are likely to change. We will all be a little better off until the vaccine comes. □

## Organizations that cooperated with the *VD Blues* campaign:

American Academy of Family physicians
American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation
American Library Association
American Medical Women's Association
American Osteopathic Association
American Pharmaceutical Association
American Public Health Association
American Social Health Association
American VD Association
Association of School Nurses
B'nai B'rith
National Association of Retail Druggists
National Council of Churches (Broadcasting & Film Commission)
National Education Association
National Medical Association
National Student Nurses Association
Planned Parenthood—World Population
Student American Pharmacists Association



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# Plus Ca Change...

## Education Backdate—A Quick Guide to the Hottest Old Ideas

BY DAN PINCK

If you believe, as I do, that schools reflect society and that schools can be no better and no worse than the society they reflect, then you may be skeptical, as I am, of any educational program that offers to change the schools without first changing society. To talk in sensible terms about deschooling education is not possible without first talking about desocietizing society. Schools are part of society, and society's ulcerations—massive urban hemorrhaging in crime, poverty, population, overarching permissiveness, and the disnesting of the family—overflow by their nature into the educational system. To separate the problems of the schools from the problems of the cities is to engage in sloppy romanticism.

The history of educational movements in this century is largely warped by sentimentality and sludge. Occasionally, however, a book illuminates the past, not by building a structure of generalities, but by providing an exegesis of, or a concordance to, an apparently useful program, and is furthermore written in the medium of simple English, without striations of educational jargon. Such a book is Randolph S. Bourne's *The Gary Schools* (recently reissued by the MIT Press).

Gary, Indiana, during the early years of this century was a center of educational innovation in the United States and in a considerable part of the Western world. It was the place to go if you wanted to see a humane, comprehensive, and successful school system in action:

In which each student was considered special and progressed according to his own achievement and not by grade level (*individualized, mixed-grouping, continuous progress*). Where teachers and students together planned the day and week based on their own interests (*integrated day*). Where the timetable was made to accommodate those interests (*modular scheduling*). Where public libraries, art galleries, museums, and zoos were located in the school buildings and master builders and union artisans worked in the schools with students and teachers, making things needed by the schools and the community (*bringing the community into the schools*). Where one out of every three adults in the city—the population was 30,000 in 1915—used the schools in the afternoons and evenings (*continuing education*).

It was, moreover, a system in which kids of all ages went to school together in buildings named after Froebel, Pestalozzi, and other such cats (*comprehensive schools*). Where dropouts were minimal in an immigrant, non-English-speaking population of close to 40 per cent (*dropout prevention, disadvantaged, bilingual education*). Where there were movable walls and furniture (*flexible, open space*). Where older students helped younger students (*students teaching students*). Where the entire community was used as a resource in which independent study and work were commonplace, and where schools were clearinghouses for children's activities and custodians and secretaries participated in the educational program (*family school*). Where the schools were used year round, and where there were voluntary Saturday classes (*extended school year*). Where teachers trained teachers and the helping teacher had a major role (*master teachers and differentiated staffing*). Where the curriculum allowed no distinction between "utilitarian" and "cultural."

It was a place where formal discipline was reduced to a minimum and students were trusted to have their own government and honor system (*student rights*). Where students were above par on the standard achievement tests of the day (*tests and measurements*). Where pottery and shoemaking shops operated in the schools (*varied learning resources*). Where classrooms were next to laboratories were next to studios. Where even the youngest children studied science and worked as assistants to older children in the laboratories for physics, zoology, botany, and chemistry (*inquiry, laboratory-based science*).

Finally, it was a system in which the classrooms were not tame recitation chambers but were essentially workshops where children did interesting things with their minds. Where the curriculum was not taught as isolated bodies of subject matter but rather as knowledge that might bear on any and all departments in the school community, and the English teachers worked with mathematics, shops, and art teachers (*integrated curriculum*). Where some high school graduates completed their college work in two years (*accelerated progress for the academically talented*). Where all of this could happen with a school population nearly doubling every year and—hold on to your ESEA proposals—at less cost than it took to run a traditional school system (*accountability, efficiency*).

Gary was founded as a company town (U. S. Steel) in 1906. At first glance it might have appeared that the company played the role of a Daddy Warbucks, providing extensive resources to make a learning community. Bourne discovered that the company's property was underassessed and that Gary was typical in that no private sources of funds supported public education. What was done was done on the cheap, which made the Gary schools all the more remarkable.

Other attempts had been made in earlier times to make the educational experience more amenable and more varied, but the Gary Plan was unique in its comprehensiveness. What was also unique about Gary was that the educational system was designed, not to provide a source of docile labor for the steel mills, but to encourage students' opportunities for life outside of Gary.

William Wirt, the superintendent of schools in Gary, was a master strategist, a lawyer by training, a student of Dewey's, and a schoolman by profession. He was less a reformer than a pragmatist with a cycloramic vision that saw the need for a multiplicity of strategies, and not the single, yearly approach. He may indeed have been an archconservative, for in Joseph P. Lash's recent biography *Eleanor and Franklin* his name appears as a national leader of the opposition to Mrs. Roosevelt's welfare programs in Appalachia.

Naturally, other communities tried to Garyize their schools, even New York City and Passaic, New Jersey. *The Gary Schools* was first published in 1916; the present edition includes an evaluation made by New York City officials of the Gary schools. Using standard yardsticks, New York found: ". . . On the whole, however, it remains true that sufficient drill is not given in the principles of garment making, nor is the power to think, as applied to sewing and garment construction, satisfactorily developed." So it goes.

Wirt's strength, I believe, was his faith in teachers. He treated them with great respect and exercised a minimum of supervision. That was the Gary Plan, and attempts to transfer it generally failed. Now, as then, we can transport packaged materials, concepts, and training programs from one school system to another, but so far no one has devised a way to transplant generous attitudes, feelings, and beliefs from one community to another. In Gary the schools indeed transformed the society for a time. □

*Dan Pinck works at the Office of Tests, Harvard University, and teaches at the Boston Architectural Center.*



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## The art of discovery in San Francisco

# EXPLORATORIUM

*The "Sun Pictures," above, are created by a series of prisms that direct sunlight onto a "canvas" of reflectors in continually moving and changing patterns. A sign warns visitors: "This exhibit works only when the sun is shining. . . . Come again."*

*Jeff Bart, right, a fourth-grader at Mill Valley's Alto School, looks at a distorted world through a giant lens. "Teaching science in a classroom," says Exploratorium director Frank Oppenheimer, "takes the speculation and imagination out of learning. There's always a right and a wrong answer. Actually, scientists base what they do largely on esthetics. You try something because you like it."*

BY K. C. COLE

A high-frequency oscillator-transformer is not a typical toy for a six-year-old. But then, not much is typical about San Francisco's Exploratorium—a magician's sack of "Don't touch that!" wonders that beg to be opened, touched, pounded, pulled on, looked through, listened to, screeched at, and climbed on. The high-frequency oscillator-transformer lies in wait for the unsuspecting six-year-old at the Exploratorium's entrance, about four feet from the donation barrel. As the visitor contributes his dime or nickel, the coin activates a switch that sends 300,000 volts of purple lightning zapping from a tall pole, turning on five phosphorescent tubes. It is the rare child—or even grown-up—who doesn't drop in a second coin just to see what happens.

Such "sight-seeing" is what the Exploratorium is all about—and what director Frank Oppenheimer believes is the necessary first step toward learning and discovery. Not the guided-bus-tour kind of sight-seeing where the driver tells you what you see—or what you should be seeing. But the get-out-and-get-dirty kind of sight-seeing where you explore first and ask questions later.

Inside the Exploratorium two small children are sitting in front of a giant checkerboard of colored lights, "shooting" the squares on and off with red and green "light guns." "Bang! I got the red one!" says the little girl. Because she is only about four years old, she doesn't notice that the colors turn on when the beam is pointed vertically and turn off when the beam is horizontal. Her older brother, who is about eight, does notice. He asks a Red-Jacketed Explainer—one of eighteen San Francisco high school students who serve as Exploratorium guides—to tell him how the guns work. And so he begins to learn the rudiments of how light waves behave and how horizontal and vertical polarization act to screen out certain waves and let others through.

All Exploratorium exhibits are designed to be enjoyed—and learned from—on many levels. In a far corner of



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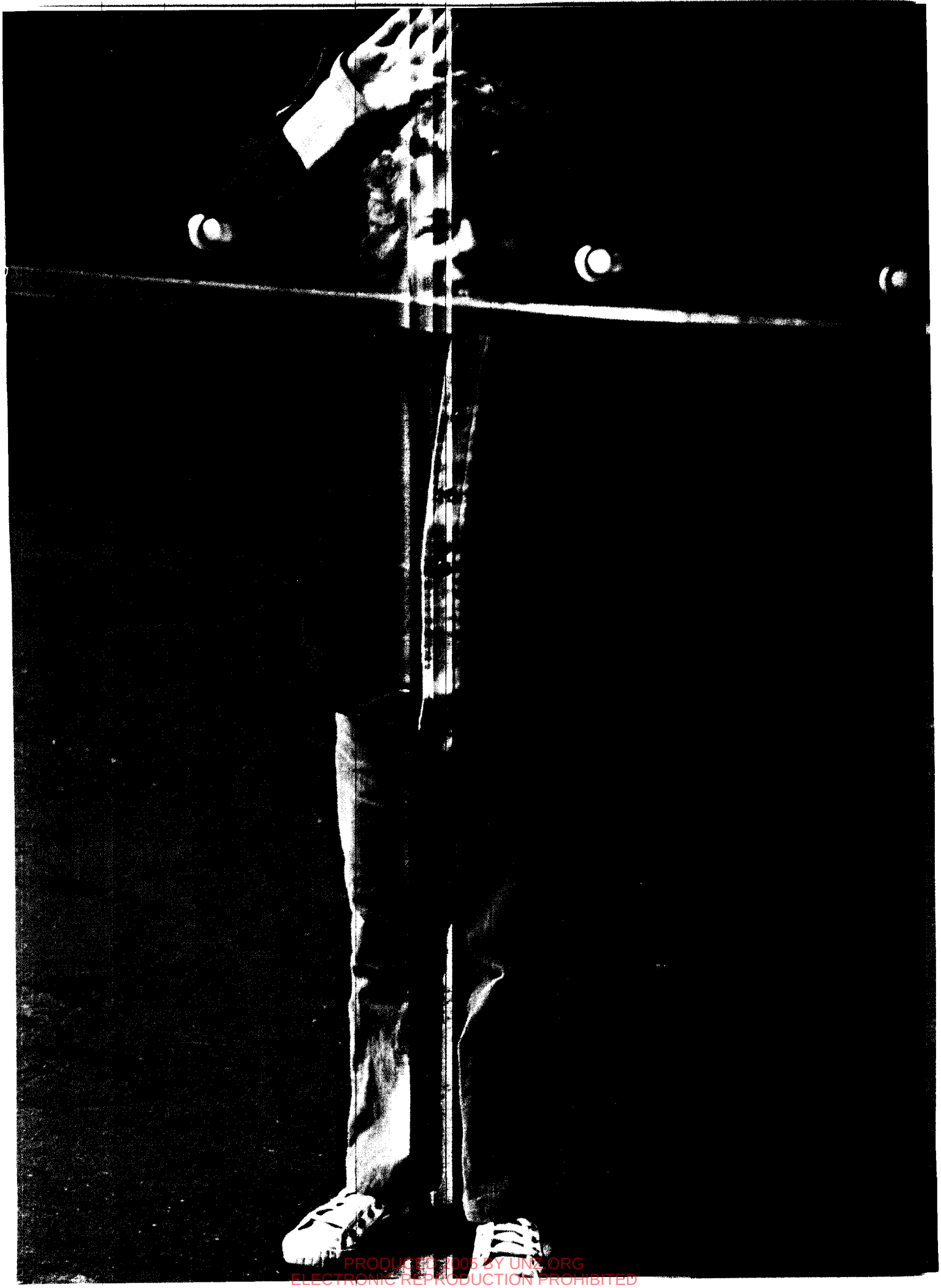

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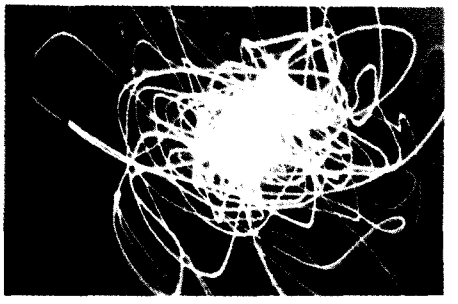
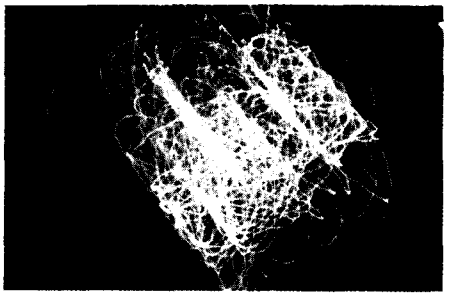
the dim, semicircular cavern, a father and his small son are experimenting with a pedal generator. The son discovers that it takes a lot more pedaling to keep the three lights bright than it does to ride his own bike up a steep hill. Electricity comes from energy. The father, meanwhile, is more interested in the sign that says that you can buy the energy required to keep the lights bright for just 1/100th of a cent. He gets into a long discussion with an Explainer about sources of power, nuclear generators, electric car motors, and why the family station wagon won't start on cold mornings.

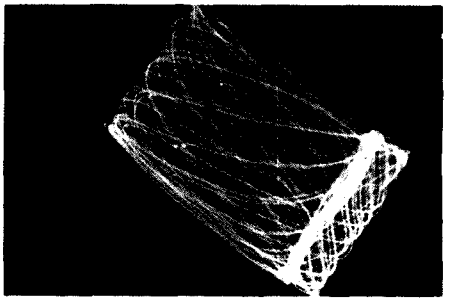
Oppenheimer roams the Exploratorium continually to see how visitors are using the exhibits. The museum changes daily as exhibits are rotated or modified. In fact, the Exploratorium is one of the few museums that keeps its exhibits only so long as the staff doesn't get bored with them. The staff itself is a schizophrenic collection of artists, engineers, teachers, designers, and anybody else who happens to like the place or walks in with a good idea. The "Limbic System" (cover), a multi-colored bubble that reflects an image into infinity, was created by Berkeley sculptor and balloonist Ted Bridenthal. Oppenheimer is a physicist and professor who, like his late brother Robert, rejected nuclear weaponry and paid for his pacifist views with political and sometimes scientific ostracization. After the war Oppenheimer spent ten years as a rancher in Colorado before returning to the classroom and the laboratory. He came to San Francisco in 1968 to put together the Exploratorium as a science museum at the city's Palace of Fine Arts—a forbidding mausoleum that was erected in 1919. The inside of the structure has hardly been touched since it was a

## The exhibits are designed to be discovered— and to be enjoyed.

*Jeff "makes" electricity on the pedal generator. Exhibits such as this can provide "the kind of alternative environments that are an essential adjunct to classroom learning," Oppenheimer says. "Most teachers don't feel they can do much with science. Museums should be libraries of props around which school courses can be designed."*







*A visitor to the Exploratorium can "draw" pictures with his voice on the Vidium, right, an oscilloscope. When he speaks into the microphone, bright-colored scribbles flash on the screen. When he sings, symmetrical patterns float and change colors according to his tone and pitch.*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BARON WOLMAN



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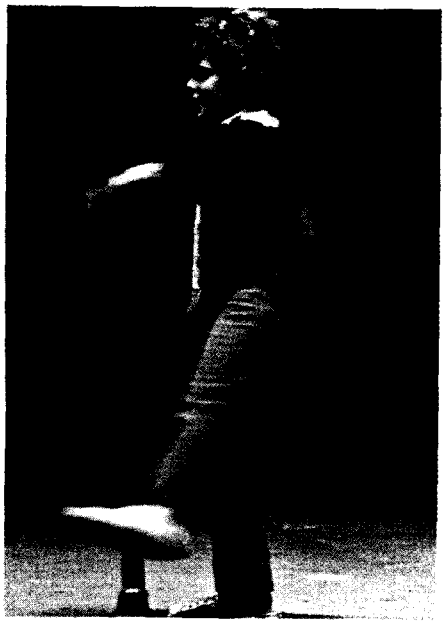
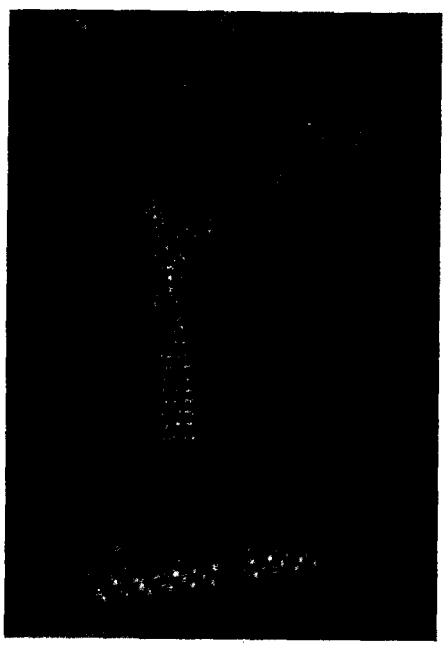
garage for army trucks during the war.

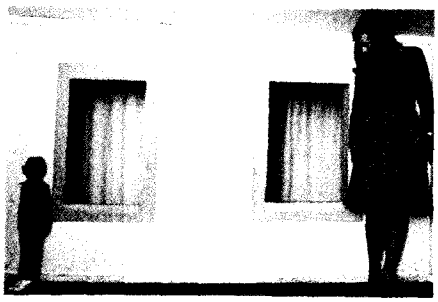
With a $50,000 grant from the San Francisco Foundation, Oppenheimer begged, borrowed, and scrounged to open the Exploratorium. He liberated giant lenses and parabolic mirrors from the warehouse of the Atomic Energy Commission. His staff built the pedal generator out of a nineteenth-century lathe from Oppenheimer's ranch. His "Eye Jitter Poster"—one of many exhibits that demonstrate how optical illusions can play tricks on your brain—came from a psychedelic poster shop in Chinatown. With an annual operating budget of only $250,000 (almost entirely from private donations), Oppenheimer has to rummage around. As is, he maintains more than 200 exhibits (including such sophisticated gadgets as lasers) that are manipulated by more than 250,000 people—plus 50,000 children in school groups—each year.

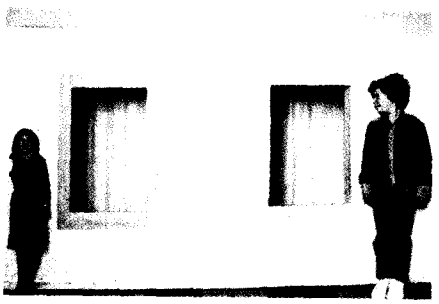
It is essential to the Exploratorium's purpose that visitors can experiment and "play" with the exhibits. Oppenheimer himself is concerned that the knowledge gap between scientists and nonscientists is increasing. Most science museums, he says, glorify the past and the present but do little to make the wonders of science accessible to the general public. In fact, Oppenheimer believes that places like the Exploratorium can go a long way toward providing "disadvantaged" children with the kind of rich environment they need in order to escape the restrictions of city life and to begin the process of discovery. This kind of compensatory education doesn't work in the classroom or on TV. Trying to open the world to children without authentic props is like trying to describe to someone what it's like to swim without ever letting him near the water.

The Exploratorium has big plans for the future. They include 800 new exhibits, expansion into biological and other sciences, and a library of portable exhibits that students could take to school and share with their classmates. But already, using only natural phenomena, Oppenheimer and his staff have created an experience that bends the mind in a way that few institutions can match. And turning kids on is, after all, what good teaching is all about. □









*Both the Momentum Machine, top left, and the Ames Room, above, are favorites with the Exploratorium's younger visitors. They don't have to know anything about the forces of momentum to enjoy getting dizzy, and they don't have to understand the laws of perspective to like the sensation of getting bigger and smaller. Another favorite: The Enchanted Tree, left, lights up when anyone whistles, claps, or shouts at it.*

*Above all, the Exploratorium is open and honest. The workshop where exhibits are built is exposed so that visitors can wander in and ask questions. "Most museums tell you more about the exhibit than about the subject matter," says Oppenheimer. "You have to show people the real thing. If you want somebody to experience the forest, you don't show them plastic trees, no matter how real they might look. That's just not honest." The workshop is open after school and on weekends so that high school students can use the tools for science projects.*



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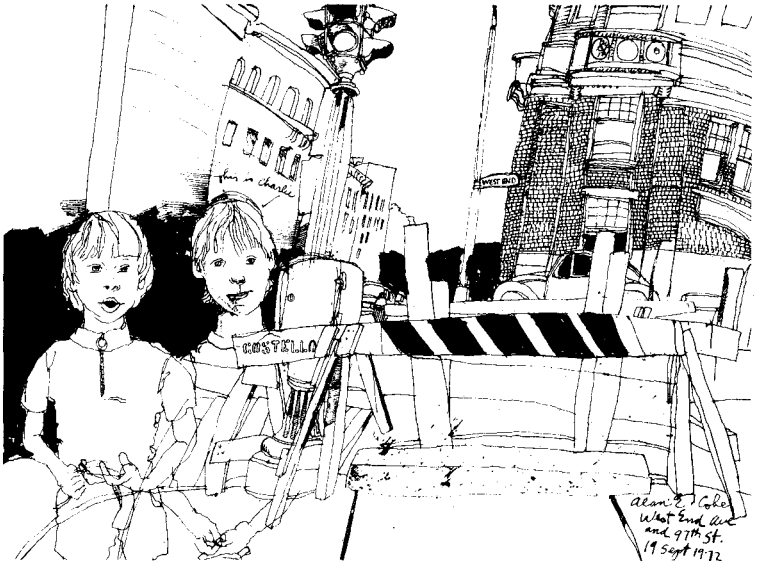


For a year now I've been living out of bounds, beyond the parameters of a marriage that had cosseted me for nine years, a marriage in which I'd grown stale. I wanted to push out into a new life, one that would admit of possibility, the chance to grow. I found myself more and more seeking the company of others, especially a bunch of people in my neighborhood on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, people who seemed to be involved in celebrating and creating their own lives. It has been exhilarating, this past year, and yet an outlook such as ours is implicitly dangerous because, in order to create, you have to destroy.

Some strange events have taken place in our neighborhood—it's only a couple of square blocks, really—in the West Nineties. At least outsiders take them for strange. We who dwell within the sweet sanctum of our little community feel quite pleased for the most part, sometimes even a bit giddy at the turn things have taken.

Oh, the others look askance, to be sure. Mostly they express their disturbance with the question, "What will happen to the children?" It's easier to pose a moral question than to admit disapproval. There are certain benches in the playground in Riverside Park where the others sit and frown at us. They don't like our dirty, androgynous-seeming children. They don't like our dancing, our laughter, our Joe Cocker tapes. They don't like the way a skinny little boy in a yarmulke leaves his family, who've come down into the park after Sabbath services at Temple Anche Chesed, to dance, grinning, with our tall, red-haired Judy.

By and large, they find our communal high offensive. And sometimes (it's likely to happen after Labor Day, on an unseasonably torrid afternoon when the aftertaste of an unfulfilled summer is felt acutely) it all surfaces—the resentment, the fear, the righteousness on both sides—and an actual confrontation occurs. Who *are* these freaks spitting in the face of our placid liberalism? Who is that woman in the Levi jacket fighting with?—why is she punching that gray-haired man? And a gray-haired grandmother comes over from the other bench and demands, hands on hips, "What kind of example are you setting for the children?"

But that is getting ahead of the story, which begins, oddly enough, with a nursery school. I say it begins with a nursery because that is what got us together as a group. It began, of course, long before the nursery school. It began in the white-gloved summers of our growing up, in the humid torpor of Rockville, Maryland, the asphalt oppressiveness of the Bronx, the deceptive, salt-air purity of Rockaway; it began in a Louis Sullivan house on the South Side of Chicago, in miserable Massapequa, in, yes, Seattle. Those are the places some of us came from, grew up out of, before ultimately—ineluctably?—landing on the Upper West Side of Manhattan with our husbands and wives (at least at first) and with our children.

In the past year I've found myself depending more and more upon these people, my friends, this group. It supports me in my tentative gropings toward a new way of life, gives me leeway for mistakes, allows me my foibles and eccentricities. But let me tell you about us, because a lot of people think we're weird, if not downright destructive. That's what happens, I suppose, when you choose not to abide by the old forms, when you decide that the conventions no longer apply.

As a social unit, this scene is completely unstabilized. Most of us are no longer married. We're together as a group because three years ago we started our own nursery, the Leander Community School. In the course of keeping this surprisingly difficult venture going,

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*Colette Dowling is a freelance writer whose work has appeared in* New York *and other magazines. This is her first article for* SR.



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# What will happen to the Children?

BY COLETTE DOWLING

we were forced to become involved with one another in a way that is perhaps unusual in city life.

The battles we waged over running the school were ameliorated only when someone got the bright idea of bringing a jug of Almaden red to the monthly parent meetings. Leander is a parent-cooperative school, so we share administrative duties, help the teachers in the classroom, clean the kitchen and bathrooms, build and repair equipment, and go on field trips with the kids—in addition to paying $1,100 a year for tuition. We do this, not because we are educational idealists, but because all of us need a reasonably happy, healthy environment for our children each day from nine to four. In a way we've got more than we bargained for.

Of the twenty or so families at Leander, most of the mothers work or go to school, either full- or part-time. Many of the fathers do professional work—acting, writing, teaching, film-making—on a freelance basis. Our work schedules, our personalities, the things each of us needed from the school when we founded it were as various as the places we'd come from. Yet in one thing we were together. For private, individual reasons we all needed to keep that school going, and so we were forced to hang together through the clashing of personalities, the hiring and firing of teachers, the complaints over having so much dog work to do, the worrying about whether we had enough money in the coffers to last out the year.

There were times when the meetings were highly charged, when we left them dripping as though we'd been through a group-therapy marathon. I remember the meeting one November, when Harry Goldman fought tooth and nail against any classroom celebration of either Christmas or Chanukah on the grounds that he didn't want his four-year-old daughter exposed to the secularized drivel that had torn him apart as a kid.

The battles over the school . . . In a way we got more than we bargained for.

For a long time that night Harry stood painfully alone. Jews and gentiles alike—and we were pretty much split down the middle—thought he was crazy. ("For Christ's sake, Harry, why make such a big deal of it? They're only little kids.") Harry is neither orthodox nor aggressive, in the ordinary sense, but he is a serious man. Patiently, persistently, he explained the historical significance Chanukah has for his people. It is not a question of fun and games and dreidels, he said. By the end of the evening we decided unanimously to accede to his wishes. There is something chilling about watching someone who's willing to stand utterly alone. We were not willing to vote him down just because the numbers worked against him. Conviction can be more important than convention.

At meeting after meeting we held on, through dissension, until some sort of resolution occurred. There was the sex-play-in-the-closet meeting, the violence-in-the-classroom meeting; there was toilet training; there was the meaning of death to a four-year-old ("I was worried when the turtle died," the teacher said, "but the kids weren't. Michael asked me to dissect it so he could see



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We enjoy getting together in the mornings. There's always a story to tell, raucous laughter, zinging one-liners.

its insides"); there was even, dear God, an argument about whether we should purge the school library of sexist books.

Inevitably, we grew together. There were always a few families who simply did their assigned tasks, dutifully attended the meetings, and used the school as a school. But the rest of us, mostly those who'd been with the school since its inception, became friends. Sometimes, parodying the way we're seen by others, I call us the Dirty Dozen.

There are about a dozen of us, more or less, and our lives overlap on a more-or-less daily basis. After dropping our kids at school, some of us stop off for coffee at a place on a corner of Broadway. Usually it's me and Nancy and Karen and David and Judy and Peter, and we enjoy coming together in the morning before launching our individual days. There's always a story to tell, raucous laughter, zinging one-liners. The thrill of raising the eyebrows of the old ladies drinking their tea, of the linemen and construction workers wolfing down their hashed browns at the counter across from us, is distinctly adolescent. But perhaps all periods of growth, in which it seems necessary to break down the barriers of tradition, are akin to adolescence. Anyhow, language to the contrary, we're not really dirty. We are searching. What will happen to the children of parents who are not able to go back, who inexorably are pushed forward by the gears of social change? Will they be shackled by insecurity, or will they one day spring strong and courageous into adulthood?

It is probably a noteworthy phenomenon that three-quarters of the couples who were together when we started the Leander Community School have split up. It is probably even more noteworthy that most of us are still very much involved in the lives of those who were once our mates. Most of the ex-husbands and wives still live in the neighborhood, but it's a far cry from the old *"Live far enough away so I don't have to know or care what you're doing but close enough so you can see the kids on Sundays, and, oh, yes, you can pick them up in front of the building at exactly noon and drop them off there at exactly five, and as for your relationship with me, just be sure the alimony check arrives promptly on the first of the month."*

Most of the women in our neighborhood don't receive alimony checks, and often even child support is flexibly arranged according to who's working and who isn't. We've found ways of sharing child care with our ex-mates, and, from time to time, most of us also share meals or evenings or excursions with each other and the children. In some ways it's easier on the kids; in others, it's harder. They see Mommy and Daddy talking, and they wonder why. Why, if the can talk and share a laugh, and if they can care, why doesn't daddy sleep here any more?

The old form of divorce has given way to something new, something more human, I think, but something infinitely more complicated. You *do* know what the Ex is doing, when he or she is lonely or happy, up or down, and, as often as not, with whom he or she is sleeping. There are times when Ed sees one of my closest friends, Nancy, and to me it seems as natural as the night's following the day. After all, am I not so attracted to her myself as to reach out to ruffle the top of her gypsy-dark hair?

I suppose that in many ways what we're doing is quite difficult compared with breaking off a marriage, brittle and clean. There are times, in the early, yellowish, West End mornings, when all of us privately wonder whether we can continue going through the changes, how much longer we can stomach the anxiety of sustaining the unstructured lives we lead. There are no guidelines or precedents; we feel, if anything, that our ethics is situational. No program, no guarantees. One wonders what the children think of it all. Once Ed saw Nancy's little Larry eating breakfast in the morning sun, saw the dark, limpid eyes looking up at him from over a bowl of Rice Krispies, and thought, "He is a pot of honey." But what was Larry thinking?

Perhaps most unusual, even among us, is the case of Robert and Marianna.

I first saw Marianna in the playground, a golden-haired child of nineteen in a long, flowered dress. Only no one who lives on welfare, alone with her baby, can be said to be a child anymore.



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Not long after Marianna met Robert, he moved in. They never married in the legal sense, although I think their commitment and the subsequent pain of their breakup was the same as if they had been. They lived together for three years in Marianna's large, sunny apartment, and Robert became the emotional father of Marianna's son. Seth is Marianna's child from an earlier marriage, and Robert became Seth's daddy in the most beautiful way a man can be father to a son, which is freely. Now that they've broken up, Robert is still—and always will be—Seth's daddy, and, although there is no legal bond, he'll support Seth until he is a man. I have seen Robert and Seth napping together on a bed, Robert, with his arm curved around Seth's slim body, smiling in his sleep.

Robert also supported Marianna, which, in the way of the times, was one of the reasons for their breakup. Marianna no longer wanted financial dependence but couldn't thrash her way out of the emotional entanglement long enough to free herself for work. It was the same bag so many of us married women had been in; it's not the marriage license that confines, but the crippling emotional dependency that for so many women has come to be equated with the marriage arrangement. Sometimes it's not possible to wrench a new arrangement out of the old.

Anyhow, it wasn't long before Marianna met another man in what has become our headquarters, the playground. Also recently separated, also for the second time, David supported Marianna's sense of self in a fresh way, and soon she went to work to support her own bank account. For a while they lived separately, until David lost his apartment, whereupon he moved in with Marianna. Robert, in the meantime, had taken up housekeeping a block away with another divorced woman and her children. The Saturday that David moved Robert helped him lug his clothes and paintings and stereo equipment from the apartment he'd been living in around the corner to Marianna's. Once in a while Robert and David would take in a flick together. And, when Marianna went to work fulltime, they'd take turns caring for Seth after school.

Seth is enough to make us wonder if maybe this business of community will work after all. Contentment lies under his long lashes. He has enjoyed wrestling with David on Marianna's living room floor, but there's never been any doubt about who his daddy is. Most weekday evenings Robert either keeps Seth overnight or brings him home at bedtime, tucks him in, and kisses him goodnight.

On the other end of our Dozen's spectrum of experimental man-woman relationships are Judy and Peter. Judy and Peter are still married, although they are not exactly your *Ladies' Home Journal* Couple of the Month. Both hard-working professionals (Peter, among other things, provides the sexy-dulcet tones for some English-dubbed Italian films; Judy, among other things, is the perfect, pretty housewife you've seen on dozens of TV commercials), in their private lives they help sustain the myth that all actors are a bit whacked out.

Robert and Seth nap together on a bed, Robert, with his arm around Seth's body, smiling in his sleep.

David likes Judy and Peter both. It is hard to tell who he likes more. He tries to win them with his wit, a crackling succession of one-liners, and his energy. One morning Nancy sees David on his way to nursery school with Seth. David is wearing brand-new Levi jeans and jacket, the unisex uniform, and Nancy says to him, "Jesus, David. You look just like Judy-and-Peter."

Judy is tall and beautiful and strong, with a confrontational Jane Fonda mouth that belies her earth-mother instincts. Peter is tall and beautiful and strong, with a wry, city humor that belies his need to be paternal. They're a picture, the two of them, striding long-legged into the playground in their boots and jeans on a Saturday afternoon, their two black German Shepherds and their two tow-headed kids trailing them. Tough-tender. The New Man and the New Women, *en famille*.

Peter expresses his love for his children with a gruffness that disturbs anyone who doesn't know him. "C'mere, ya little creep," he says to five-year-old Frank, cuffing the child's heavy blonde hair.

Peter expresses his fondness for his friends with grand, opera *buffa* gestures that tend to startle onlookers. We're sitting on the playground bench, amidst the usual mélange of beer cans and roller skates, cheese-and-baloney sandwiches and kids. Judy's portable tape deck is blaring. Impulsively, Peter swings his large, trim body around to plant a resounding smack dead in the center of David's mouth. In mock recoil David wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, snaps his hand to shake off the germs (this sort of thing could be contagious), and then does him one better. "Jeeesus, Peter. And you didn't even give me any tongue."

There's always this need to be funny. We all fall out laughing, once again only too aware of the audience observing us with rictused faces from the bench on the other side of the playground. Peter's Katie, a slip of a three-year-old, laughs to see us laughing, and I touch the downy hollow of



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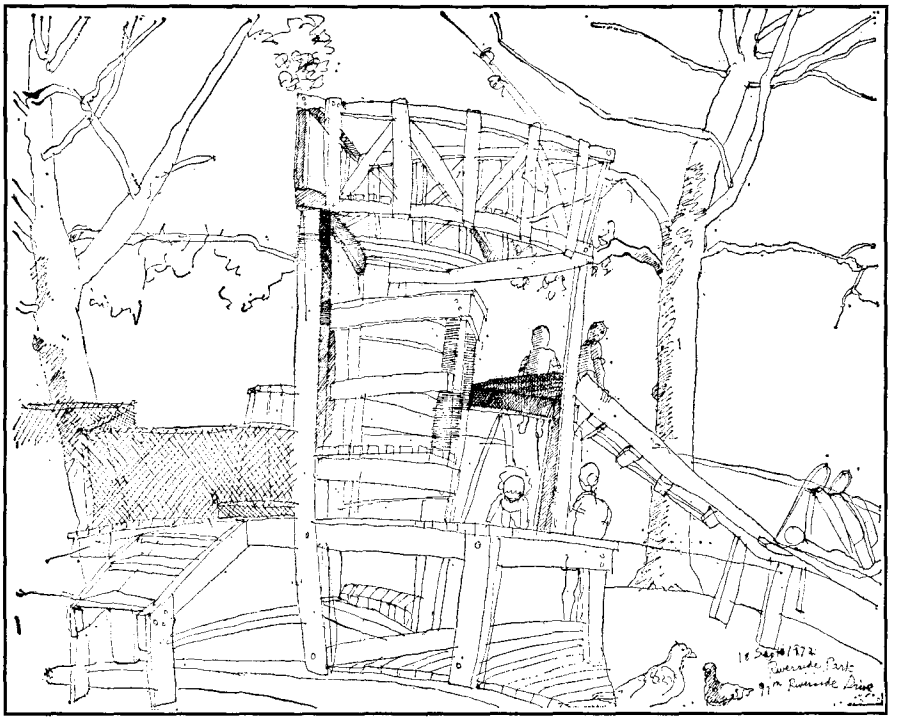
We feel this need to be funny. We all fall out laughing, only too aware of the audience observing us with rictused faces across the playground.



her back to assure myself of . . . I don't know what.

The real shocker came late on another Saturday afternoon. Robert and Karen and Nancy and I had just shared a joint of Colombian grass, so we weren't too clear on exactly how it began, but it seemed as if Judy and Peter had stalked out to the middle of the playground to play at cuffing one another, panda-style. A minute later it was real. Judy was swinging straight, punching at Peter with all of her considerable strength, her long, strawberry-roan hair flying out behind her. For a moment or two we were stoned enough to be enchanted by the incredibly balletic quality of the fight, those two large, well-trained bodies darting and weaving with hummingbird grace. There was anger there, too, real anger; and, as Nancy pointed out, real sex, too. The Dirty Dozen sat on the playground bench looking at them with a certain pride.

Karen was the first to see what was happening. Peter, his elegantly graying hair manifesting the fifteen or so years he's got on Judy, was magnificent in his control, rocking easily from heel to toe, managing with seeming effortlessness to ward off Judy's blows, while at the same time going along with her little game. "You bastard!" Judy shouted at him, bright patches of pink flaring angrily on her cheeks. She was desperate to break down his armor, to make him respond. And then, as suddenly as it had started, it was over. Somehow a chord had been struck, and they were both laughing, arms around each other's waist, as they walked back over to us.

The audience was not amused. Young mothers whispered among themselves, not quite knowing what had happened. But a grandmother who was sitting by the sandbox with her grandchild knew exactly what had happened, and she marched over to Judy in outrage. "What kind of example are you setting for the children," she demanded, "fighting with your father like that!" Judy, still roaring with adrenaline, whirled on her. "He's not my father, schmuck. He's my husband!"

The grandmother began to giggle a bit hysterically and backed off. Safely returned to her place among the other mothers, she tried to make a joke of it, the old young-woman-married-to-older-man bit, but she couldn't quite pull it off. Somehow the image didn't gibe with the joke—those two looking as if they'd just stepped down off the screen from Marlboro Country. Grandma just didn't know what to make of it.

"Right on," we said, quick to rally around the two of them. But, in truth, we didn't know quite what to make of it either.

Of us all, Judy and Peter are the only ones still fighting for identity within a marriage. If you look at it in terms of group dynamics, the transferences are amazing. The rest of us are like a bunch of free-floating siblings who identify first with one, then with the other: Judy in her need to be free, with all the impending chaos that implies; Peter in his need to be secure, to have a space in the world where he can be assured of a little peace and quiet. Peter's need to control, Judy's need to be out of control. It's as if the two of them externalize the polar forces that are clashing within all of us. Symbolizing our individual inner struggles, they both attract and intimidate us. It is a modern version of the relationship between the king and queen and their subjects. We give them our loyalty in return for their protection. How do they protect us? By letting us watch them act out the power struggle so that we can be safe from taking that same risk. We've been there before, and we may have to go there again, but, in the meantime, we are relieved of it.

I do not mean to imply that we take no responsibility at all for our own lives, for consciously seeking new paths, better directions. In fact we are all too aware, we free-floating siblings, of the realities of having cut ourselves adrift—especially those of us women who have chosen, at least for the while, not to live with men.

Six of us Leander mothers meet every Wednesday night in one another's living rooms. It's not really consciousness-raising. It's more like what-do-you-do-now-that-your-consciousness-has-been-raised-and-you've-cut-out? Also, and perhaps more importantly, how do you feel?

Me, I feel the weight of my three



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kids. Poor, growing, expanding, demanding kids, questions and needs all the time, and mama always on the run to make money, to make a life of her own. Helpless, the children do not deserve my anger, and yet I am angry nevertheless. Where do I dump my irrational, but very real, anger? I dump it in the women's group.

I suppose more militant women would have me be angry at the society, but to me, that's irrelevant. I choose to live in this society, just as I chose to marry Ed and chose to leave him.

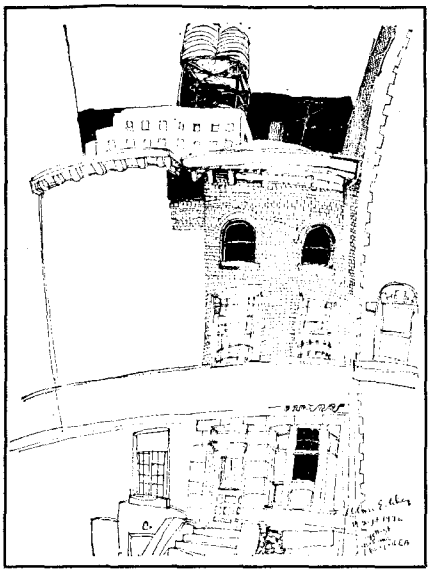
For the past year Ed has been writing and living on unemployment insurance. In terms of money he doesn't give us much, but he gives what he can. And he cares for the children when he's able to, does the weekly stint assisting the teacher at the nursery school, and relieves me of child care for a week or ten days at a time, when I go off to the mountains to work on a writing project.

Occasionally, someone says to me, "Take a stand. You should be getting fifty or sixty dollars a week in child support." To me, such an idea is absurd. How can one human being insist that another human being do anything? Even more to the point, how can one writer say to another writer, "Knock off the bloody writing and start dishing up some loot"? It isn't that easy. It's a hurdle that has to be leaped, again and again. To want desperately to tell people what you perceive, and to fear with equal desperation that what you have to say may not, in the last analysis, be worth anything—that is the terrible, the crucial ambivalence that afflicts people who write.

And so, intellectually, I am content that our arrangement is fair. Nevertheless, I am mad at Ed. Mostly, I think, it's because I'm angry at having to be an adult, at having to support myself, at having to think—first, last, and always—of the children. And so I am grateful to have, among my women friends, a safe place to vent the searing hostility that otherwise would turn back on me and the children. These women know it well. They also understand when I tearfully confess to them, "Maybe what I really want is a man to take care of me who's wise and wily enough to give me the *illusion* that I'm independent." Just the voicing of it helps to rob the fear of its potency.

The support we give one another is practical as well as emotional. There's Lynne. Lynne has three kids, the oldest of whom is ten, and she's never been away from them longer than overnight. Someone invites her to spend a week on the Coast. Instantly we agree to divvy up her kids. It's not noble. It's because we ourselves can feel the lift of the jet as it takes off for a place 3,000 miles away, can smell the salt spray of the Pacific.

But what will happen to the children? That is the question we ask ourselves, the question to which, in fact, we devote ourselves, men and women alike. As the old social roles collapse around us, the old attitudes toward sex, comforting if confining, founder, we look to the children as our constant, our absolute in a world of infinite variables.



Not knowing where we are going ourselves, and thus not knowing where they are going, we realize it is terribly important that we love them. Love is the only thing we can guarantee the children.

Our concern for the children holds us together, both as individuals and as a group. Snotty-nosed, holes in the underpants they inevitably strip to, boy children and girl children, they run like a tribe through the hills and valleys of Riverside Park, climbing the flowering crab apples, ferreting out their secret, mysterious hiding places. Feisty, curious, both loving and hating with a clarity that disarms, the kids make us aware of the chasm between our neat, traditional pasts and our frighteningly unfettered presents. And so our feeling of responsibility toward them is redoubled. Not knowing where we are going ourselves, and thus not knowing where they are going, we realize it is terribly important that we love them. Love is the only thing we can guarantee.

By the same token, maybe being loved by the kids, at least while they're tender and young, is the only thing we can count on. In a world where it's so difficult to derive any meaning, there is nothing so gratifying as the immediate human response of children.

Grumpy and fatigued, I get out of bed in the morning, and there are Lynne's little boys ringing my doorbell, ready to be taken to school. And there is Michael with his serious, almost-six-year-old eyes and his dead parakeet, George. George, who died mysteriously during the night, is lying enshrouded in tissue paper in a little box. Michael intends to bury him at some point during the day, whenever the vibes are right. I slap cold water on my face and am filled with this enormous sense of purpose. Lynne has gone off to her job, and Michael needs to talk about George. We walk down West End Avenue, my Rachel, and Michael, and his little brother, Hank, and Michael hangs onto George with one hand and onto me with the other.

We are going to school, yes, but where are we going after that? □



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# See You In Court?

BY
GARY SARETSKY
and
JAMES MECHLENBURGER

*"My kid will get her high school diploma this year. She can't read the want ads, she can't fill out a job application. And, if she gets a job, she'll probably be fired because she can't write legibly or make change of a dollar. I've got a mind to sue somebody!"*

Public education is the nation's largest consumer industry. And it looks as though the schools could soon become a target for the militant consumer movement. In cases where quality of education is demonstrably poor, there is reason to believe that consumers may legitimately take action in the courts. Students, parents, taxpayers, and, for that matter, Ralph Nader may well claim that the principles of law that govern business, industry, and some professions extend to education.

Do they? Here are some parallels that suggest possible lines of attack:

- When a doctor or lawyer performs negligently, ignoring proper practice, he bears legal responsibility. When school boards, administrators, or teachers behave negligently in their instructional duties, ignoring proper practice, do they bear major responsibility? Do they bear *any* responsibility?
- When consumer products fail to work, the manufacturer or producer bears some legal responsibility for the failure. When teachers fail to teach, do the schools of education that produced those teachers bear responsibility for their failure? Similarly, when students fail to learn, are those responsible for their learning—schools, teachers, and publishers and purchasers of educational materials—legally responsible for student failure?
- When a consumer purchases a car, there is an "implied warranty" from the manufacturer and his agent to the purchaser that the car will perform certain minimal functions; for example, it will start, propel itself, turn, stop, give a warning signal. Is there an implied warranty to the consumer of educational services from the state and its local agents that, as a result of schooling, graduates will perform certain minimal functions?

No one has definitive answers to these questions, since they have not yet been raised in court. However, legal cases that would raise these questions are plausible, and, if the answer to even one of them is yes, a single legal decision might alter the face of public education.

Courts already are major determiners of public school policy. Constitutional provisions of free speech, free press, right to assembly, due process, and equal protection have since the 1940s served as the bedrock for construction of four legal doctrines that affect every public school. As Professor George LaNoue of Columbia University summarizes them (in *Teachers College Record*, Dec. 1971), these doctrines are:

Nondiscrimination—exemplified by the Supreme Court's striking down the "separate but equal" doctrine in its 1954 *Brown* v. *Board of Education* ruling, which prohibited *de jure* racial segregation in schools;

Academic freedom—exemplified by courts striking down invidious loyalty oaths and by courts allowing teachers and students to publicly express political views without retaliation;

Political accountability—exemplified by extension of the "one man, one vote" rule to school-board elections and by ensuring adequate disclosure of school decision making;

Equality of opportunity—exemplified by *Hobson* v. *Hansen* (1967), which required Washington, D.C., to equalize resources available to all schools, and by *Serrano* v. *Priest* (1971), in which the California Supreme Court ruled that the quality of a child's education should not be determined or limited by the financial resources of his home community.

The California court's ruling in *Serrano* is noteworthy also because it stated for the first time that access to equal education is a "fundamental interest," comparable in importance to each citizen's right to vote. But a legal right of *access* to schools only opens the schoolhouse door. Inside, the school may yet be impoverished, incapable of teaching skills, injurious to children's emotions, or irrelevant to children's needs. Equal access, of course, is a necessary first step, but the question remains: Do consumers also have a legal right to quality education once the classroom doors are opened?

The courts have certainly not been insensitive to concern for the quality of schooling. For example, in *Brown* the United States Supreme Court determined that the quality of every child's education is poorer when schools are racially segregated. In *Serrano* the California Supreme Court determined that financial resources must be equalized *because* the quality of education depends upon resources.

Given this sort of legal precedent, then, and given the degree of dissatisfaction with many school systems, it's not at all unlikely that the 1970s will see consumers "suing the schools" to enforce what they see as a right to quality education, which the state is obligated to provide.

How might such a case proceed? It's not difficult to construct a hypothetical situation containing the elements that might be expected. Let's call it The Case of George Washington School, an inner-city elementary school in which students apparently do not learn.

The students who entered first grade at George Washington in 1968 were tested and found to be of normal intelligence and aptitude. Now, however, it is 1974, and after six years at George

---

*Gary Saretsky teaches and studies education at Indiana University. James Mecklenburger's most recent article for* SR/Education, *a study of performance contracting, appeared last year.*



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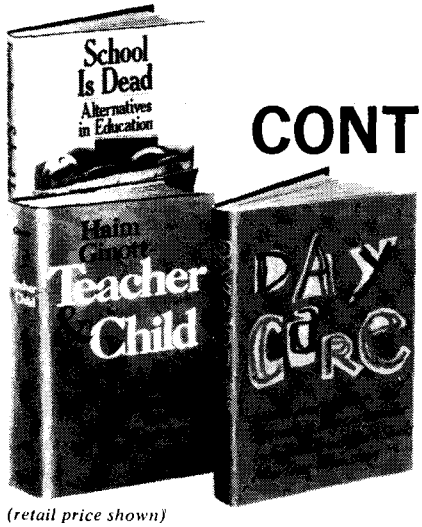


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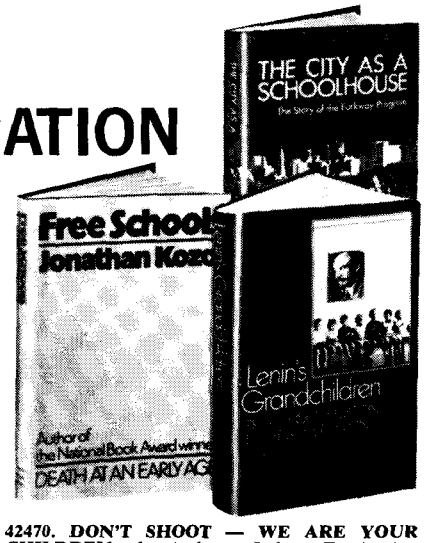


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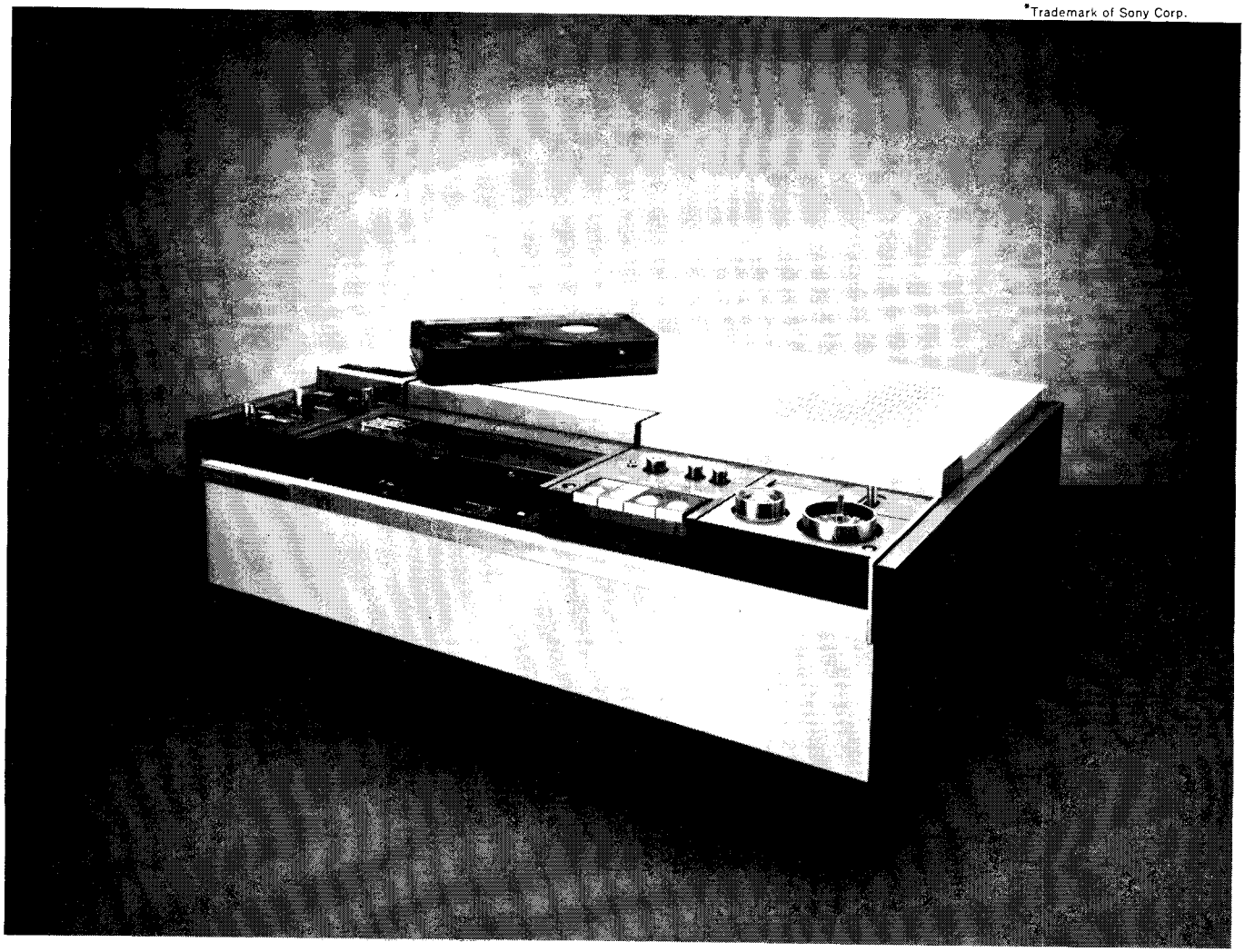

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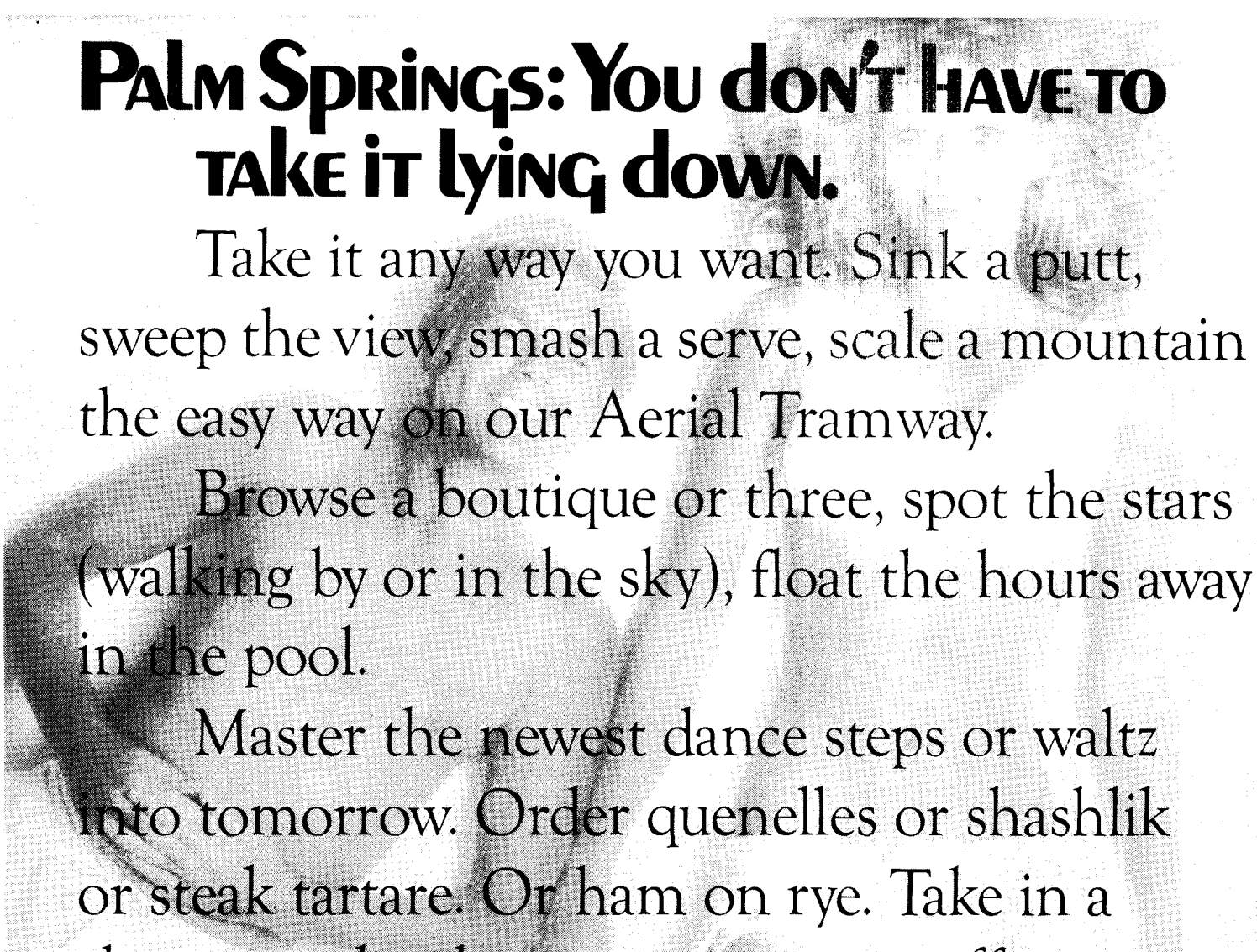

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# If adequate learning is not taking place, should parents sue school officials?

Washington most of those students cannot read polysyllabic words, write a comprehensible paragraph, or perform computations with three-digit numbers. On standardized tests of achievement in science, social studies, and reasoning skills, the "Class of '74" performs far below national norms. An independent survey, sponsored by neighborhood citizens' groups and executed by professional pollsters, reveals that students at George Washington perceive school as punitive, oppressive, dull, and impersonal.

In the spring of 1974 parents and other taxpayers decide to sue. They claim that the facilities, the administration, the teaching staff, the curriculum, and the instructional materials available at George Washington Elementary School are of insufficient quality to meet the school's obligation to provide adequate education. Accordingly, they bring suit against teachers, administrators, and even school-board members.

They argue that compulsory attendance is a denial of liberty without due process; that since the purpose of schools is to cause learning and that since learning at George Washington is inadequate, the state and its agents have insufficient cause to continue to require attendance at that school. They ask that parents be allowed to withdraw their children from the school.

They contend that their payment of tax dollars and their giving of the children to the school for several years involve an implied warranty from the school authorities that adequate learning will result. Since adequate learning has not taken place, they contend, school authorities are in breach of their implied contract. They ask that they be allowed to direct future tax moneys to other institutions more capable of providing adequate learning for their children.

They argue further that the school board and its agents have been professionally negligent in that they have selected inappropriate, obsolete, and ineffective instructional materials and procedures. The parents and taxpayers cite reports from the "Educational Products Information Exchange" that reading materials found at George Washington are inappropriate for inner-city schools, a fact that should have been well known to administrators responsible for selecting and purchasing materials. They cite seven teachers whose training and experience are inconsistent with their assignments at George Washington—three with certification as secondary school teachers assigned to primary grades and four with no training or experience in inner-city settings. Further, no in-service training had been provided these seven teachers to overcome their apparent deficiencies. They cite inadequate illumination and acoustic conditions in several classrooms, as measured against state-department-of-education guidelines. And they claim that, despite discouraging reports from teachers, parents, and testing programs over several years, the school has taken no action to eliminate learning deficiencies resulting from its programs.

They ask first that their specific grievances be speedily ameliorated—that appropriate materials, teachers, and physical learning environments be instituted at George Washingon; that inadequacies in school staff be remedied by dismissing or retraining; and that the most effective instructional programs in other schools in the city be studied for rapid implementation at George Washington.

Further, they argue that the school authorities, acting *in loco parentis*, have in effect been negligent parents; that years of inadequate treatment have caused irreparable damage to the self-confidence and self-image of the children; and that financial penalties and/or professional sanctions should be levied against all those responsible. Similarly, citing Department of Labor statistics correlating elementary school performance with high school dropout rates and subsequent lifetime earnings, they argue that George Washington Elementary School has caused a probable loss of earning power to the "Class of 1947" in excess of $10 million; they ask that the school authorities be required to pay this sum as damages.

If quality schooling is indeed a legal right, what are its ramifications? If the dimensions are broad, many customary school practices could be seriously jeopardized by court challenges. Among such practices are these:

- Teacher certification. Does certification prevent the best schooling? Generally, certification is granted when a teacher or administrator receives passing grades in a prescribed list of college or university courses. But little evidence exists to suggest that these courses contribute to competence (a fact that many educators are the first to admit). On the contrary, certification requirements often prevent potential teachers from using their time in college to study academic specialties and also prevent students with no education credits from joining the teachers' ranks. For example, take a successful private school teacher of French who had learned the language while serving military duty in France and who subsequently had served as translator at the United Nations. If that person lacked a college degree and education credits, he or she could probably not teach in a public school because certification requirements would prevent it.
- Collective negotiations. Does collective bargaining work against quality schooling? Some consumers may believe so. Negotiations seek to define acceptable practices in schools; by doing so, they necessarily preclude other practices. Are teachers and school boards negligent when they agree to contracts that preclude adoption of more effective practices? Some innovative schools have demonstrated the effec-



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Courts can be a short cut to reform, since they deal in principles, not politics.

tiveness of unconventional learning arrangements (for example, team teaching, open space, differentiated staffing, students teaching students, or computer-assisted instruction). If negotiated agreements preclude introduction of such methods, can consumers sue educators for negligence? For malpractice?

• Autocratic policy making. Generally, school boards are the ultimate authority for decisions in a school district. Yet, if a school system refuses, in spite of articulate and rational requests of a majority of parents, to adopt a particular reading or mathematics program of demonstrated superiority to the program in use, hasn't the consumer the right to sue?

Courts, of course, are not the only avenue for challenging school practices, nor the most frequently utilized. Consumers may take their grievances to teachers, administrators, school boards, state-education officials, and state legislatures. Consumers may band together, petition, lobby, capture the attention of newspapers and other media. Through the electoral and political processes, they may unseat those responsible for poor educational quality.

But these avenues are often dead ends. Consumers with a grievance who are blocked by unresponsive school officials, entrenched bureaucracies, or immovable legislatures may seek alternatives. For them, courts may represent a last resort.

Other consumers may prefer to use the courts as a first resort because a single case can establish a precedent with far-reaching consequences. Courts seem to be a short cut to fundamental reform, since they deal at the level of principle, rather than at the level of local politics. Courts are robed in prestige and deference, logic and rationality; legal action against schools gains in respectability. The mere threat of legal action may be enough to cause change at the school-board or state-legislature level. And, win or lose, the grievance will be publicized.

Courts, however, are not a short cut. Precedent-setting decisions may take years to reach and decades to explicate and implement. Nearly two decades after the 1954 *Brown* v. *Board of Education* Supreme Court decision, desegregation of schools remains incomplete. Courts are reluctant to pursue fundamental issues in education, where theory is complex, data meager, and solutions thorny. Courts may claim that they lack competence and refer these issues back to local officials, state legislatures, or other agencies empowered to deal with them. Moreover, in some states "hold safe" laws prevent cases from being brought against school practitioners. In many states the right of citizens to sue any government agency or employee is denied or severely limited by law. And, because courts are already overloaded, unable to bring cases to quick and speedy trial, the addition of school-related cases to the court dockets might be denied because the courts are already too burdened.

For all the zeal of consumerism, there remains the possibility of losing a suit against a school. The presumed powerful influence of judicial precedent might work *against* consumer rights in education. The consumer argument for a right to minimal educational quality is, at best, an argument by extension and analogy; courts might determine that such a right was not intended either by the framers of the Constitution or by Congress or legislatures.

In fact, one highly respected constitutional scholar has suggested to us that such litigation would be dangerous to the judicial system itself. To enter such murky, controversial waters would sully the image and prestige of the judiciary. Courts, he noted, have no policy power, no taxation power, and no clear authority in these matters; they serve only with the sufferance of the people and other branches of government. For courts to usurp the prerogative of legislators would be disastrous; courts would be well advised to dismiss such cases, he said, and people tempted to bring such cases should forget them.

In a survey of other scholars and practitioners in the fields of school law and constitutional law, we found that some favored such actions while others opposed them vehemently. But all concurred that cases such as those suggested in this article can be anticipated. An officer of a major insurance company that provides malpractice insurance to educators told us that he knew of no such cases presently but would not be surprised if there were some soon. "An insurance underwriter's nightmare," he called them.

Stuart Sandow, research fellow at the Educational Policy Research Center of Syracuse University, hypothesized a similar case. Two years ago he described a fictitious event in which a father successfully sued his local school district for fraud, claiming that his son's diploma had no value since his son could not read. Sandow sent this description to 200 scholars and practioners in law, schools, universities, state departments of education, and legislatures. Eighty per cent of Sandow's respondents foresaw the case arising and succeeding within five years. Moreover, 80 per cent saw it resulting in an improvement in the quality of education. However, 90 per cent of respondents did point out that legislation might accomplish the same results.

The essential question is not one of procedure but one of principle: Do the principles that support America's 196-year-old experiment lead only so far as the right to equal educational opportunity for all citizens? Or do citizens also have the right to educational quality as well as equality? In 1972 this remains a question. Action by consumers of public education might make our bicentennial four years hence really something to celebrate. □



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## Some former castaways come into their own—in the classroom

# Slow Learners

BY PAT ORVIS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES KARLES

While her enthusiasm for classroom work seemed a bit excessive, even for a freshman, the student otherwise appeared to be a typical college coed. Her eyes expressed a lively inquisitiveness; an expansive smile punctuated her talk: "I'm so excited about this program. It is the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to me!"

At the moment she was shaping a vase in an art class. She had begun talking to me almost as soon as I entered the room, and she clearly meant to put me at ease. What was my interest in special education? she wanted to know. Did I know someone in her program? Or was I, too, a teacher?

It was hard for me to accept, during those first few moments of our meeting, that Linda belongs to a vast body of individuals considered so academically hopeless that its members not only are excluded from higher education but most often drop (or are thrown) out of secondary schools, after they have been "pushed" through inadequate elementary school programs.

The most convenient, if not the most appropriate, way to identify teen-agers like Linda is by their IQs, which fall between 90—the low side of "average" or "normal"—and 75 or 70—the upper limits of "mildly retarded." This IQ range, estimated to include from 15 to 18 per cent of the population, cuts across all ethnic and socioeconomic groups.

This is a no man's land in education. The children are not retarded; in most cases they look normal, although at

*Pat Orvis is a freelance writer who writes frequently about early childhood and other education topics.*



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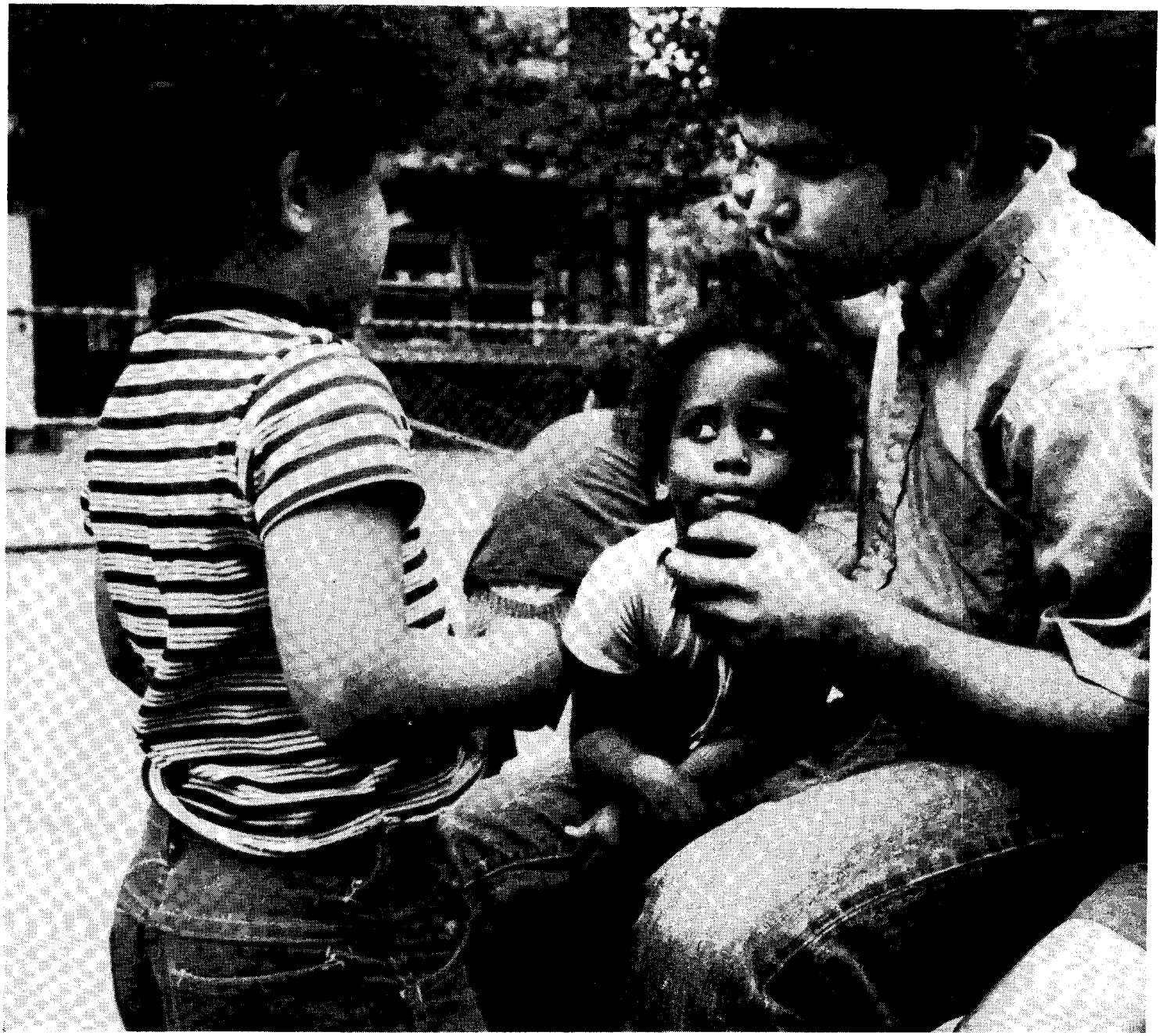

**Steve Corman (above and on page 57) works full time as part of a preschool teacher's team at New York's Hudson Guild Child Center. During two years of the ETR program Steve was a substitute teacher at the Hudson Guild and also received additional training at NYU.**

times some might act a little clumsily. Hence, everyone expects them to perform like other kids, but they can't and don't. They are painfully aware of their failures, and many educators characterize them as the most unhappy and neglected children in our schools.

After being dumped or "graduated" from what can be a long string of public and private schools, they face a future of menial, dead-end jobs. Worst of all, they remain dependent on parents who, with rare exception, already have nagged and rejected them through the first eighteen years of life.

Linda's composure and the cheerfulness and calm of her fourteen "college" classmates hardly suggested histories so troubled. These teen-agers were anything but composed, however, when they first arrived in New York University's Education, Training, and Research Program for Teachers' Aides. Most were terrified, lonely, and filled with paranoia. Some wouldn't talk at all; others were extremely tense and restless. They slouched through each day, expecting slights and rejections from every quarter.

The difference between these fifteen students now and several million less fortunate young people is due to a compassionate educator, Dr. Judith Ehre Kranes, who is a specialist in child development and a professor of education at NYU. Dr. Kranes has never shared conventional preconceptions about how children with learning problems are "supposed" to end up. Six years ago she thought she saw a potential in this group of young people that others were overlooking, and she shocked her colleagues by deciding to train them to become nursery school aides. Everyone



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who heard the idea predicted disaster.

Dr. Kranes set out, without support, working with two students afterhours in her office. Then she tried to find nursery schools that would be willing to help train them as aides. "They'll hurt the children," protested one headmaster. "What will parents say?" fussed another. (To which she replied: "The parents won't say anything because they have children at home just like them," which turned out to be true.) Finally, cashing in on her reputation gained from eighteen years of work with normal children, Dr. Kranes strong-armed reluctant friends at two fine private schools, the Little Red School House and the Bank Street College Nursery School, into giving her young people a chance. Today her aides are accepted at many other accredited schools, and Dr. Kranes has raised half a million dollars through private contributions to expand the program into a demonstration center.

"At first the aides were sort of adjuncts in the classroom and had to be given clearly defined tasks," says Mrs. Eleanor Brussel, director of the Horace Mann nursery school. "But we have been able to give them more and more responsibility, and now they function as full assistants." Her response is typical of what the cooperating schools find. "In the beginning the aides' judgment is not too good. They are extremely sensitive to criticism and have a tendency to overreact. They respond in immature ways to the children, identifying too closely and becoming too attached to them. This is where they grow the most," says Mrs. Brussel. "They become more professional and no longer require such close supervision."

ETR, as the program is known, grew to its present size of fifteen enrollees two years ago and will expand to three groups of twelve each when the demonstration center opens this month. The aides, aged eighteen or over, are registered students at NYU. On Monday afternoons they receive individual tutoring. Tuesdays are devoted to studying science and arts and crafts on the NYU campus and woodworking skills at the nearby Little Red School House. Much of what holds the program together, however, is Dr. Kranes's unique child-study "seminar" aimed at instilling confidence in students who have never before been given responsibility.

In the seminar students, whose reading skills are generally at fifth-grade level, get their first taste of what it's like to feel needed. They diligently practice reading simple stories for presentation later in the week to their own nursery school pupils. Newcomers often are so scared they hide behind storybooks and refuse to make a peep, sometimes for weeks. Occasionally, they confide to Dr. Kranes their secret fears: "Everyone knows I'm dumb. My own family wouldn't care if I died." Patiently Dr. Kranes, herself a gentle, warm person, draws them out and convinces them they can succeed. On one occasion I saw a student make the big breakthrough and very tentatively read a story aloud.

Handwriting is tackled so that, as one student explained to me, "I can write my pupils' names clearly." Aides learn to clarify their impressions by keeping daily logs of their teaching experience and by comparing notes on how to handle problems. Throughout, Dr. Kranes reminds them that small children imitate and so they must set a good example and always "act like teachers."

Other instructors in the program, most of them in some way connected with NYU, also see their primary goal as helping students to relax and to feel positive about themselves. "Any attempts they make here will be accepted, and they know it," explains the rhythms teacher, Mrs. Judy Schwartz. "I take my cues from them throughout each class, so they feel they are leading. I mention every name at least once, make sure they all get to lead a song or motion, and I touch them a lot. Given an open, accepting environment, these youngsters blossom. They amaze me all the time."

During the rest of the week the aides work in more than a dozen of the city's best nursery schools, including elite church, synagogue, and private schools, settlement houses, and Head Start centers. They help the children with art and woodwork, using the ideas and experiences acquired in their Tuesday skills courses. They read to small groups, serve lunch and snacks, help with wraps in bad weather, and dispense eighteen or twenty years' worth of stored-up love.

"He is one of the best aides we have," one school supervisor told me of a trainee in the program. "He says the right things to children—the kinds of things that help them grow. He is calm, competent, just what you want the father figure to be. The parents all think he is marvelous." The supervisor hired this aide, upon graduation last spring, at a salary of $6,000 a year.

ETR attached special significance to the occasion because, while there are more boys than girls among handicapped children in general (about three to one), boys have only recently been taken into the program. Because nursery school teachers are usually women, Dr. Kranes had been concerned that boys in this borderline group, who have already had their sense of manhood undermined by repeated failures, would experience further anxiety about their masculine image. Happily, this has not turned out to be the case.

The supervising teachers involved in the ETR program work hard to bring the aides to a level where they can function as full assistants, says Mrs. Brussel. "It takes a certain type of teacher, one who is interested in the aide and gets rewards from helping the individual grow in ability to function—not a compulsive type who pushes too hard to meet requirements. I find I want to be warmer and more careful with them than I would think of being with the other assistants."

In return, the aides are dedicated and loyal. According to Mrs. Brussel, "They are so grateful for the opportunity to prove themselves and to have a job that they are eager to be reliable. They have a great dependency on the school and on their relationships here."

"The brilliance of the ETR program is that it capitalizes on a skill that just isn't ever emphasized in school," says Dr. Lawrence Benjamin, chief psychologist at Bronx Children's Psychiatric



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**Nora Arno, also an ETR student, works with kindergarten children at the prestigious Horace Mann nursery school.**

Hospital and a member of the faculty at Albert Einstein College of Medicine. Dr. Benjamin joined the advisory board of the ETR program last year. "Nobody gets rated on 'empathy' in school, and the ETR program encourages and plays on the emotional capacity for empathy and love and the wish to please," he explains. "These individuals can do so much more than just wipe off excess glue from wrappers in a candy factory all their lives, as I once saw one such woman doing. There are many service-oriented functions they can perform."

Two major problems are the plethora of diagnosticians available to *label* children with learning problems and the insufficient number of professionals who know what to *do* for them. The curriculums are "largely irrelevant" for these students, says Dr. Benjamin, or, if relevant, "operate on the notion that these kids should do the same kinds of work as other children but for longer periods and repeated many times.

"They get just as bored as bright kids," Dr. Benjamin points out. "I tell my staff at the hospital, if a child doesn't get something after three tries, to drop the approach and think of another. Once we find the key for getting around each individual's difficulty, the learning time is very short."

The trick, of course, is not to teach concepts but to break basic skills down into perceptual parts until an operation is found that the child can perform and to build on that. Dr. Benjamin feels that the "tragedy" of youngsters with learning problems is that they are usually handled as a homogeneous group. "Every one of them has a problem quite different from all the others, and each requires a highly specific remedial plan for learning."

Children in the 70–90 IQ range are of three general types: those whose performance is limited by emotional disturbances, those who are retarded genetically and are generally low in all skills, and those with brain damage or dysfunction. Dr. Kranes now believes most of her students fall into the last category.

Such children perform unevenly—high in some things, low in others—and tend to be hyperactive. They erroneously used to be called "lazy" or were categorized as "underachievers" or "late bloomers." They have also been called "brain-injured children"; now the fashionable name among psychologists and psychiatrists for their condition is "minimal cerebral dysfunction." Among educators they are referred to as "learning-disabled" or "perceptually impaired." (Children with brain damage or dysfunction also appear in the higher IQ ranges.) One researcher found thirty-eight labels for this group in professional literature, although few of the authors attempted to define the terms or the condition under discussion.

No one group of youngsters suffers more in terms of self-esteem or feels more frustrated than this one, says Dr. Estelle De Vito, the staff psychiatrist on the Children's Service at the NYU Institute of Rehabilitation Medicine and a consulting psychiatrist for ETR. In order to make a successful teen-age adjustment, she explains, children must score with 1) parents, 2) teachers, and 3) peers, and these teen-agers fail with all three. They can't make the grade with parents because they cannot achieve in school and present problems in upbringing caused by their hyperactivity and impulsiveness. They antagonize teachers because they can't do their school-work, because they are easily distracted, and because they try to conceal their feelings and failures by clowning and being disruptive. They turn off normal schoolmates by their aggressiveness and immaturity. They are often clumsy at athletics, which means the boys, especially, are cut off from a primary route to social interaction with their peers. And—the final frustration—they reject one another because they want so desperately to be normal. By adolescence most are withdrawn and depressed. Some end up in court as juvenile delinquents.

Dr. Kranes carefully stresses that frequently the causes of her students' learning disabilities are not clear. "We can't be sure just how much of their problem is due to brain damage and how much is emotional or psychological. All have emotional problems, and most are in therapy." One boy, for instance, shows great leadership and ability in the area of human development, and his psychologist believes his other problems are psychological. The boy has a retarded older brother, and the psychologist has theorized that he may have suffered an early trauma caused by feelings that he should not excel over the brother. Therefore, the psychologist feels, he only "thinks" he can't read or write. On the other hand, the fact that he has a retarded brother suggests his is a genetic condition. At the same time he displays some of the behavior of the minimally brain-injured.

"There is so little we know about the brain," Dr. Kranes warns. "IQ tests tell us only what a child can't do—and they don't even do that, really. They never show what a child can do." For this reason, although candidates for her program are given all the usual standard-



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ized tests and are diagnosed by a psychologist, she accepts them on the basis of her own screening device. Each applicant is asked to read from a storybook, while she plays pupil, asking the kinds of questions a child might ask about the story. She also chats with each one about his or her life and interests. "It's the best test I know to show how they will perform in nursery school," Dr. Kranes says. "They don't feel threatened the way they do in a standard testing situation, and you can establish a rapport, get at what they are like." If they show flexibility, a degree of poise, and are "reasonably well put together" with no severe speech defects, they usually make the grade. "People who looked the worst on standard tests often have made the best aides."

Many teachers are afraid of this IQ population because they do not know how to work with them, Dr. Kranes says. Others feel that such children are not disabled enough to need special help. When she first began reporting on her program at professional meetings, Dr. Kranes was shot down. "Those kids don't need help!" was a common reaction. The early trainees all came from the homes of the rich and famous—the president of a conglomerate, a columnist, a member of the social register. "Why bother with those rich kids?" her critics complained.

"But they cannot function in a normal environment," was Dr. Kranes's reply. "They have poor judgment and need a closely structured setting where they can anticipate what's next and receive one direction at a time. That's why I thought of nursery schools." Furthermore, she adds, nursery school children learn important concepts in numbers, space, and time—something the aides have missed in their own poor educations. They can learn the concepts along with their pupils.

In the past individuals from this population were used to help care for the retarded, which made them feel even more inferior and inadequate. Although

**Toward the end of the day, after a play session, Steve and his young charges return to the classroom.**

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many of her students arrive thinking they want to work with the handicapped, Dr. Kranes encourages them to work with normal individuals first.

The new demonstration center will allow Dr. Kranes to develop textbooks and a curriculum and to direct research. She will teach a graduate course through the NYU School of Education for the teachers in the nursery schools and for other professionals who are involved in the ETR program or who wish to start similar programs. The center will be open to students and professionals who wish to observe. Eventually, a postgraduate center for the aides will be established, with job-placement service, follow-up, refresher courses, and space for socializing. (ETR students have no social lives and are very lonely.) Dr. Kranes has also been known to speculate that one day there will be enough money to start "a small residential center."

Fifteen boys and girls have graduated since ETR began in 1966. (Some took three or four years in the early days to finish.) All fifteen have salaried jobs.

The students who have had problems with the program had them because of their parents, Dr. Kranes states bluntly. Three students were dropped over the years, two because of "rejecting" parents who were not interested in their children's development. (The third was not able to work with nursery school youngsters.)

Although ETR students now come from working-class homes and even from orphanages, many are still from society's upper echelons or from professional homes. These last often turn out to be more "disadvantaged" than students from poor backgrounds who have had to take responsibility. Parents who achieve great success cannot easily accept the idea of a child who will never excel, the ETR director has found, and they will go to great lengths to cover up their child's failure, rejecting him on the one hand and overprotecting him on the other so that he ends up further disabled.

The parents of one beautiful girl, brought up quite "elegantly," could never accept her handicap and treated her as normal. Consequently, the girl has spent her own life pretending that she is normal. When she first entered the ETR program, she was arrogant and condescending with the other aides, made bad judgments in her nursery school, and generally turned everyone off. She was very lonely. In desperation one day she invited another aide home with her. The mother took one look at the girl and told her daughter, "Get rid of her!" Both girls were so upset by the experience that it took several days and the efforts of the entire ETR staff to put the pieces back together.

Yet another socially prominent mother rejects her daughter but devotes her entire life to organizations for the brain-injured.

"At first I picked a few students that I shouldn't have. I used to think that love alone would do it, that I could somehow make these kids over," mused Dr. Kranes, who also had emotional problems when she was young and once was thought to be "retarded." She found it doesn't work that way, however. "Love can do a lot in the program, but these adolescents must have a framework, a supportive home environment. We have found through sad experience that, unless the aides feel accepted at home, they cannot develop, and lapse into their old patterns the minute they leave the program. If only the parents wouldn't nag them so. Most of the parents pick on these children constantly. If they could just overlook everything except really important issues."

To avoid these sad mistakes in the future, Dr. Kranes now interviews both parents before accepting any candidate, and, if she, or her admissions director, has any doubt about either parent's willingness to take an active interest in the child's development and provide emotional stability, nothing will persuade her to accept the applicant. If there still remains a shadow of doubt, even after the interview, they call in Mrs. Lynne Atlas-Wittkin, a psychologist, for a final verdict.

Mrs. Atlas-Wittkin, who sees about half a dozen of the ETR girls in therapy, says that in only one instance have both parents of her clients been willing to come in for counseling or even just to talk. "After the second visit that couple, too, made it clear they would come in anytime if it had to do specifically with their child. They didn't see the need for themselves and stopped coming. That pretty much shows the typical parent attitude. But in the future we will make sure of their cooperation before we accept any new students," the therapist says.

"It's that word 'minimal' that eggs you on," admits an unusually candid parent, who is on the administrative staff of the ETR program, the mother of an eighteen-year-old son diagnosed as "minimally brain-injured." Her husband is a hard-driving certified public accountant, and they have a younger teen-ager who is bright and competitive.

"Our older son was diagnosed at three, and from then on we went into the typical parent syndrome. We ran from specialist to specialist—neurologists, psychologists, psychiatrists, educational therapists, optometrists—ready to try anything that might produce a new diagnosis. I don't know if we ever have accepted his disability. The hardest thing to control is this irrational anger and annoyance they make you feel. After awhile you even begin to believe they're doing it against you—on purpose. If only they looked handicapped, or really were retarded, it would be so much easier to acknowledge—for you and for them."

The boy rejects other teen-agers like himself, and, if anyone mentions his disability, he tells them, "I outgrew it." He still believes he can go to college. "He has just gone away to a special high school, and that seems best for him right now. We chew him up when he's at home."

The parents of nineteen-year-old Linda, whom I met that first day in the ETR art class, are even rarer. Not only do they accept the limitations of their daughter, but they actually speak with pride of her accomplishments, which were made possible by their encouragement and emotional support. She is an excellent example of this IQ population's potential when all controllable variables are favorable.

When her father, a college professor in Cincinnati, Ohio, took his family with him to Jerusalem two years ago on a sabbatical leave, the girl signed herself up for a Hebrew language course and, on her own, volunteered as an assistant in a local nursery school. Upon graduation from the ETR program she hopes to return to Jerusalem to work in an orphanage. When some friends in publishing suggested to the mother that she write a book about her daughter, the young woman declared that, since it was her life, she should have been asked to write it herself and began sending her mother pages periodically from New York.

"If she meets new people and senses they are uncomfortable in her presence," the mother says, "she tells them, 'I'm a slow learner, and I'm in a special program,' so disarming them that she opens the door for a real exchange. Her image of herself has not been distorted. She thinks of herself as a whole person—but also as a person with some limitations in specific areas."

The mother, who is a high school teacher, has been trying to persuade the Ohio Division of Vocational Rehabilitation and the University of Cincinnati to cooperate in starting a program like Dr. Kranes's. So far both parties have been "unmovable," she says. Perhaps they should read the letter that her daughter wrote to an aunt recently about what it is like to be a "slow learner," the part that goes:

*There is nothing wrong with being a slow learner, I think: There are many things I can do; knit, embroider, read. Take care of children, write letters, have a job, talk Hebrew and even get along very well with my father's mother, who is a very difficult person. I take tennis lessons, swim and spell better than your sister Millie. And I can love.* □



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# Michigan State Redefines the Land-Grant Philosophy

# The Megapopulist Multiversity

BY SUSAN JACOBY

Large public megaversities like Michigan State have never been the pastoral Middle American enclaves that most local taxpayers wished they were or that most academics on the East and West coasts imagined they were. In a revealing book about the nine months he spent as MSU's acting president in 1969, for example, economist Walter Adams describes a meeting with alumni to discuss contemporary student unrest. Turning from the protests of the Sixties, one aging graduate managed to dredge up the long-forgotten fact that returning World War I veterans had declared the campus a Soviet commune and raised the red flag over their dormitories.

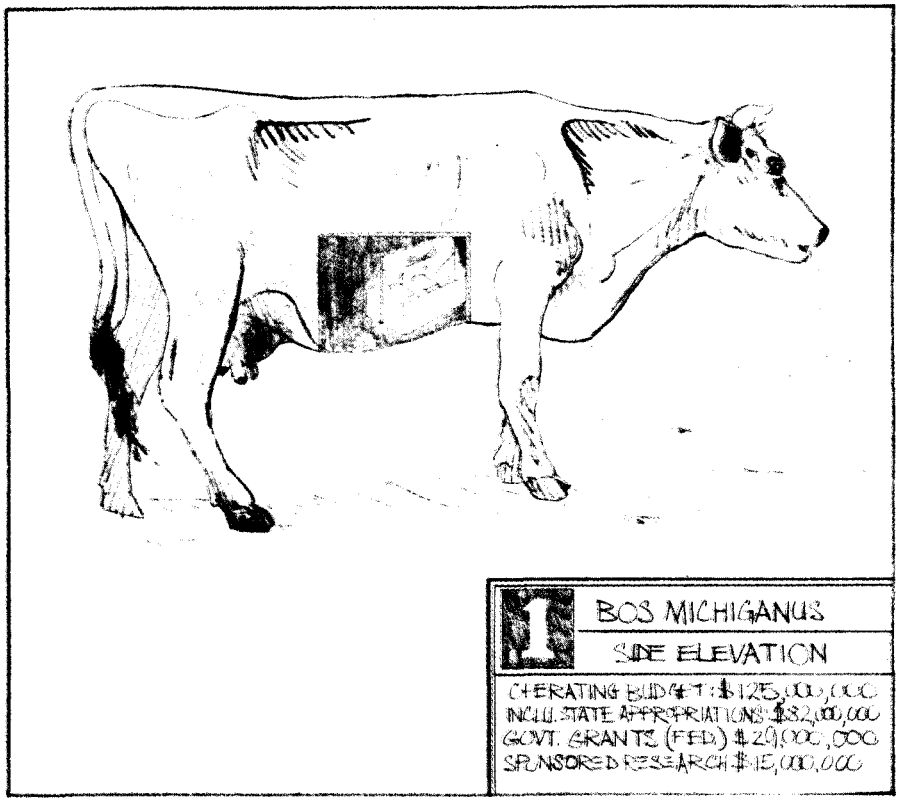
Today attitudes about student unrest—and much else—are little different at Michigan State than they are from attitudes at similar institutions across the country. Everything at Michigan State, however, is compounded by its size. This fall MSU's flat, sprawling campus in East Lansing holds no fewer than 41,000 students, employs 3,123 faculty members, and offers majors in some 200 fields. Michigan State has more parking spaces (18,600) than most universities have students.

MSU's problems of size are dwarfed by an even more profound and difficult question—determining the institution's mission. For Michigan State, founded in 1855 as the College of Agriculture and Applied Sciences (and the nation's first land-grant college), now is trying to turn its populist past—tied to the soil, the small farmer, the agricultural extension agent—to the concerns of the Seventies, to the problems of the cities, of minorities, of people who have been ignored by higher education for so long. The overriding problem, of course, is to redefine the past and then reconcile it with the university's newly-won academic distinction.

Clifton Wharton, Jr., now starting his fourth year as Michigan State's president, is firmly on the side of the new populism. Wharton's mere presence on campus is in itself evidence of the enormous changes at Michigan State. His predecessor, John Hannah (president from 1941 to 1969), was a home-grown, home-educated poultry expert who put his personal stamp on almost every aspect of the university's growth. Wharton, on the other hand, is a graduate of Boston Latin School and of Harvard, a Far East specialist, a soft-spoken man who pursues his goals in a very low key. Wharton and his wife spend several nights each month talking to students in dormitories but avoid publicity about their visits because they do not want to be distracted from hearing what the students have to say. Wharton, forty-six, also is the first black president of a major white university, a distinction that attracted considerable attention when he was appointed to the job but that draws only uninterested shrugs when mentioned today.

For his part, Wharton believes that public universities like Michigan State will never regain the level of public support they enjoyed a decade ago unless they change "to meet what the public perceives as its real needs." He told me that "those real needs involve many educationally neglected groups. When you talk about people who have been bypassed, you are talking about blacks and other minorities, but not only about minorities. In many instances you also are talking about rural whites. These unmet needs definitely involve older people—women in their thirties who want something more, highly trained professionals whose skills have become obsolete. Universal access to higher education and lifelong education are going to be realities, whether professors and university presidents like it or not."

When Wharton speaks of a "pluralis-




*Susan Jacoby has written frequently for* SR. *Her book* Moscow Conversations *(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan) has just been published.*



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tic university" to meet these needs, he is defining a new populism that extends far beyond the other two landmarks in the expansion of American higher education—the Morrill Land-Grant Act of the 1860s and the GI Bill of the 1940s. In his view adult education, expanded minority enrollment, and involvement in urban problems all add up to a "modern land-grant philosophy."

Whether the rest of Michigan State University is ready for such a philosophy is open to debate. Michigan State today is full of contradictions. The cow barns are only a short walk from the cyclotron (and University of Michigan fans still "moo" across the football field at the MSU rooting section). Various Michigan State professors claim to have invented the six-pack and the seedless cucumber; a grad student once won his doctorate with a dissertation on the properties of spareribs. Two years ago, however, MSU students won the second greatest number of Woodrow Wilson fellowships and the third greatest number of National Science Foundation fellowships in the nation. Michigan State still packs bewildered freshmen into 500-seat lectures, but it offers other freshmen the chance to discuss the opening cantos of Dante's *Inferno* in seminars with only ten classmates.

In the Fifties and Sixties MSU was able to overcome its cow-college character largely because of John Hannah's determination and political acumen. (Indeed, Hannah was so skillful that a *Fortune* article in 1967 portrayed him favorably not only as a one-man band leading Michigan State to greatness but also as a thoroughly modern university administrator, running MSU the way any top-ranking corporate executive would manage a conglomerate enterprise.) In those years Hannah persuaded legislators in Lansing to part with vast amounts of money on MSU's behalf by constantly reminding them of the university's invaluable agricultural services, by buying them a Rose Bowl football team, and by hiring a top-drawer faculty, first in the physical sciences, then in the social sciences, and finally in the humanities.

Hannah also raised admission standards and recruited bright high school seniors the same way his coaches recruited potential tackles. At one time in the Sixties MSU press releases proclaimed that more National Merit scholars enrolled at East Lansing than at any other campus in the country. The handouts neglected to mention that MSU offered $500 scholarships as an extra inducement for Merit scholars. MSU recruiters even rounded up prize-winning high school students for pep talks and recruiting films at motels near their homes.

Recruiting a new faculty was done in much the same way. Many of the new, young faculty members came to Michigan State because it offered high salaries and lots of money for research. They often did not know, or care, about the university's populist role—the role that helped persuade the legislature to produce money to buy faculty members with Ivy League degrees.

"We all had pretty much the same idea," says a recently recruited political science professor. "Michigan State would be a great university when the last cow barn from the aggie college days was torn down. Now we're being told, perhaps justly, that we have to solve the problems of the cities. We have to do all these things that other agencies have failed to do. But many on the faculty think of the urban situation —of social problems in general—as modern cow manure, and they don't want any part of it."

Robert L. Green, director of Michigan State's Center for Urban Affairs, takes a different view. Green, probably the best-known black faculty member on campus, thinks that the enrollment of more black students is the key to an urban land-grant philosophy for MSU, just as enrollment of rural students was vital to the agricultural land-grant idea.

"We all had the same idea. Michigan State would be a great university when the last cow barn was torn down. Now we're being told we have to solve the problems of the cities."

Black enrollment has increased greatly. Ten years ago the university had only a few hundred black students in an enrollment of 25,000. Today there are about 2,500 black students on campus, and the university administration talks of recruiting a student body that will reflect the racial composition of the state (11 per cent black, less than 1 per cent Chicano and American Indian).

Michigan State's experience in trying to help disadvantaged students differs from that of many other universities. The magnitude of the problem is so much greater that it creates a difference in kind. Hundreds of students initially were involved at MSU in contrast to dozens at Ivy League schools. Today thousands are involved, while only hundreds are enrolled at most other schools. And programs involving thousands of students are expensive. Yale's pre-freshman "transition year" for black students might prove highly successful at Michigan State, but the money for such a program is not forthcoming in the foreseeable future.

Even more important than numbers is the fact that in Michigan "disadvantaged" is not a euphemism only for black or Chicano or Puerto Rican. At Michigan State a large proportion of the "educationally disadvantaged" are white students from rural high schools. In the late Fifties, long before there was any significant black enrollment at MSU, the university dealt with the problems of the disadvantaged by flunking out half of its freshman class each year (as did so many other public universities). Today higher admission standards have reduced the freshman failure rate to about 25 per cent.

Because blacks are a more visible, and often more militant, group, it would be poor politics for the university to flunk them out at the same rate that it flunked out white students in the past. And political reality demands that, if it is going to help black students, the university must provide the same services to whites as well.

Even now the university employs many subterfuges to avoid facing the real problem. All freshmen and sophomores must take basic courses in natural science, social science, humanities, and American literature. These courses have a "basic track" for students with low College Board scores, and a disproportionate number of those students are from minority groups. Walking down the corridors of a building where many freshman classes are held,


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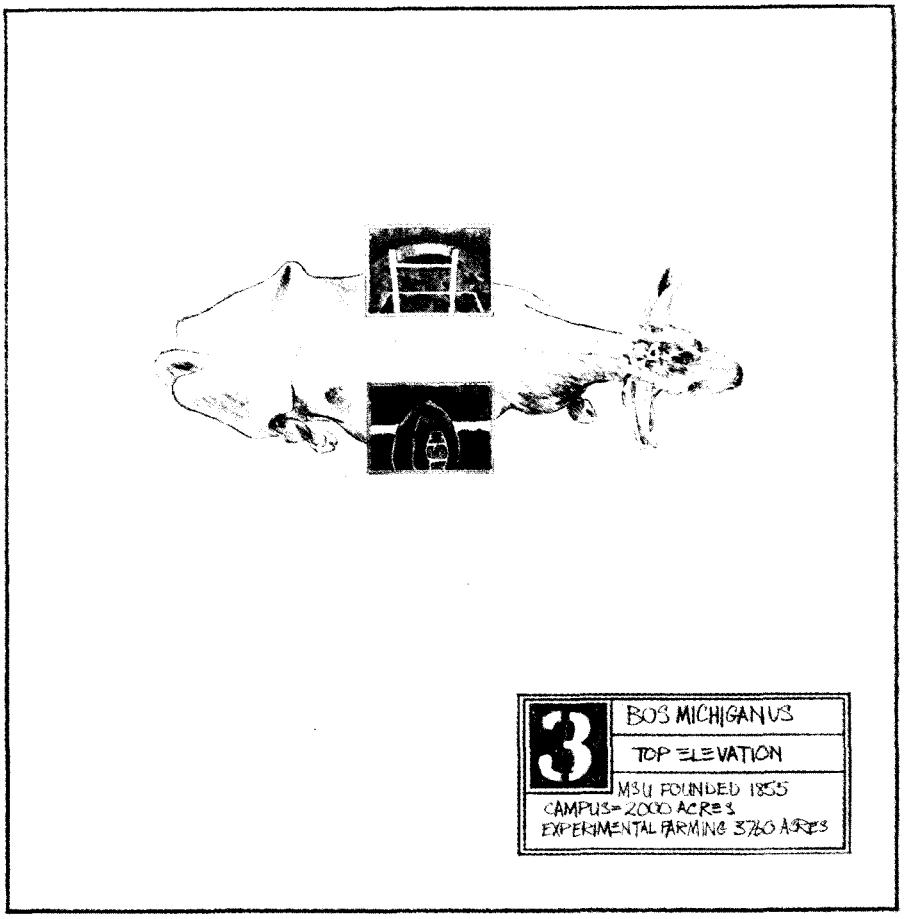
I was quickly able to spot course sections where nearly half the students were black. One professor told me that a great percentage of white students in the basic track were from rural communities. Everyone knows about the basic track, but no one officially admits that it exists.

Faculty members have different views on how to improve the chances of students who need special help. "I don't have the slightest idea of how to make up for some kid's lousy elementary and secondary school education," said a psychology instructor. "That's not the job I was trained for, and it's not the job I bargained for when I came here."

Walter Adams, who startled everyone by continuing to teach while he served as acting president after Hannah's resignation and who is still teaching today, holds an entirely different opinion. "When you are a faculty member at Michigan State, you have to be prepared to deal with all kinds of students with different academic skills and problems. The attitude that many faculty members have toward blacks is the same snobbish attitude they used to have toward the kids from Bad Axe who also came in here unprepared because of their lousy high school education. What a lot of these kids need is someone to see in them the possibilities they must have seen in themselves, or they would never have made it to college in the first place." Adams also believes that Michigan State could solve the problems of the disadvantaged—black and white—if every faculty member "adopted" ten students for special attention. "Assuming that fifteen thousand can take care of themselves," he says, "this would just about reach everyone."

Until that day MSU will have a long way to go. A black engineering student says the university has not taken advantage of ways in which students can help one another. "Some of the white professors here let my brothers get away with things, like not showing up for tutoring sessions," he says. "That's wrong because the whole problem of slum schools is that no one expects enough of you. Here I spend twelve hours a week tutoring black freshmen in the College of Engineering, and I just tell them, if they are absent more than once, I'll drop them from my list. I think if more students—especially black students—were involved in counseling and tutoring, they'd get more out of the kids. But you have to pay most students to do tutoring. A lot of black students have jobs—I tend bar—and they can't afford to put in time for free, even if they'd like to."

This year, for the first time, Michigan's Republican governor, William Milliken, asked for nearly $900,000 to provide academic support—counseling, tutoring, remedial instruction—for disadvantaged students at Michigan State. The state legislature appropriated only $380,000, but the money will provide a start. Last year a program for "high-risk" students, directed by Assistant Provost James Hamilton, had only one full-time reading specialist and two counselors. "The money to deal with strictly academic problems wasn't there," Hamilton said. "Helping these kids with pressing financial problems had to come first."




Michigan State's difficulties in adjusting to the influx of black students are minor compared with the potential upheaval if Wharton's plans for meeting the needs of other "educationally neglected groups" are carried out. Adult education, for example, now is limited to a small number of courses that would never meet the needs of middle-aged women, assembly-line workers, or the highly skilled unemployed. Rigid admissions requirements prevent many adults from entering the university on an equal basis with young people. Wharton has appointed a special commission to recommend ways of expanding adult education and of making it an integral part of the university.

Few of the professors I spoke with, however, could envision a university in which adult education played a major role. Their general reaction: Adult education is a fine idea, only someone else should do it—the community colleges, a new state agency, almost any institution but Michigan State University. The objections of faculty members in different departments were markedly similar. "Admitting large numbers of adults would mean teaching as many courses at night as during the day," said a history professor. "I for one don't intend to do it." An education professor: "We'd have to operate a full-time program on Saturdays. I might think about joining a faculty union if it came to that." A natural-science instructor had more philosophical objections: "It's all very fine to talk about teaching older women and factory workers, but how could they cope with the courses when they'd been away from formal study for so many years?" A humanities instructor admitted: "I like being looked up to in my classes—especially by all the little girls who drink in every word I say with round eyes. Even that's changing, though, as women's lib makes me look like a male chauvinist pig. It's hard enough getting any awe out of young people, much less older ones."

The idea of an urban-extension program, similar to MSU's agricultural extension service, is related to the prospect of expanded adult education and black enrollment. The university's trustees have approved a plan to turn the center for urban affairs into a degree-granting college of urban development. Academic programs will emphasize research on problems ranging from mass transit



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to criminal justice. Some departments in the college will try to reach urban adults who can't come to East Lansing for regular classes.

Were it not for the current budget squeeze, the faculty might be more willing to accept, if not embrace, the university's new populist trends. Michigan State's history, however, does give the faculty reason to fear that money will be diverted from purely academic endeavors to programs with demonstrable, practical benefits. Cyclotrons, medical schools, even seedless cucumbers have always received more attention at MSU than has an outstanding history or foreign-language department.

The state legislature has added to faculty nervousness by demanding statistics on "productivity"—the number of student-credit hours per full-time professors. In the official figures a teacher with a lecture class of 300 might look as if he were doing more work than a teacher with two classes of twenty. In reality the reverse probably would be true.

The legislature's demands for increased productivity led to an increase in class sizes last year, even though enrollment did not increase significantly. Many class sections—especially in the liberal arts—were dropped. Hundreds of classes with fewer than ten students have been dropped this year. Such cuts, of course, are not exactly popular with the faculty. "There are some things you just can't cut out and call yourself a university," said a history professor.

Michigan State's two newest colleges —human medicine and osteopathy—are already putting a modern version of the land-grant philosophy to work in community-health programs. The medical school is an example of how Hannah used populist educational arguments to obtain one more "elite" element for MSU. Strongly influenced by the University of Michigan lobby, the state legislature for many years refused Hannah's request for money to establish a medical school. The legislators ultimately were persuaded to change their minds by the argument that Michigan State's new medical school would be oriented toward public-health services that had been neglected by traditional medical education. Hannah never could have sold the medical school on the basis that it would add to Michigan State's prestige, but he could, and did, sell the practical public benefits of such a program.

MSU medical students now receive all of their clinical training in hospitals located throughout the state. The university trains doctors in community medical facilities; when a campus medical center is completed, the students will still receive more than half their practical experience in ordinary city and small-town hospitals. Medical and social-work students also have set up a health education and vaccination clinic in a poor Lansing neighborhood.

Beyond such programs, will Michigan State ever reach its goal of redefining the century-old land-grant philosophy? The answer won't be known for several years. The university, meanwhile, is trying. "There is going to be a great deal of strain here for the next ten years," says a university official who is nearing retirement. "But I'm an old populist, and I think we'll make it. With every expansion of the populist faith, we've found that many more people could attain excellence than we had thought possible. I hope we're going to give it a chance to prove true this time." □

# The campus revisited:

## Classes can be exciting, but the kids don't like to read.

It has always been difficult to determine how most students at a large university feel about the education to which presumably they are being exposed. Although I was a reporter while I was a student at Michigan State, no consensus of values ever emerged from my interviews with hundreds of fellow undergraduates. Then, as now, the university was too big and too fragmented for anyone to draw valid conclusions about "student opinion."

I do remember what we thought about our own classes. We were interested mainly in liberal arts; many of us had been lured to Michigan State by the promise of complete freedom in choosing our courses if we maintained a high grade-point average. When I returned to the campus this year, I sought out students with similar interests. The humanistic orientation is still there, but one vital element has changed: Today's students, however bright, seem indifferent to anything that smacks of intellectual discipline.

Michigan State today seems to be a much better place for a liberal arts student than it was ten years ago, primarily because the administration realized it had neglected the humanities in its headlong drive to create a science-research complex. The Justin Morrill College, founded in 1965, is a case in point.

Justin Morrill is a residential college


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with about 800 students; they live in the same dormitories during their freshman and sophomore years. The college brings together outstanding faculty members from different departments—something that seems to be administratively impossible throughout most of the university. Classes are small—usually fewer than fifteen students—and a term of independent study, generally in a foreign country, is required for graduation.

The intellectual atmosphere at Justin Morrill is exciting; there was nothing like it when I was a student. I sat enthralled in one class as a freshman compared Dante's view of hell with the ideas of earlier Christian writers and theologians; in my own college experience such discussions were found only in senior or graduate seminars. Then I listened as Dean Gordon Rohman, dressed in undeanlike fashion in an electric-blue jacket, tie, and shirt, described some of the independent study projects. One of his favorites: A student bought a boat in England, sailed it to Spain, kept a diary, and wrote poetry as he sailed home across the Atlantic. Was that at all unusual? I asked the dean. He said it was, but he believed in unusual projects if the students were able to plan them and if they could carry them through.

Later a quiet eighteen-year-old told me how pleased she was with Justin Morrill. "I know it sounds corny," she said, "but the personal contact with fine teachers is really inspiring." She added, however, that she plans to transfer to another college within the university at the end of her sophomore year.

I asked her why. "There's a two-year foreign-language requirement," she explained. "I started French last term, and it was just too much work. So I'm going to transfer to a college that doesn't make a language compulsory." I met dozens of older students who had dropped out of Justin Morrill for the same reason. Yet many of them said they wanted to live abroad. What, I wondered, in their catchword, could be more "relevant" to living abroad than a foreign language?

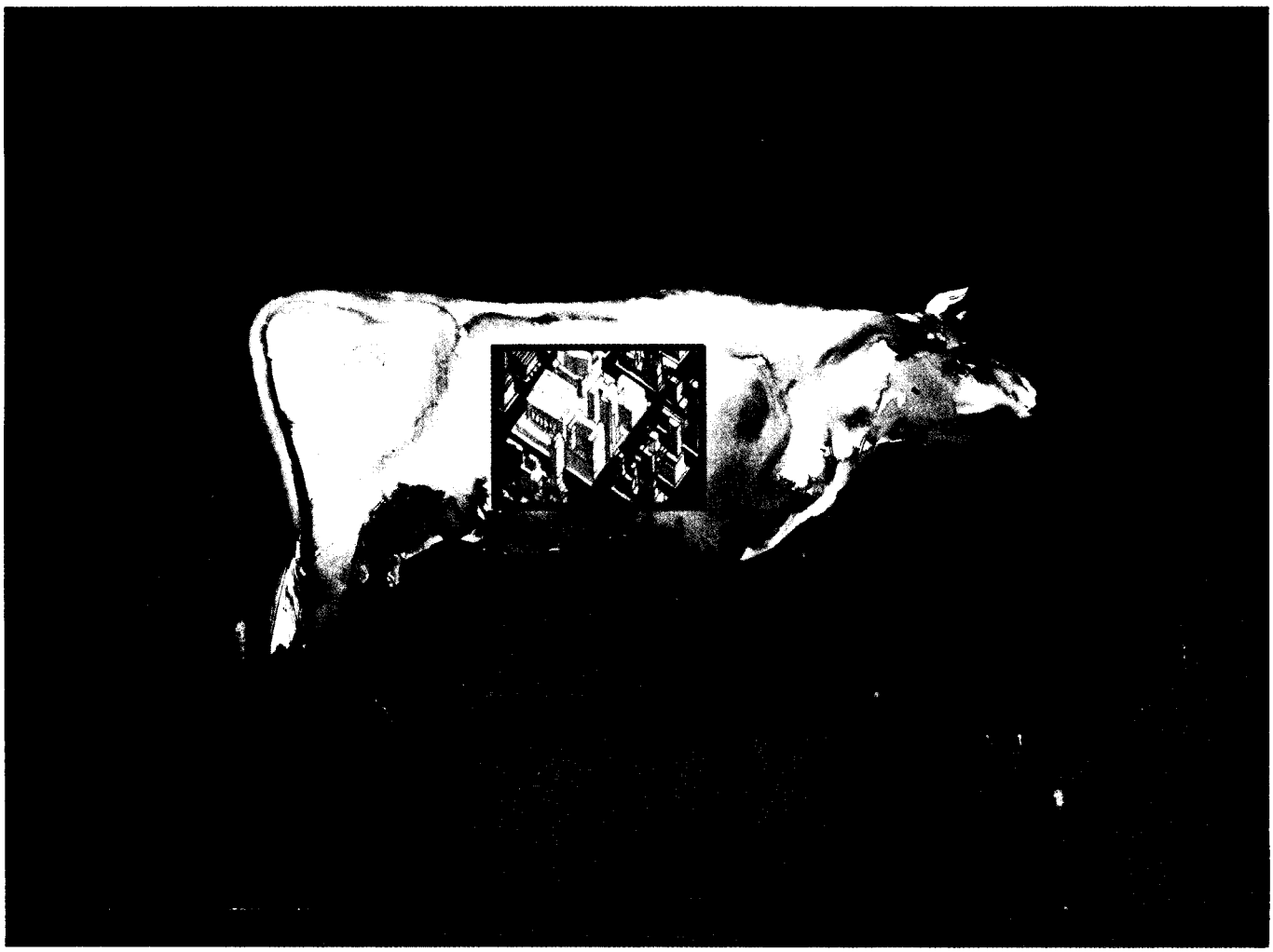
With a few memorable exceptions, the students' opinions were expressed in almost identically worded clichés. "We want practical learning, not book learning. . . . History just doesn't seem relevant to me. After all, it's in the past and you can't change it. . . . Even if a course requirement does make sense, I don't want it shoved down my throat." Most seemed puzzled as to why the statement "history is past" should elicit a mild chuckle from the interviewer.

One of the hopeful exceptions—an editor of the campus newspaper—was disturbed by other students' attitudes toward "book learning." He said he had been enthusiastic about Free University classes but gave them up when it became apparent that many students were not willing to do the work required for critical discussion. "They just didn't want to be bothered with the reading," he said, "and success of the Free University idea depended on voluntary work by everyone."

The shaky intellectual discipline of many students raised serious questions in my mind about the willingness of faculty members to accede to student demands for the elimination of course requirements. The College of Liberal Arts, for example, was considering abolition of its own foreign-language requirement—not because faculty members believed the move was right, but because they were afraid of losing students to social science departments that have no foreign-language requirements.

"I personally am geared to what I'm interested in right now," said a nineteen-year-old sociology major. "I'm not looking ahead ten years, five years, or even one year. I'm only interested in today."

S. J.





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BY SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET

# How Education Affects the Youth Vote

In 1920 the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution gave women the right to vote and Warren G. Harding was elected with the largest Republican majority in history. In 1971 the Twenty-sixth Amendment again enlarged the electorate by lowering the voting age to eighteen. Opinion surveys in 1972 say Richard Nixon will be reelected with the biggest Republican proportion of the vote since the election of Harding. I do not intend to suggest a cause-and-effect relationship between extension of the electorate and Republican victories. But it would seem evident that those liberal reformers who see in the electorally deprived a guaranteed base of support ignore the fact that elections are decided by the reaction of voters to issues and candidates, not simply by the enfranchisement of those not previously involved in the electoral process.

All the polls agree: While Senator McGovern is ahead among the seven million college students eligible to vote, he is behind the President among the eighteen million noncollege youths (who are, however, less likely actually to register and vote). The results of the most recent survey, conducted on behalf of *SR/Education* by Gilbert Youth Research, indicate that Nixon and McGovern are running close to a dead heat among eighteen- to twenty-four-year-olds—each has 48 per cent. Among youths out of school, however, Nixon has an 8 per cent advantage—51 per cent to McGovern's 43. Among college students McGovern is well ahead, with 60 per cent to Nixon's 36. Curiously, a large majority of too-young-to-vote high school students prefer Nixon (56 per cent to 40 per cent for McGovern), probably reflecting the President's popularity with their parents. (A recent survey of a different academic population, professors, reveals only a slight McGovern lead—49 per cent to Nixon's 46. This is the largest percentage a Republican presidential nominee has secured from the professoriate since polls were first taken among them after World War II.)

Awareness of President Nixon's strength among youth has come as a shock to proponents of the New Politics. McGovern strategist Fred Dutton, in a memorandum written early in the campaign, had anticipated a considerable majority among twenty-five million new voters between eighteen and twenty-four years of age. Three-quarters of them (eighteen million) would actually ballot, he estimated, and three-quarters of those who did so would vote for the Democratic candidate. This advantage would be more than enough to offset deficits among the more conservative older segments of the electorate.

Such predictions clearly have gone awry. Projecting from the behavior of a highly visible activist group of collegians, they assumed that youth constitute a relatively homogeneous stratum with common, reform-oriented opinions. In fact much information gathered since the "student revolt" began in the mid-Sixties shows considerable variation of opinion within every age category; the sources of cleavage, moreover, are those normally encountered—social class, race, religion, section, ethnic origin. Thus a study of George Wallace's support in 1968, conducted by Earl Raab and me, determined that Wallace's vote was *greatest* among people under thirty. Among high school youth fully 25 per cent of those surveyed in October 1968 supported the Alabaman. Among young people aged eighteen to twenty-four educational attainment—or lack of it—proved to be the strongest correlate of Wallace support (other than region of residence). He was backed by 39 per cent of those who never completed high school, 32 per cent of high school graduates, 21 per cent of college dropouts, 8 per cent of college graduates, and 7 per cent of college students.

Or take the question of opinions about the Vietnam War. Various analyses of national survey data from 1965 to 1971 reported that those in the lowest age group, twenty-one to twenty-nine, were consistently *less* likely than their elders to oppose the war. This finding, of course, concealed an enormous intragenerational opinion gap: Those in college were preponderantly antiwar, and those not in college, and employed, were more bellicose.

**Table I. Political Ideology of Different Youth Groups**

| | College Students | Nonschool Youth | High School Students |
|---|---|---|---|
| Conservative or Radical Right | 16% | 24% | 23% |
| Middle of the Road | 31 | 47 | 45 |
| Liberal | 43 | 24 | 29 |
| Radical Left | 9 | 4 | 2 |

*Seymour Martin Lipset, political scientist and sociologist, is the author of* The Politics of Unreason *and* Rebellion in the University.



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**Table II. Issue Positions of Different Youth Groups—Per Cent Agreeing**

| | College Students | Nonschool Youth | High School Students |
|---|---|---|---|
| Remove U.S. Troops from Vietnam at Once | 62% | 45% | 43% |
| Any Able-Bodied Person Can Secure a Job if He Tries Hard Enough | 54 | 82 | 82 |
| The Courts Have Been Too Lenient on Criminals | 46 | 67 | 58 |
| Minority Groups Would Improve Their Situation Faster if They Did Not Agitate as Much as They Do | 27 | 60 | 62 |

Numerous studies of college students' attitudes and behavior completed since 1965 reveal wide and regular divergencies among this group as well. They are associated with academic quality (students at the more academically selective schools are more liberal) and with subject matter studied (the social science and humanities students are somewhat to the left of science majors, who in turn are much more liberal than those preparing to enter one or another of the applied professions).

Such variations continue to characterize the political orientations of young people in 1972. When asked by Gilbert Youth Research in August to describe their political views, the nonschool youth were more likely than those in college to identify themselves as conservative or rightist. Conversely, a higher proportion of the collegians identified themselves as liberal or radical-left. High school students, most of whom are not destined to be college graduates, resembled the working youth much more than the collegians (Table I).

Differences in ideological self-perception are paralleled by varying stands on issues. Queried as the academic year opened in September, the college students were considerably more liberal. Clearly, the less educated and the less privileged youth are not as sympathetic to the underprivileged as are those who have been exposed to higher education. And they also accept more aggressive positions (Table II).

Similar variations in respect to presidential choice turned up very early in the 1972 campaign. Gilbert interviewers asked a youth sample in February to choose among Humphrey, Nixon, and two other then-potential candidates: Wallace on the right and Eugene McCarthy on the left. Collegians gave more votes to Humphrey and McCarthy; nonschool youth were more disposed to Nixon or Wallace. When pitted against the President and the Democratic front-runner of that time, Edmund Muskie, Wallace secured 17 per cent of the ballots of those out of school but only 5 per cent among the collegians. Gene McCarthy also got 17 per cent of those out of school but fully 22 per cent of the collegians surveyed.

It is interesting to note that among college students self-reported grade averages are associated with opinions—the higher the marks, the more liberal the attitudes (a finding that corresponds with previous surveys). High school students, however, behave somewhat less consistently. Those who report higher grades are generally more liberal but less strikingly so. This may reflect the fact that high school grades are much more correlated with parental status than are college grades; and the higher the family income, the more likely its members are to be exposed to more conservative views (Table III).

Surprisingly, grades are not much related to 1972 presidential preferences among college students. It is true that C students are less supportive of McGovern (55 per cent) than are students who reported an average of C+ or better (60 per cent). But among high school students there is a steady relationship between higher grades and support for Nixon: A (64 per cent), B (60 per cent), C+ (56 per cent), and C (49 per cent). This relationship holds up when students are divided between those who plan to go to college and those who do not. The college aspirants are the most pro-Nixon. It will be interesting to see what happens here in the next election.

Early in the campaign some McGovern strategists anticipated that their man might attract young Wallace supporters whose "populist" alienation from the Establishment seemed to resemble their own. In fact, however, young Wallaceites, in school or out, are extremely conservative. Thus 63 per cent of them indicated opposition to the statement: "The federal government should guarantee a minimum income of $4,000 to every family." On this issue the negative vote was 60 per cent among Nixon people, 52 per cent among those then for Muskie, and only 43 per cent among the McCarthy youth. Similarly, 75 per cent of the young Wallaceites endorsed the comment: "The courts have been too lenient on criminals," as contrasted with 45 per cent of those for Gene McCarthy, with the Nixon and Muskie supporters again

**Table III. Relationship Between Grades and Opinions—Per Cent Agreeing**

| Issues | College Students | | | | High School Students | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | A | B | C+ | C | A | B | C+ | C |
| Remove U.S. Troops from Vietnam at Once | 67 | 64 | 53 | 51 | 39 | 43 | 44 | 40 |
| Any Able-Bodied Person Can Secure a Job if He Tries Hard Enough | 45 | 52 | 61 | 78 | 77 | 79 | 86 | 87 |
| The Courts Have Been Too Lenient on Criminals | 40 | 44 | 55 | 57 | 53 | 58 | 61 | 63 |
| Minority Groups Would Improve Their Situation Faster if They Did Not Agitate as Much as They Do | 19 | 28 | 29 | 38 | 56 | 62 | 61 | 64 |



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falling in-between. Other issues produced like patterns. The data indicate clearly that the less educated pro-Wallace youth are turned off from the system because they view it as *too* liberal and permissive, an attitude precisely the opposite of that of the left-liberal college students who have constituted the heart first of the McCarthy and then of the McGovern campaign. Not surprisingly, the overwhelming majority of the young people over eighteen who opted for Wallace against Nixon and McGovern in a midsummer survey (5 per cent of college students, 15 per cent of other youth) prefer Nixon to McGovern.

Curiously, although the results of the 1972 primaries produced a victory for the McGovern-oriented liberal college students, they remained more alienated from the political system than were the other groups. Although a majority of nonschool youth and high school students agreed that "the 1972 primaries prove that the American democratic system works," almost three-fifths of those in college disagreed.

Despite all the discussions of the "generation gap," one of the major factors associated with vote choice, even that of college students, remains parental opinion. Over three-fifths (62 per cent) of the students who reported that their fathers voted for Nixon in 1968 were for him against Muskie, Wallace, and McCarthy in February 1972. Over three-quarters (78 per cent) of the children of Humphrey voters were for Muskie or McCarthy.

Among nonstudent youth educational and occupational attainments are major correlates of vote choice. Thus, as in 1968, Wallace drew his supporters in 1972 largely from those who never attended college. In February of this year fully 43 per cent of the skilled-worker youth preferred Wallace to Nixon, Muskie, and McCarthy, a result foreshadowing Wallace's strong showing among blue-collar voters in the primaries in Michigan and other industrial states. Conversely, young professionals were initially for Muskie and McCarthy, then backed McGovern in the primaries. Older voters in the professions tend to be conservative, but the liberal dominance seen in college students of the Sixties continues to characterize young graduates, even those who have attained relatively high occupational status. According to Gilbert interviews this past summer, 46 per cent of college graduates describe themselves as liberal or radical-left, as compared with 29 per cent of those with "some college," 24 per cent of high school graduates, 22 per cent of high school dropouts, and only 11 per cent of those who did not go beyond the eighth grade.

Are postconvention mishaps, such as the Eagleton affair, responsible for McGovern's current weakness in the opinion polls, as some observers have suggested? On this score it is telling to examine Gilbert's preconvention studies of college, high school, and nonschool youth. The divisions among them and the correlations between educational level and candidate preference were clearly apparent (Table IV).

The majority of those who preferred other Democratic candidates to McGovern identified themselves politically as middle-of-the-road, some even as conservative. And the bulk of them perceived McGovern as being too liberal, and considerably to the left of them on a variety of issues. Consequently, among noncollege youth, as within the electorate generally, Richard Nixon was able to move into a majority by picking up many of the votes among the moderate and conservative Democrats. Thus 33 per cent of Humphrey's young supporters, 36 per cent of Muskie's, and 58 per cent of Wallace's had swung to Nixon by the end of the summer, while many were still "undecided" when queried. These defections from the Democratic camp were presaged in the moderate or conservative opinions expressed by the supporters of McGovern's preconvention rivals. In short, the Democrats appear to be losing the election because they nominated a candidate seen by voters as considerably to the left of center, much as the Republicans suffered overwhelming defeat in 1964 by putting forth a nominee, Barry Goldwater, who was seen as too far to the right.

These findings do *not* foreshadow the new Republican majority anticipated by such GOP strategists as Kevin Phillips. First, most new young voters are heavily Democratic in the party registrations (56 per cent to 17 per cent for the Republicans). More significantly, young voters do not opt for Nixon against *every* possible candidate. In a recent Gilbert survey a large overall majority said they would prefer Ted Kennedy (58 per cent) to Nixon (38 per cent), and the preference held among both college and nonschool youth. (Kennedy retained his strong lead also in a trial run against both Nixon and Wallace.) The Massachusetts senator, though generally as liberal as McGovern on many issues, is apparently not perceived that way by many voters. Hence, though the Democrats appear to have lost the 1972 battle for an overwhelming youth majority, they may well win, in the longer run, great benefits from the expansion of the electorate. In a two-party race Ted Kennedy could anticipate the support of two-thirds of the current crop of college students. Moreover, he would be favored by close to three-fifths of the nation's high school students—nearly all of whom will be eligible to vote in 1976. □

**Table IV. Preconvention Choice of Youth—Summer 1972**

| | College Students | Nonschool Youth | High School Students |
|---|---|---|---|
| McGovern | 49% | 30% | 31% |
| Humphrey or Muskie | 11 | 11 | 11 |
| Wallace | 4 | 14 | 10 |
| Nixon | 21 | 33 | 37 |
| Others (Mainly Democrats) | 9 | 5 | 4 |
| None | 4 | 4 | 6 |
| Undecided | 1 | 3 | 2 |



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# College Board Crash Courses:

## Psyching Out the Tests? Or Psyching Up the Takers?

BY JACK WHITE AND GARY YANKER

College admissions testing has been big business for two decades or more. Despite widespread criticism of the tests and their uses, it promises to remain so for quite some time. One-and-one-half-million high school seniors will take the College Entrance Examination Board's Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) this year, and another million or more will take the American College Test (ACT) of the American College Testing Program. Both are designed to give college admissions officers an indication of a student's scholastic potential and, consequently, his chances for academic success at a given institution. In addition, 500,000 youths will also take one or more of the College Board's achievement tests, which measure the student's mastery of individual subjects.

At the graduate level a total of 475,000 college seniors take the Medical College Admissions Test (MCAT), the Law School Admissions Test (LSAT), and the Graduate Record Examination (GRE).

During the 1950s and '60s, when college applications were rising dramatically, many college admissions officers found it necessary—or convenient—to place increasing emphasis on SAT and ACT scores as tangible, comparative evidence of applicants' academic capabilities. At the same time increasing pressures on students to gain admission to highly competitive colleges raised anxiety levels among both students and parents. It is not surprising, therefore, that in the early 1950s educational entrepreneurs began offering "crash courses" that purported to raise students' test scores significantly. Today most major metropolitan areas in the country have a dozen or more tutorial schools offering intensive coaching.

Naturally, the College Board was concerned with the new development. If brief tutoring sessions for three to six weeks could assure major improvement in students' scores, then the value of its tests would be called into question. Over the years the board has maintained that crash courses could make no significant difference. ACT, which did not appear on the scene until 1959, has evinced less concern over tutorial schools—in part because such schools have been more numerous in the East, while the major share of the ACT clientele is in the Midwest and the South.

A report called *Effects of Coaching on Scholastic Aptitude Test Scores,* released by the College Board in 1965 and reissued in 1968, summarized the findings of seven studies—four by the College Board itself and three by independent investigators—on private, public, and tutoring schools. That report warns that "intensive drill for the SAT, either on its verbal or mathematical part, is at best likely to yield insignificant increases in scores. The magnitudes of the increases . . . vary slightly from study to study, but they are always small and appear to be independent of the method of coaching used. . . . It is not reasonable to believe that admissions decisions can be affected by such small changes in scores."

What about the effects of coaching on achievement—as distinct from aptitude—tests? Here the College Board says it suspects "that the question of coaching for these tests is a matter of choosing a method of teaching the subject. We cannot believe that drill on sample test questions is the most productive method available." The report concludes on an indignant note: ". . . we worry very little when parents of comfortable means . . . use their money for coaching toward College Board examinations. We are very concerned when parents purchase coaching they cannot afford or, failing to do so, feel that an unfair advantage has gone to those who have had a few weeks or months of tutoring. But we are concerned most . . . because we see the educational process . . . corrupted . . . to gain ends which we believe to be not only unworthy but . . . unattainable."

The conclusions reached by the College Board are persuasive. But clearly the board had a vested interest in having its point of view documented. It is also plain that the situation has provided an opportunity for unscrupulous entrepreneurs to manipulate student and parent anxieties to their own advantage. Therefore, in an effort to get a balanced picture, we have surveyed more than 150 tutorial services in metropolitan centers across the country and analyzed in some depth a dozen or more in the Greater New York area. It appears that, in contrast to some years ago, the current consumer movement has placed important legal restrictions on promotional materials and educational merchants are today maintaining a low profile.

Most tutoring schools that offer crash courses for college-bound high school seniors also offer a wide range of tutorial services for students with academic problems. In fact, crash courses usually represent less than 10 per cent of the total volume of their business. These courses are of two main types: those that provide individual tutoring and those that offer group instruction.

An occasional school misleads its potential clientele when it calls its group methods "individualized instruction." In a typical case each student is given his own diagnostic test and personal conference to determine the track within the program on which he should proceed, but he never receives the personal attention implied by the phrase "individualized instruction." The particular diagnostic test and the specific instruction offered are determined by the student's previous test scores. Homework may also be "individualized" to the extent that some students are given assignments specially designed to meet individual deficiencies. Beyond that, however, instruction takes the form of student participation: the students, working in groups of from four to six, are encouraged to assist each other actively in problem solving. The pedagogical principle behind this method is obviously sound, though it can produce optimum results only when those involved are not pressed for time.

In contrast, an "individual-tutoring" agency that we encountered offers a twofold index of its value. First, it judiciously limits its short programs (lasting six weeks) to preparing students for *aptitude* tests; it prefers not to pretend that a brief course can impart to the student the kind of adequate knowledge of academic subjects that *achievement* tests call for. Secondly, the school takes full account of the fact that the two parts of an *aptitude* test, the verbal and the mathematical, pose different challenges to the candidate and therefore require different tutorial approaches. True, tutors in both areas use standard test-review publications as the basis for part of the lessons (supplemented by additional instruction as required) and as a source for drills on sample tests. But the verbal and math programs are significantly and deliberately different in the frequency and conduct of student-tutor meetings; the variations, according to the school, have been dictated by experience.

Another agency that operates its individual service in much the same manner, except that it prepares pupils for achievement tests, GREs, and LSATs, prides itself on the care with which it claims to select its instructors and the special attention each student receives. This special attention

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*Jack White and Gary Yanker, third-year students at Columbia University Law School, are the authors of the forthcoming book* Improve Yourself *(Dodd, Mead), based on their personal experience in taking self-improvement courses.*



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means, in part, that the beginning student's case is extensively and intensively diagnosed and his particular program is then designed to utilize either "audio memory" or "visual memory," whichever has appeared the stronger in his performance on the initial tests. Tutors are also encouraged to lend a hand to any student whose self-confidence seems to be wilting under psychological pressures.

The director of a group-tutoring institute whom we interviewed at length does not pretend to any methodological uniqueness. Rather, he sees in every low-scoring student the signs of some deficiency or complex of deficiencies—inadequate ability in reading or mathematics, poor vocabulary, or lack of skill in the technique of test taking—which it is the duty of the tutoring service to combat. Thus, the course consists simply of attempting in the time available—twenty-eight hours altogether—to overcome each student's specific shortcomings. For the student who is repeating his SAT test, the main prescription is intensive, individual work in the areas of the test that he found most troublesome.

Some tutorial schools are highly specialized, preparing students for admission tests for law, medical, or graduate schools only. Their instructors are usually practitioners in the areas of study which the students desire to pursue. One director of a special school calls his review course for the LSAT a "priming process" in which the students "run 50 miles in preparation for a one-mile race." He uses teaching materials he has developed himself with the aid of young lawyers and law students.

Altogether, then, the tutoring services are at great pains to give the public a positive impression of their organization and teaching methods. Now, what about the actual results achieved by these services? After all, what matters most to the student (and to those who pay out his fees) is not the institution's promotional rhetoric or its parade of instructional ingenuity, but the effectiveness of its program as measured by the improvement in its students' test scores. Is such improvement, as the College Board claims, usually independent of a tutoring school's efforts, and is it, in any case, so minimal that it can hardly be expected to enhance a student's acceptability beyond the level he would have reached without the crash program?

The College Board reports that students typically achieve an increase of about 50 points in their SAT scores between the junior and senior years. And the tutoring services themselves, we found, are quite modest in their assessments of the results that can be reasonably expected. Most freely admit that a student's test scores often improve on a repeat test without any special coaching. A spokesman for one typical school will say only that some of his students have been known to improve by 100 to 150 points between their junior and senior years. However, he declines to offer any detailed statistical corroboration of this assessment and avoids making a major point of it. Another asserts that no one who has studied at his school has failed to improve on test scores, but he, too, stops short of any large claims backed up by grandiose statistics. The director of yet another tutoring school says, with unexpected forthrightness, that his center "can't guarantee [the student] anything; you can never predict how a student will perform. . . ." His center did conduct a study of 400 of its students, which yielded figures comparing SAT scores before and after coaching. The results:

| | |
|---|---|
| 17 per cent | 100 to 300 points higher |
| 35 per cent | 50 to 100 points higher |
| 15 per cent | 30 to 40 points higher |
| 33 per cent | An increase of less than 30 points or a decline from first scores. |

These seem reasonable computations even when judged against the results of the College Board's surveys.

A fourth tutoring center reports on a study of a group of "preppies" from a Westchester County school in New York who took the center's course following a fall examination for which they had had no coaching. On the spring test the group's verbal scores increased by an average of 70 points and the mathematics scores by an average of 51 points. The director of the tutoring center, however, readily admits that these statistics are "not up-to-date" and are "hardly conclusive."

Many tutoring services thus seem to be remarkably modest in their promises to the public. A particularly interesting twist is provided in the attitude of the director of the law-admissions course we quoted earlier. He openly questions the validity of the established arrangement that has created this lucrative business opportunity. "I don't think very much of the LSAT," he confesses. "It doesn't have anything to do with predicting whether a fellow will be a good lawyer." He thinks it sad, in particular, that this hurdle is placed indiscriminately in the way of blacks and women (whose particular circumstances are not taken into account by these tests) as well as white males (to whose personal circumstances the tests are tailored). But the LSAT is there, and most law schools will not admit a student who has not performed well on it. "I'm filling a need by helping people get into school," the director says simply. "I hope I'm doing some good."

Today it would seem less than fair, then, to accuse the crash-course entrepreneurs of inordinately raising the public's expectations. And, with respect to the related question of the fees they charge, it is difficult to find an instance of outright exploitation of the consumer. Individual tutors generally charge $10 per hour for their crash programs preparing for the SAT (the GRE and LSAT courses are priced slightly higher). Typically, they will not charge a student for a cancellation if he gives them reasonable notice. Most crash programs do, however, require advance payment for a certain number of hours.

Courses given to groups of students are, naturally, less expensive. The twenty-seven-hour course given by one center costs $150; another charges $130 for its course, which is given during the seven weeks immediately preceding the testing date announced by the College Entrance Examination Board. One law-prep program we know of charges a modest $145 for thirty-two hours of coaching in a class which never exceeds forty students—and it sometimes tutors poor students free of charge.

Tutoring services naturally make much of their procedures in order to instill confidence in their students and would-be students. But they make few extravagant claims or promises about what they can get a student to achieve on tests. Their advertising and sales practices are generally exemplary, and exceptions appear to be rare. They seldom disguise disappointing results, nor do they fake figures or distort the outcome of surveys. They have few hard statistics to offer as proof of the effectiveness of their programs, but this is due in part to the transient student body they serve (most students disappear after the course is completed) and to the difficulty of attributing any change in the student's test score to the coaching he has received.

We cannot play down the need which these services fulfill—or seek to fulfill. The requirements of colleges and professional schools that base their admissions decisions either wholly or in part on the results of the various tests result in very real pressures on students and their parents. Since most tutoring services do not seek to take unscrupulous advantage of this situation, they cannot justly be accused of exploiting the consumer or of corrupting the educational process. Potential clients should, certainly, investigate carefully any tutorial school's program before making a commitment. But the tutoring services seem entitled to claim at the very least that, whatever their degree of success, they are trying to provide a useful service to meet the practical needs and alleviate the anxieties of some students. □



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# SR REVIEWS Books

# Ignoble Savages

BY ROBERT ARDREY

**THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE. By Colin M. Turnbull. Illustrated. 320 pages. Simon and Schuster. $7.95.**

At the end of his brief preface, Colin M. Turnbull writes: "It is difficult to know how to thank the Ik; perhaps it should be for having treated me as one of themselves, which is about as badly as anyone can be treated. They did so with a curious elegance, even when dying, and they taught me much about myself. I fear I gave them little in return."

After this startling statement, the reader turns to an anthropological shocker. *The Mountain People* is a study, by one of America's most estimable anthropologists, of a primitive hunting people who, through a single misfortune, lost every vestige of what we may call humanity. I cannot guess what the social scientists will do about this book, since it attacks their central assumption, inherited from Jean-Jacques Rousseau and as dominant in the Soviet Union as in the United States: Man is by nature good or at least neutral, and what vices or aggressions he may demonstrate are distortions in his nature brought on by social forces. Yet Colin Turnbull's book presents a people who, having lost their society and its disciplines, descend as individuals to a condition which to describe as bestial would be an insult to animals.

Although I cannot guess what the social scientists and their camp followers will do, I know what the concerned layman will do: Read it. Nowhere in the book is there a distracting footnote or the use of a word like "paradigm" or "parameter." Written in transparent, even evocative, prose, *The Mountain People* is an overwhelming horror story. I might compare the book to *The Godfather*, if Turnbull's study were not more gruesome, more frightening, far more chilling, in its implications for us all. Within the Mafia, after all, there is a morality. The Ik have none, and what surely must have been theirs has been lost in only a generation. Hanging over every page is the vision of Ulster, of Bangladesh, of New York streets, of our debatable future. The vision is not my own but the author's as well.

That the Ik people (pronounced *Eek*), living in the remote, arid mountains of northeastern Uganda, once upheld within their small hunting societies a fair morality may be assumed with little doubt. As an evolutionist, I am skeptical of established American anthropology, still dominant in all our universities. What should be the total science of human understanding—man's evolutionary and historic past, his turbulent present, his questionable future—has been narrowed to little more than a hobby, the collection of routine observations of our few relic primitive peoples, their rituals, their kinship relations. Nevertheless, cultural anthropology has made notable contributions to comparative linguistics and to what we know of our vanishing hunting-and-gathering peoples. And this knowledge has relevance, since until a few thousands of years ago, when through domestication of plants and animals we gained control over our food supply, we were all of such peoples. A widespread conclusion is inarguable. To varying degrees, and with normal human allowance for such incidents as sulks, quarrels, and occasional mayhem, contemporary hunters *within their small societies* exhibit an enviable level of cooperation, mutual trust, loyalty, fairness in such matters as sharing food, compassion, tender care of children—all those qualities that we regard as human. But a difference of interpretation follows.

Evolutionary anthropology, still a screaming infant, takes one view. Such qualities—as well as division of labor between males and females, tool-and-weapon-making, language (and, in my own view, our unfortunate masculine enchantment with violent action, once satisfied by the chase and kill)—were of survival necessity within the hunting bands of evolving man. I introduced the hunting hypothesis in *African Genesis* and developed it far more fully in my recent book, *The Social Contract*. What we regard as uniquely human is an evolutionary consequence of an experience—unique among primate species—hundreds of thousands and perhaps millions of years old, that of social hunting.

Here the division becomes sometimes bitter. The American school tends to interpret the amiable nature of contemporary hunters as that of primal man. Ashley Montagu himself has never exceeded the romanticism of Alexander Alland in his new book, *The Human Imperative*, hailed by as unlikely a

Robert Ardrey is author of *African Genesis*, *The Territorial Imperative*, and *The Social Contract*.



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camp follower as *Time* magazine as the definitive answer to such authors as Konrad Lorenz, Desmond Morris, and Ardrey. Colin Turnbull demolishes even the book's title with a single comment: "After even a few months with the Ik, one is tempted to think that if there is such a thing as a basic human quality, self-deception is it."

Dr. Turnbull is a member of the American club in most excellent standing. His interest in the Ik stemmed from his long studies of the Mbuti Pygmies in the Congo's Iturbi Forest, studies that earned him world-wide respect throughout the sciences. His determination, however, was to make a comparative study of another hunting-and-gathering people living in a quite different environment from that of *The Forest People*, as he called his first book. At this time—as recently as Uganda's Milton Obote regime—the Ik were still nothing but a rumor to science and little more to their neighboring tribes. The anthropologist had every right to assume, however, that this people would differ not too much from the social ways of hunters everywhere observed.

When he headed north from lush Kampala in his new, fire-engine-red Land Rover (which, to his considerable dismay, proved to be a compelling sexual attraction for large male elephants), he penetrated a country as barren, as hostile, as any East Africa can provide. Huddled in their tiny, stockaded villages high in the arid mountains, the Ik faced an environment ecologically worlds removed from the dark Iturbi forest. But their existence was the only rumor to prove true. No longer, even, were they hunters.

Like some accident that afflicts a laboratory experiment, directing the scientist toward discoveries unanticipated, a modern circumstance afflicting the Ik redirected the whole of Turnbull's study. For incalculable ages the Ik's traditional hunting territory had been the Kidepo Valley, an open, relatively hospitable grassland where game species rested in the course of their cyclical migrations. Here the Ik practiced net-hunting, a rare sort of exercise demanding the most intense cooperation of men, women, even children. But then came catastrophe in the form of modern enlightenment. The Kidepo Valley was declared a national park in which hunting was forbidden.

So attached were the people to their mountains that they refused resettlement. The Uganda government encouraged them to become cultivators, a way of life for which they had neither talent, enthusiasm, nor, for that matter, dependable rainfall. Turnbull arrived in a time of drought, and the people were hungry. In a sorry sort of way it was to his advantage, since, through his judicious bribery, they built him a hut and tolerated his presence. They tolerated little else, certainly not one another.

Villages were heavily stockaded from fear of other villagers. The situation is not unprecedented; it exists in New Guinea, for example. But *within* the Ik villages families lived in compounds as heavily stockaded against one another. I am aware of no parallel. "This mistrust begins even within the compound, between a man and his wife, and between each of them and their children."

With the end of the hunting way and its social necessity, even the bond of family, sacred to Freud as well as to anthropology, collapsed. "The Ik seem to tell us that the family is not such a fundamental unit as we usually suppose. . . . Children are useless appendages, like old parents. Anyone who cannot take care of himself is a burden and hazard to others." Family ties are insane. "The other quality of life that we hold to be necessary, love, the Ik dismiss as idiotic and highly dangerous."

The gruesome story unfolds. Gone with love was the precious bond between mother and child, which any student of primates would assume to be unbreakable. But not the Ik. The mother nurses her infant for three years, then throws it out. The child will join its peers in a competitive, scrounging, scavenging existence. Among the horror stories of *The Mountain People* is that of a nursing mother who put her infant down beside a waterhold. A leopard made off with it, and "the mother was delighted. She was rid of the child and no longer had to carry it about and feed it, and still further it meant that a leopard was in the vicinity and would be sleeping off the child and thus an easy kill." She was right. The men found the leopard, killed it, cooked it, ate it, child and all.

Hunger explains much, but not enough. Another observation: At a village fire an infant crawled toward the embers. The men waited tensely. When it burned itself, they burst into a storm of laughter. The mother, pleased at the amusement, retrieved her child.

It is a Hobbesian world, the war of everyman against everyman, and against children, too. I can do but brief justice to Turnbull's story of Lomeja, a man of another village and an illicit hunter. Success with his bow and arrow gave him fresh meat to trade with neighboring pastoral tribes for cattle. Unlike other Ik, he has a small *boma* (corral) enclosing his livestock. Unlike others,


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too, he was a happy sort of man who enjoyed talking, and he became the author's good friend and taught him much of the Ik language, even learning a little English besides. Then one night Turnbull was wakened by shouting men, stampeding cattle, and distant gunfire. Presumably, it was a common entertainment, cattle raiding between pastoral tribes. But in the morning he was awakened by someone beating on his stockade, announcing that Lomeja lay dead at his entrance.

Turnbull rushed out. Lomeja lay there, attended solely by a pool of his own blood. His cattle had been taken, he had been shot twice in the stomach. "He was dead only in an Icean sense, that is to say he was no longer worth worrying about." Lomeja wanted only tea. More in rage than in sorrow, Turnbull plunged into his hut, boiled water, made tea, filled a bright-yellow mug, sugar halfway, returned, found Lomeja's wife cursing, shrieking, why did he not leave her husband for dead? He drove her off, put the mug on the ground where the dying man could reach it, watched him raise it weakly to his mouth, heard familiar laughter. Lomeja's own sister swooped, snatched the mug, made off with it. "She drank as she ran, laughing and delighted with herself."

The man died in his own hut, Turnbull holding his hand. "Lomeja was so cold, yet he still clung on, and his left hand clutched mine and his eyes met mine for a brief moment. Then, true Ik, he let go and just clutched at himself and let his eyes rest on a part of the hut where there was nobody, and he died alone."

What can one say of a book that hangs suspended between science and Dostoyevsky?

We shall hear, of course, that commonplace, materialistic explanation: hunger. When survival is sufficiently threatened, all else is sacrificed. But when Turnbull returned during a later, abundant season, rotting tomatoes and pumpkins graced the stockades and ripening maize was left to the baboons. Nothing had changed except for the worse. By now, besides crops, government relief was available; but the Ik who fetched the villagers' allotment from the government station had their stopping places along the road where they gorged themselves till they vomited, making sure that there would be little or nothing remaining to share with their families and fellows.

Turnbull writes, in conclusion: "The Ik teach us that our much vaunted human values are not inherent in humanity at all, but are associated only with a particular form of survival that we call society, and that all, even society itself, can be dispensed with."

At the price, naturally, of extinction, which Turnbull predicts for the Ik. And the price any reader must wonder about as he picks up any morning's paper. □

# Out of Sight

**HERSELF. By Hortense Calisher. 401 pages. Arbor House. $10.**

**STANDARD DREAMING. By Hortense Calisher. 127 pages. Arbor House. $5.95.**

BY WILLIAM ABRAHAMS

*Herself*, first. Admirers of Hortense Calisher, familiar with her previous distinguished work and accustomed to the highly personal style she has made her own, would seem to be the destined, and very likely the delighted, readers of this autobiographical mélange. Others may find it something of a problem: to read and to make much of afterwards.

For one thing, there is the mannered, not to say characteristic, way in which much of the book is written. About her style Miss Calisher tells us—the book is mostly herself telling us about what interests her, and quite often that is herself—"I do have in mind an image of sentences I would like to read: long lean branches of them, with buddings here and there or at the end—of fruit, or short stoppages, in sudden calm. And a prose, centrally aural-visual, which would make one hear-see."

Well . . . perhaps . . . and what is to be said except that if you like this sort of thing, you'll like it, and if you don't, you won't, and sometimes what you want at the end of a sentence is not fruit, or even a short stoppage, but, very simply, a period.

One further example, from the first paragraph of the book: "Put your ear to an old faucet, do you hear the life-blood of art drip-dripping, leaking like tapwater?—it's only the old ivory-tower blues; she hears it every day. A faucet has realms of being for everybody; this is hers."

A challenging beginning on many counts, such as only a very self-confident writer would risk, for most people when they hear a leaking faucet (whatever its realm of being) respond by turning it off; likewise, some people, encountering such a pileup of metaphors on the first page of a book might never bring themselves to turn to the second.

Fortunately, Miss Calisher has another style at her command, plainer, simpler, and much more communicative, which she makes use of—significantly, I think—whenever she has facts about her life, rather than feelings about the facts or feelings substituting for facts, to put down on the page. Thus, in the really interesting account of her life in New York in the 1930s she can say, "In the DPW—Department of Public Welfare—where I went to work, in the former Bank of America on 116th and Madison, we sat on orange crates, posting our disbursements and costs: the dole was the great industry now." This seems to me vastly more persuasive, aurally and visually—how one values the homely, believable details of those orange crates!—than slender-branched sentences budding at their ends or their middles.

It seems a pity that Miss Calisher did not undertake to write an autobiography (her life and literary career would have justified it) but settled instead for "an autobiographical work" that is a kind of scrapbook, unified by the fact that everything in it more or less relates to herself: some chapters of reminiscence; too many fugitive papers on books and plays rescued from the files of the *Reporter* and the *New York Times Book Review;* a long, tedious journal of a trip across the Pacific to Japan, overscrupulously reproduced just as she wrote it (with abbreviations, condensations, and a jumble of initials); letters to the editor of the *New York Times* and to her agent; even a lecture on the novel that she delivered to college students several years ago. All in all, a mishmash that might have been titled *Advertisements*

*Hortense Calisher*

*William Abrahams is editor of* Prize Stories: The O. Henry Awards. *His new book,* The Unknown Orwell, *written with Peter Stansky, will be published next month.*



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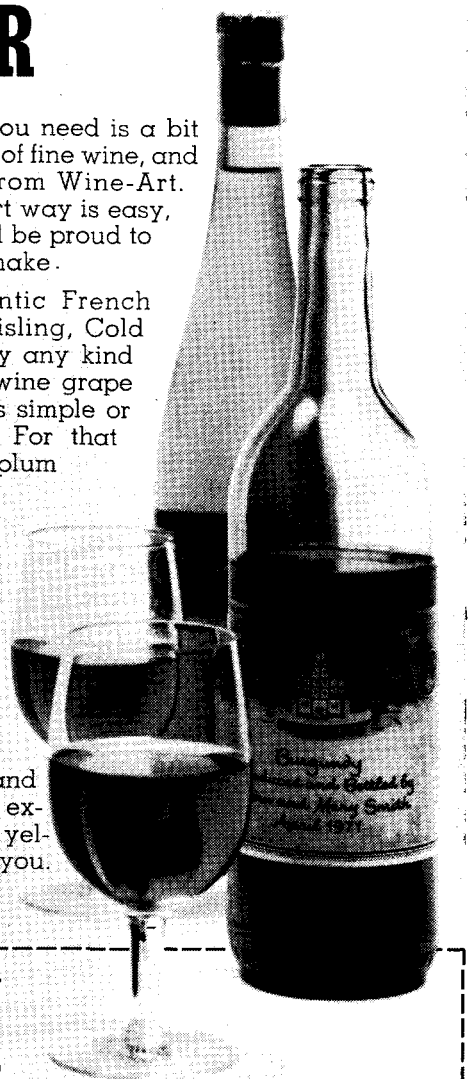

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*for Myself* if Mailer hadn't got there first.

Late in the text we come upon a reference to a novel that Miss Calisher has begun to write even while bringing *Herself* to a conclusion, and that novel, *Standard Dreaming*, is now published simultaneously with it. The novel, which is very brief, spare, tightly controlled, and, alas, not very interesting, originated in a notion that crossed her mind one day: "that perhaps the race itself is now *physically* middle-aged"—a kind of extension of the Darwinian hypothesis.

To dramatize the idea, Miss Calisher has invented a group of concerned parents, whose children have deserted them, who meet to talk about their losses and to console one another as best they can. At the center of the novel is a Swiss-American plastic surgeon, Dr. Berners, convinced that the retreat from society and denial of its values by so many of the contemporary young can be attributed to physical causes—mention is made of the high incidence of sickle-cell anemia. All of which may or may not be true; but, because I am uninformed in scientific matters, I won't venture an opinion. Artistically, in any case, the tale is less dramatically persuasive than it might have been had Miss Calisher allowed the young to come on stage. As it is, they languish out of sight, some intoning mantras, others refusing to eat, still others doping—all case histories obviously; but, given the parental tendencies to whining and self-pity, one sympathizes a little with these disaffected younglings, withering on the vine.

It has to be said that Dr. Berners is a good deal less interesting and sympathetic and credible than Miss Calisher in *Herself*. We are left, having read the two books in tandem, with a paradoxical conclusion: that there is too much of her in her autobiographical work, too little of her in her novel. ☐

## Spirits Abroad

**MUMBO JUMBO. By Ishmael Reed. 223 pages. Doubleday. $6.95.**

BY ANDREW GORDON

Scene: the 1920s. Close-up: the mayor of New Orleans, "a True Sport . . . spiffy in his patent-leather brown and white shoes, his plaid suit, the Rudolph Valentino parted-down-the-middle hair style." He sits in his office with Zuzu, a local floozy, on his lap. Suddenly the phone rings, and an emergency takes him from his office. Cut to: the French Quarter of New Orleans. Long shot of a frenzied crowd, followed by close-



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ups of impassioned individuals twisting through the "Eagle Rock," sashaying to the "Sassy Bump," speaking in tongues, gyrating like the possessed, dancing in the streets. They are in the throes of a psychic epidemic known as "Jes Grew," an antiplague that enlivens the host. All at once Zuzu starts twisting and sliding, and then the mayor himself feels his feet begin to move to the irresistible rhythm, throws up his hands, and is seized by the spirit. Cut to: the authorities in panic. On a map of the country we can see red lights begin to blink, representing the areas where Jes Grew is breaking out. Large sections of the nation are in the grip of the epidemic, swathed in red. The entire city of Chicago is now dancing in the streets, and the infection appears to be zeroing in on New York! Jes Grew threatens to become pandemic, and, if someone does not isolate the cause soon and stamp it out, "it will mean the end of Civilization As We Know It." Cut to: Warren Gamaliel Harding on the campaign trail, running on a platform of "Let's End Wiggle and Wobble."

So the situation stands at the beginning of Ishmael Reed's latest, his third and best, novel, *Mumbo Jumbo,* a "HooDoo" thriller, an all-out assault on Western civilization, and a tale of black magic that advances nothing less than the "VooDoo" theory of history. A war begins. On the one side are the white authorities who want to infiltrate Negro culture, stop Jes Grew dead in its tracks, and preserve "Civilization As We Know It"; pitted against them are the guerrilla forces of the Third World, Black, Yellow, and Red *Mu'tafikah,* who loot museums and ship the plunder back to where it came from, and experts in the occult art of Mumbo Jumbo, such as conjure man PaPa La Bas, who works in collaboration with Haitian VooDoo generals engaged in their own struggle with U.S. Marines.

As PaPa La Bas and his assistant, Black Herman, trace the sources of Jes Grew, they uncover a vast and sinister secret society known as the Wallflower Order, a militant organization founded to crusade against paganism and recover the Holy Land, an insidious conspiracy backed up by the Knights Templar, the CIA of Western civilization itself. Behind the struggle of the Wallflower Order to defend the cherished traditions of the West against the onslaught of Jes Grew is the archetypal conflict of two warring religious cults, which has persisted in various forms from ancient Egypt to modern times. Jes Grew represents a resurgence of the exiled followers of Osiris, the Black God of Fertility, whereas the Wallflower Order springs from the followers of Aton, the White Sun God. The Atonists see themselves as warriors against "the Black Tide of Mud."

Preposterous? Tongue undoubtedly in cheek? Well, Reed's theory of history as a vast paranoid conspiracy of white against nonwhite reminds me of nothing so much as Thomas Pynchon's last novel, *The Crying of Lot 49,* in which the heroine stumbles upon a frightening underground postal system, W.A.S.T.E., that has lasted through the centuries and emigrated from Europe to America. Both Reed and Pynchon bolster their theories with a mass of semifacetious pseudoscholarship. Both create characters that are little more than cartoons. Both use the form of the put-on, the joke, to convey a deadly earnest message: That there are vast and inexplicable forces at work behind modern civilization, which turn us into nothing better than cartoon characters; that history itself has gone out of control. Given all that is irrational in the currents of contemporary history, the crackpot-conspiracy theory of one day becomes the working hypothesis of the next. Why, after all, did Sigmund Freud call America "a big mistake"? Did he know something we don't know? Ishmael Reed's far-out explanation is as good as any.

*Mumbo Jumbo,* from the title on, sounds like one huge gag, an elaborate cartoon. In fact, it is partly dedicated to "George Herriman, Afro-American, who created Krazy Kat," and one of the Knights Templar, an inept Defender of the Faith, is called Chester "Safecracker" Gould, apparently in honor of the creator of Dick Tracy. Nevertheless, Reed's novel is more than playful entertainment; it is a loving re-creation of a past era intended as a homage to the forgotten traditions of the Afro-American heritage. Some critics are going to dismiss it as mere mumbo jumbo, crazy gibberish, the wild mutterings of a medicine man. Actually, it is mumbo jumbo in the original and powerful African sense, from the Mandingo, *"mā-mā-gyo-mbō,* magician who makes the troubled spirit of ancestors go away: *mā-mā,* grandmother, + *gyo,* trouble, + *mbō,* to leave." This is fiction as word magic: necromancy. If *Mumbo Jumbo* is high-spirited, it is only in order to lay to rest at last those troubled spirits of his ancestors, those long-denied generations of Afro-Americans.

*The Crying of Lot 49* was a small classic, a daring and original vision of the decay of the West. Shortly after its

*Andrew Gordon is a frequent critic of current fiction and is completing a book on Norman Mailer.*


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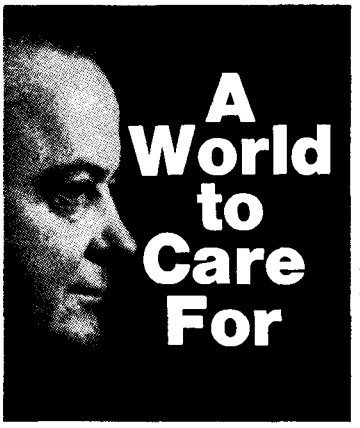


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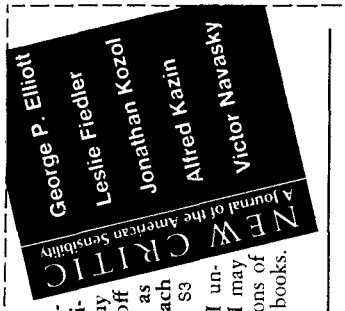


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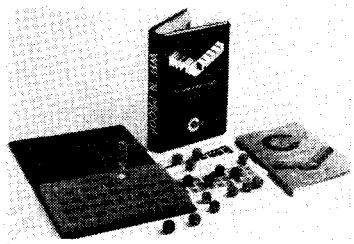

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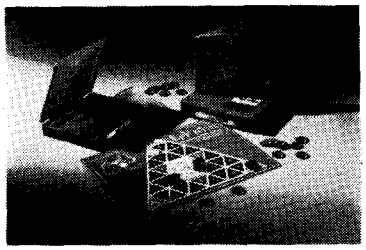

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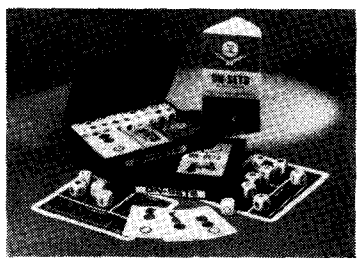

*By Layman E. Allen (Professor of Law and Research Social Scientist, University of Michigan), Peter Kugel (Massachusetts Institute of Technology) and Martin Owens (Mitre Corp.).*

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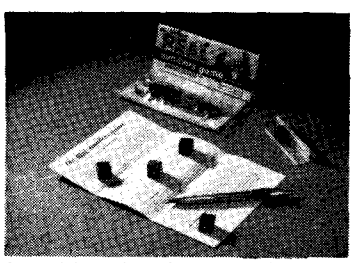

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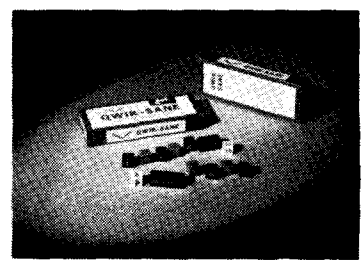

*By James R. O'Neil, U.S. Treasury Department (retired).*

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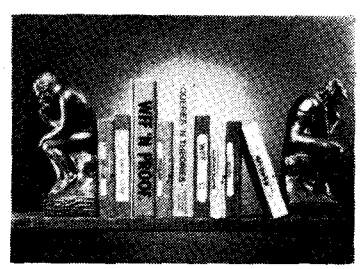

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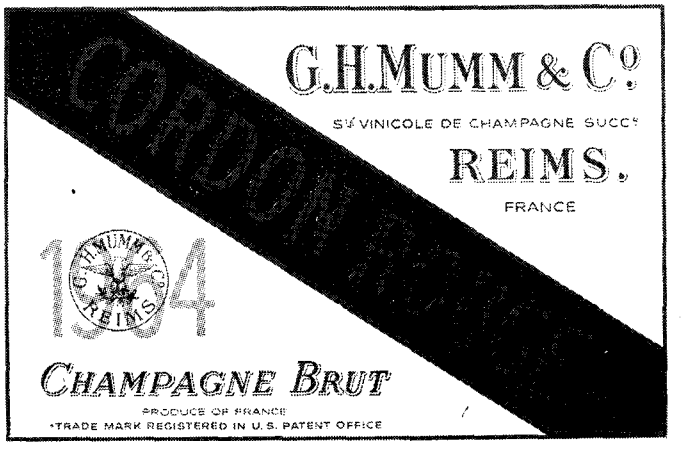


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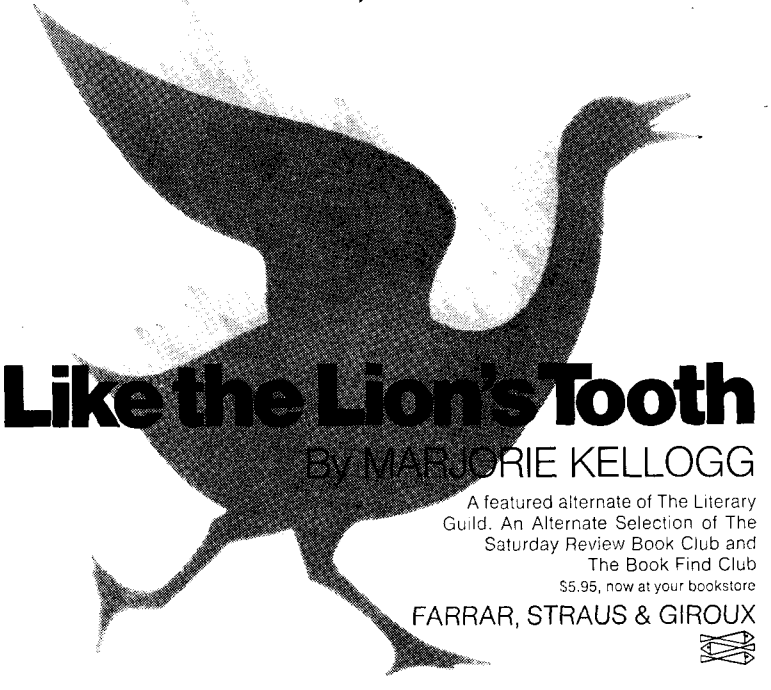

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publication in 1966, life, as it will do, began to imitate art, and the muted posthorn, sign of Pynchon's underground postal system, began to appear on certain of the more *avant-garde* bathroom walls, accompanied by the mystic letters W.A.S.T.E. *Mumbo Jumbo* may also be destined to become a small classic of its kind. If so, is America in for another epidemic of "Jes Grew"? □

## Sunday's Heroes

**WHEN ALL THE LAUGHTER DIED IN SORROW. By Lance Rentzel. 265 pages. Saturday Review Press. $6.95.**

**SEMI-TOUGH. By Dan Jenkins. 307 pages. Atheneum. $7.95.**

BY JACK SPENCER

In the beginning he had everything. His father was rich, his grades were good, he could trill off a mean number on the piano when the mood struck, and he won just about every varsity letter there was to be had. In college he was still rich, his grades were still pretty good, and he had parlayed his football ability to All-American. Then, things got better. He became a pro and was soon a star with the Dallas Cowboys, he met famous people, he lived it up, he married TV and night-club star Joey Heatherton. George Plimpton threw an engagement party for them, and back in Dallas the fans were going wild. Golden, yes? This is a story to warm a scriptwriter's heart, complete with its own devastating twist. On November 23, 1970, Lance Rentzel was arrested for exposing himself to a ten-year-old girl, and his world, as they say, began to fall apart.

*When All the Laughter Died in Sorrow* is one of the most interesting books to come out of sports in a long time. Certainly, it cannot have been easy for Rentzel to write (he was, in fact, encouraged to do so by his psychiatrist). The events following his arrest were ugly: Joey wavered; the little girl's parents undertook something of a crusade for his arrest (in the interest of other little girls, presumably); football officials wagged fingers, shook heads, and dallied shamelessly over "allowing" him to play again; the press had their expected field day; the possible prison sentence before him was two to fifteen *years* (as it happened, he pleaded guilty and received five years' psychiatric probation); stand-up comedians

*Jack Spencer is a freelance critic with a special interest in sports.*



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*Lance Rentzel*

and obscene phone callers came out of the woodwork; hecklers and nasty bumper stickers proliferated. Even Walter Winchell had something to say: "All good Americans should stop and beware of the biggest menace to the morals of the American Youth: Lance Rentzel."

What is curious, nay, extraordinary about this book is Rentzel's apparent lack of anger or outrage at all this. Perhaps still a "good" All-American boy, he seems to have swallowed whole the idea that he deserves these sorts of witch-hunt tactics. Watching the Super Bowl, from which he had been excluded, he thinks, "I had brought on my own downfall and failed an entire team." Of course, it is a moot point just how much of his real feelings Rentzel is revealing (he is still under probation), but the tone of the book is one of painful, even unconscious, honesty—indeed, its stumbling and occasional inarticulateness work for it in this regard. Partly as a result, what is interesting in this kind of public apologia lies not only in its story but between its lines, and along the way it manages to say a good deal about pro football and athletic competitiveness in general, about American adolescence, and about our ideas of masculinity. In short, this is a story melodramatic enough to have written itself, but luckily, Rentzel has given us more.

In marked contrast is *Semi-Tough*, a raucous first novel that purports to be a satirical "inside" look at pro football. The time is Sugar Bowl week in Los Angeles, the narrator Texan Billy Clyde Puckett, halfback for the New York Giants. Since nothing very much happens, the story is primarily an extended caricature of Billy Clyde (who manages to be both a Fort Worth redneck and a Manhattan jock-about-town), his roommate and teammate, "Shake" Tiller, and Barbara Jane Bookman, the sexy model and old Texas school chum they both love. The satire heads straight for honcho-fantasy territory: The players are Neanderthals with killer instincts, sexually overwhelming (their apartment is called "Sperm City") but supposedly lovable withal. As for the world of pro football, the following "inside" observations are confirmed: The men work hard, play rough, and are surrounded always by annoying media types and compliant groupies. The jokes are more pubescent than adolescent—a lot of mileage is given to the flatulant abilities of lineman T. J. Lambert and the antics of country and western composer Elroy Blunt, whose big hit was "I'm Just a Bug on the Windshield of Life." The premise of the book seems to be a kind of gridiron Archie Bunkerism, i.e., make the objectionable so outrageous that it becomes (perhaps) funny. But the incidence of inventiveness and wit in *Semi-Tough* is so sporadic that the book fumbles even on this level. *Semi-Tough* takes a subject ripe for satire and treats it with all the humor of a towel slap in a locker room—without the sting. □

# BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

BY KARLA KUSKIN

Someone who knows told me that there are two thousand children's books published every year. It must be true. Fall arrives, and so do the reviewers' copies. You can almost hear the crackle of publishers' lists in the air and feel the crunch of bright dust jackets underfoot, stacked around the room like glossy foothills. The range of subject matter is nearly endless.

For teen-agers, or an adult who, like me, finds legal language confounding, there is *Your Legal Rights*, edited by Kenneth P. Norwick (John Day, $7.95). Written by young lawyers, it provides information on criminal law, the draft, abortion, student rights, etc., all without using a single "party of the first part." If you are twelve or older, come the end of the year you can read the complete story of the SST in *The People Lobby* by Elizabeth Levy (Delacorte, $4.95). The child with a well-stocked reference library might

*Karla Kuskin is a contributing editor to* SR *and regularly discusses children's books in these pages.*

## FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1526

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1526 will be found on page 90.*

WNCI CI WNP OCUZV WPIW GO Z DPUWVPAZU: NCI XPITPYW OGX WNGIP KNG YZU FP GO UG TGIICFVP IPXSCYP WG NCA.

K. V. TNPVTI

## WIT TWISTER NO. 293

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

*The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.*

I purchased a — — — — — — —
for home modernizing.

Oh, where were the — — — — — — — to give me advice?

It seems I was — — — — — — —
by some slick advertising:

I had to — — — — — — — ev'ry
durned item twice!

**A.S.**

*Answer on page 90*

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covet two handsome books on animals: *Atlas of Wildlife* by Jacqueline Nayman and *Atlas of Animal Migration* by Cathy Jarman (John Day, $10 each). There are countless novels with misty-looking girls on the covers, travel books, history books, and a pile that's as high as a short elephant's eye of picture books.

On closer examination more becomes less. Among the picture books are many that could be called "repeaters." These look and sound like so many hundreds of books preceding them that whether it is a case of *déjà vu* or *déjà lu* is difficult to remember. Next comes the usual profusion of overillustrated, underwritten books. As the illustrator becomes more and more the prima donna of the picture-book field, it seems that any words can serve to initiate a new adventure in graphics. Old rhymes, poems, songs, and stories have become a rich source for new productions. The Bible warns against putting new wine into old bottles, but it doesn't say anything about old wine into new bottles. It is this kind of bottling that is increasingly popular among publishers.

The appeal of remaking a familiar tale is easy to understand. There is security in associating oneself with a work already approved by time. Who is not tempted, when faced with today's overwhelming array of titles, to reach for a well-known brand: Andersen, Grimm, "Translation of a Russian folk tale"?

For every actress who longs to play Juliet there is an illustrator yearning to do a full-cover version of *The Snow Queen*. This is true despite the difficulties inherent in changing a work already well known and much admired. Try to picture *Winnie The Pooh* without pictures by E. H. Shepard or *Madeleine* sans Bemelmans. In other words, a great act is hard to follow and harder still to improve upon. But the hope of putting his mark on a work already nestled in many hearts (including his own), the wish to share established laurels, lures the artist on. Admittedly, these are adult considerations. A child picking up the new issue of a classic is not burdened by preconceptions. It is all new for him, and he accepts or rejects it. That's that. The illustrator does not share this advantage. In all probability he knows style, period, and earlier versions of the work very well. And he may meet the challenge of a particular story simply by ignoring it and trying to outdo whatever has gone before.

Margot Zemach, Nancy Ekholm Burkert, whose *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* I look forward to this November (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $4.95), and Maurice Sendak are among those who have been successful in reshaping well-loved works uniquely, while remaining faithful to the particular soul of a story. The artist who is able to accomplish this shows us something that is dear and familiar in a new light. It is an achievement that is both wonderful and unusual.

Brian Wildsmith is not so much an illustrator, in the strict sense of the word, as a painter of pages. He is very facile and concerned, I would say, more with a display of virtuosity than with expressing a mood. His is not a style well suited to complicated story telling, and he seems aware of this. In most books of his that I have seen the words are at a minimum and the illustrations star. While *The Twelve Days of Christmas* (Franklin Watts, $3.95) is not an exception to this, I like it better than some of Mr. Wildsmith's previous works. It certainly is as bright and gay as a Christmas card—twelve of them, in fact—but then Christmas is what it is all about, and some of the pages are quite stylish. The black pen drawings are loosely done on pure-white backgrounds and provide refreshing contrast to the juicy, full-color pages they oppose.

Counting books should fill a special requirement that Mr. Wildsmith does not quite meet. They need to be approached with a most meticulous eye for the number of characters detailed

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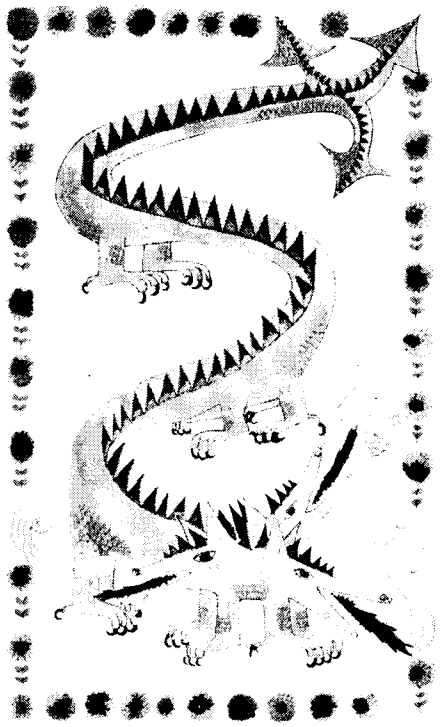
THE BEST IDEAS are often the simplest, and one of the simple—though by no means unprofound—ideas behind Karla Kuskin's sprightly new book of poems (her fourteenth written-and-illustrated book for children), ANY ME I WANT TO BE (Harper & Row, $4.95), is that children find it intriguing to imagine being someone or something else. Not all children, perhaps, and certainly not all the time. However: "While one child will think it ridiculous to imagine being the moon, another may feel it makes more sense than being nine." And there is another idea worth noting. "More and more," writes Kuskin in her preface, "we encourage children to let their imaginations speak freely. For them, poetry can become the direct route from its emotion to its articulation. In the same way that some stutterers are able to pronounce language smoothly and beautifully when they sing, so many people find that they are able to talk in poetry with a vividness or ease that is not a part of their everyday speech."

The thirty author-illustrated poems in *Any Me I Want to Be* do not describe; instead, the poet has tried—and, with refreshing, edged but gentle humor and not an ounce of condescension, succeeded—"to get inside each subject and briefly be it." Thus:

*Stillness is my secret.*
*Secret stillness.*
*Sitting in a stream of winter sun,*
*Sunning on the window radiator.*
*I'm a cat.*
*I don't need anyone.*

The subjects—and moods and pacing, too—range from a mirror to the moon. Along the way one becomes a dog (who, between arfs, growls, and barks, wonders how people can possibly manage on only two legs), a ruefully impatient clock, a highly individualistic leaf, a bird who makes up in song what he lacks in appearance, a sled who harbors death wishes against flowers, a happy baby ant, tired shoes, a dragon basking in the knowledge that children in fact do love him, a whale who masks his cautionary pragmatism with the rhetoric of Edward G. Robinson in *Little Caesar* ("I'm swimming around the sea, see/And the sea belongs to me, see"), a forlorn single mitten, a strawberry unhappily destined for ice cream, a grateful doll, a very stately tree, and an adventurous bicycle who is eager to zoom with its sneakered rider through fall leaves and be "off to anywhere": "Together we can see at least a million blocks." There is more than a touch of A. A. Milne here, and a bit of Edward Lear, and a bit of Ogden Nash. But mostly it is Karla Kuskin, who, as any you you might like to be, is fun, funny, and therefore wise. □





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and the actions of each. This is not to imply that there are *two* partridges in Mr. W.'s pear tree. He does, however, tend to put the pipers, the ladies, the drummers in groups, one behind the other. While this makes a nice arrangement of shapes and pattern upon pattern, it does not make for as much fun when you come down to the business at hand, which is counting.

One nursery rhyme that has been decked out and launched visually is *I Saw a Ship A-Sailing* (Macmillan, $4.95). The pictures are by Janina Domanska. Some of them are quite lovely, especially the last wordless spread and the charming variety of waves that leap and sweep through the pages. As a whole, however, there is too much design and too little humor. Not that one must preclude the other, but the rhyme does have a silly side that gets rather lost in all the drawing. Miss Domanska has arranged her profusion of lines with such precision, in a style reminiscent at times of an overly busy Feininger, that they tend to become static, almost dull, after a while. The admirable waves are livelier than the mice and duck who crew and captain this voyage. It is a sophisticated design concept for a rhyme that will appeal to very young children who might be pleased by funny mice but do not know much about graphics.

It should not be surprising that the Children's Book Council of Australia has picked *Waltzing Matilda* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $5.95) as their book of the year and stamped it with the gold koala bear of approval. (If it had picked an illustrated edition of *Hatikvah*, *that* might be surprising.) "Waltzing Matilda" is almost the Australian national anthem. The words are by A. B. Paterson, and the pictures are by Desmond Digby. They are painted. The abundant brush strokes, faithfully reproduced, emphasize the artistic tone of this interpretation. While the "swagman" (tramp) appears as pleasantly disreputable and the "jumbuck" (lamb) is a woolly success, there is a subdued, almost solemn tone to the proceedings brought on by both the somber palette and the insistently painted quality of the illustrations. Call them commercial fine art. For these reasons the story does not seem as gay as it did when we belted it out in music class, lo, these many years ago. After all, the tune is a lively one, the slang is amusing (maybe just to American ears), and the ghost does get the last chorus. Possibly, I have always missed the real point.

It is too bad that neither this book nor *The Twelve Days of Christmas* includes music. It would be pleasant to be able to sing along.

From *I Saw a Ship A-Sailing*

*Turnabout* (Seabury, $4.95) is not a song or a rhyme, but a Norwegian folk tale newly interpreted by William Wiesner. The plot falls somewhere between situation comedy and Women's Liberation. But then what doesn't?

A farmer scoffs at the easy work his wife does, taking care of the house while he slaves in the fields. And so, for a day, they switch jobs (switchuation comedy?), and he makes a mess of everything and a fool of himself. Naturally.

The humor is of the slapstick kind, complete with broken eggs, spilled milk, a cow falling off the roof, and all—strictly visual humor. But despite some pleasantly stylized drawings of farm landscape and interiors, the pictures do not begin to capture the comedy. Maybe the line is too tame, too deliberate in execution. There is no spark in it, no zany quality that would add a little light-hearted madness and get it off the ground. Everything is neat and cute, and, instead of reaching the crescendo that is implied in the words, this version makes its dutiful way to an uninspired ending.

*How the Moon Began* is a folk tale from Grimm, adapted by James Reeves and illustrated by Edward Ardizzone (Abelard-Schuman, $4.95). The story is a little whimsical and a little eerie, the kind of story worth telling. A brief appearance by a host of the dead dancing on their graves provides the eerie sequence, and why not? A story with the moon as protagonist should have a touch of mystery. Edward Ardizzone's illustrations are a fine accompaniment to the unwinding of the plot. Sometimes they are wonderful. They have the grace of old pen sketches or etchings that have been enlarged. They capture moods that are mysterious or humorous and hold them up before us. The stolen moon shining from the cart glows in a mellow darkness precisely like the . . . moon.

It is always a pleasure to see what a gifted hand can do with pen and ink. When Mr. Ardizzone introduces the four brothers, who are about to steal the moon, each walks forth so different from the last, so much himself, that each becomes imprinted in our minds as distinctly as he is drawn on the page. This is not a book for the most literal-minded child you know. But if you are acquainted with someone between the years of six and ten who has a rather imaginative compartment in his head, ask him to read it to you. You might like it.

And so might an eleven-year-old I know, despite the six-to-ten specification on the jacket—which brings us to the subject of classifying books for different age groups. Who determines what book is suitable for a child of a particular age? In general, the author and artist do not, unless they are preparing informational books geared to specific age or grade levels. Maybe there is an editorial person in a turban who consults the stars, or a computer that used to teach school. Whoever is responsible, I find that he (or she) and I often disagree. Perhaps that is so because when a book is really good it seems perfect for everyone, and when it is not. . . .□

# Seconds

**LIKE THE LION'S TOOTH. By Marjorie Kellogg. 147 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.95**

**NECESSARY OBJECTS. By Lois Gould. 271 pages. Random House. $6.95.**

BY GENEVIEVE STUTTAFORD

It is a condition of literary and publishing life that authors of extremely successful and much discussed first novels are given considerable attention when their second novels come along, regardless of the fact that the time and space devoted to such novels could often be used more valuably to call attention to worthier novels by unknown writers. It is also true—practically a given—that second novels rarely seem to measure up to firsts. Undoubtedly, this has something to do with overly stimulated expectations; be that as it may, these two novels are true to form —that is, disappointing.

The mind of the unloved child is Marjorie Kellogg's special province. In her first novel, *Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon,* she was dexterous in

*Genevieve Stuttaford is an associate book review editor of* SR.



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balancing sentiment and sentimentality (although already there were disturbing clues as to where her sensibilities might lead her). Robert Penn Warren praised her pace and style and speculated: "There is no telling how far she may go." Where she's gone in her second novel is right over the edge.

Ultimately, one responds to *Like the Lion's Tooth* with the aloofness of W. C. Fields witnessing the death of Little Nell. The tears have flown too copiously; our emotions are too taut. There isn't time to recover from one shock before the amps are boosted again. The author finally jams the control board; no matter how furiously she punches the appropriate emotional buttons, nothing happens. Resistance has set in. The reader can no longer feed back *horror* on *H*; S doesn't set off any more shudders.

Still, it's an uncomfortable reaction. It's not nice, after all, to be indifferent to the pain of children. And all the children in Kellogg's novel are in deep pain—"eyes glazed with neglect and cruelty"—wounded from the battering of a degenerate adult world, victims of abominable family lives.

They are considered "problem children" by the courts, and there is no solution but to remove them, for their own protection, from their homes. The state takes over as guardian, and the various children are sent to "the School," a public institution somewhere along the Hudson River. The novel focuses on their lives there, flashing back and forth in time to explain their individual terrors. Madeline, fifteen, has been sexually assaulted by her father (possibly since the age of three). Julie has no father (now her life is a search for the cosmic Man), but she has a slovenly, alcoholic mother and an indeterminate number of brothers who have fled to the streets. Eleven-year-old Ben—the novel is primarily Ben's story—has been repeatedly beaten by his father (hints at sodomy are never actually explained). Philip, Ben's autistic younger brother, is at the school because he cannot survive without Ben.

Almost everybody in charge at the institution means well but is ineffectual. The staff psychologist is a boob. (Why is it that in literature that profession is always such a sitting duck?) Mr. Rose, the director, is only puzzled by the girls who riot at Swanson Cottage: "And they had cans of red paint and they were writing such things as 'Mr. Rose is a whore' over the new green and white eighteenth-century-motif wallpaper which the decorating committee had chosen with the idea of instilling a bit of subliminal culture into this hornet's nest."



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Midway through the novel the author introduces an attractive-looking young couple as new houseparents, and, like too much tapioca thrown into the stewpot, they gum up the plot. We are told that the husband is a child molester, on the move from institution to institution. The wife, for whatever reason, keeps her mouth shut and follows docilely along. Nothing actually happens, except that the author telegraphs suggestions that one of the nubile girls has caught the molester's fancy. Why is the couple brought into the novel at all? It is as if the author simply could not resist one more *soupcon* of repugnance.

Kellogg is not an economical writer, but she is downright parsimonious about probing the reasons for behavior. We never really understand what has changed Ben's father, Steve, into a brutal, sadistic man who, between tours as a seaman, stalks and terrorizes his wife and five children. And who is Billy, a voice on the telephone that seems to have no function in the novel but to tell Steve where his family is hiding? Ben's mother is yet another mystery. Sickened by what is happening, she knows she has to choose between her husband and her children. "You ought to quit that sonofabitch," Ben tells her. "I mean what the hell, what have you got to lose?" She agrees, but it's Ben who is deserted.

The questions proliferate in a reader's mind. The adult world in this novel, viewed through the eyes of these children, is frightening and confused. But the same world, viewed by an adult, isn't one whit less puzzling.

Lois Gould, for her part, continues to explore the mores of the *haute bourgeoisie*, as she did in her first novel, *Such Good Friends*. Her second novel, in a very different sense, is as much of a letdown as Kellogg's. Gould's special turf has been and is the self-indulgent rich, whom she handles with an icy and often disdainful artistry. In *Necessary Objects* Amos Lowen has raised his daughters to be top-of-the-line merchandise, "a houseful of useless girls to show off." "Daughters were proof that he could afford anything, even an overstock of children purely for decoration." Throwaway chic was what he'd built an empire on—twelve Lowen & Co. department stores in ten major cities, with the one on Fifth Avenue *the* acknowledged pacesetter of New York elegance. Not bad for a former rag peddler from Indianapolis, as one magazine cover story noted.

So Papa Lowen created four Jewish Princesses who, by the time Gould has a go at them, are quintessential middle-aging New Yorkers, aswim in yards and yards of *peau de soie*. Chaos litters the Ming-yellow *chinoiserie* of their complicated lives, but Alison, Mai, Celine, and Elly float—hairdos and mascara permanently waterproofed—as everyone else, including husbands, lovers, and children, goes down for the third time.

It is, in a sense, an old-fashioned novel of endless domestic entanglements, but the gnats crawling from under this family's opals are very much of an urban, twentieth-century strain. Alison is president of Lowen's Fifth Avenue and, since her father's death, the self-styled materfamilias who supervises the *danse macabre* and never notices that each sister has picked her own tempo.

Least married of them all, Alison finally takes on a second husband after ten years of cherished celibacy. "It was so important to maintain dignity and other people's respect," she feels. "To know that the elevator men never talked about her, that Frieda was the only maid in the laundry room who never had a spicy story to tell about the madam." Anyway, sex is not quite *soignée*, men's bodies "not . . . well *designed*. Not orderly. A woman's organs are at least folded up and put away."

Elly would probably second the notion, if they trusted each other enough to really talk about anything. Sick with longing and memories of women she has loved, Elly nevertheless has settled into another marriage to complement a fifteen-year-long affair with Alison's first husband—and starves on a diet of sliced tomatoes to maintain her ninety-seven pounds. Mai, on the other hand, finds an agreeable lifestyle in supervising her daughter's crises, which, by the time the daughter is eighteen, have barely gotten underway with a pregnancy, a broken marriage, and a crack-up. Childless Celine, after her early heady days as a Hollywood starlet, is still trying to make a comeback at something, anything.

Gould is a formidable writer, as she demonstrated in her first novel, and she is merciless as she impales the vulgar and the phony. Mai's husband, "beached in the Hamptons two summers ago," is "the kind of catch you toss quickly back, not the kind you clean up, hoist on its tail and pose with." Celine's Ned is "one of the few men who could look uncouth in white tie." Gould's people are unattractive, amoral, apolitical; their lives are bounded by the periphery of their Aubusson carpeting. News is what they read in *Women's Wear Daily and Vogue*'s "Everybody is Talking About . . . "; they lack wit and curiosity. Why, then, should a reader bother about them? The gossip quotient is high in Gould's novel, the people intriguing if not particularly likable; yet there is precious little to engage either the emotions or the intellect. What we are offered finally is incessant chatter about a lot of vaguely unpleasant things that seem to matter hardly at all. □

# Beyond the Sandbox

**LONG DIVISION. By Anne Roiphe. 190 pages. Simon and Schuster. $5.95.**

BY IRMA PASCAL HELDMAN

*Long Division*, Anne Roiphe's third and best novel, may be regarded as an extension of her widely acclaimed *Up the Sandbox* (recently made into a movie starring Barbra Streisand). In *Sandbox* Roiphe gave us one of the most perceptive portraits yet of the "educated" woman torn between her emotional responsibilities to her children and her demands for self. Escaping from the minutiae of matrimony and maternity through daydreams of glory, the *Sandbox* heroine nevertheless is not interested in liberation, but in self-expression.

Emily Brimberg Johnson, Roiphe's current heroine, isn't hung up on liberation either. She's been forced into a flight for her freedom by Alex, a "crummy son-of-a-bitch who promised me a tomorrow like a yummy fruitcake and delivered instead wilted lettuce, rotted cucumber, a garbage of a life."

The novel traces Emily's bruised-ego-trip through the heart of America from New York to Juarez, where she will be awarded a final divorce decree, her diploma of failure in a life that dealt her a crooked hand. Emily is a 1970s-style incarnation of America's mythic pioneer. On the road for the first time in her life, she lives in her multi-horse-powered, "beautiful blue imitation-wood paneled" covered wagon with her ten-year-old daughter.

Sarah, her child, is a foil. She is a sometime stranger, a vessel of Emily's vulnerability, and the living proof of a union she bitterly mourns. An elusive child, Sarah is the result of admirable liberal values pathetically compromised by the instability of disintegrating family mores. She is unwitting victim—"Why didn't we take an airplane like other divorcing people?"—as well as sociological mutation, "child of an Epis-

*Irma Pascal Heldman is a New York book club editor who does freelance book and theater reviews.*



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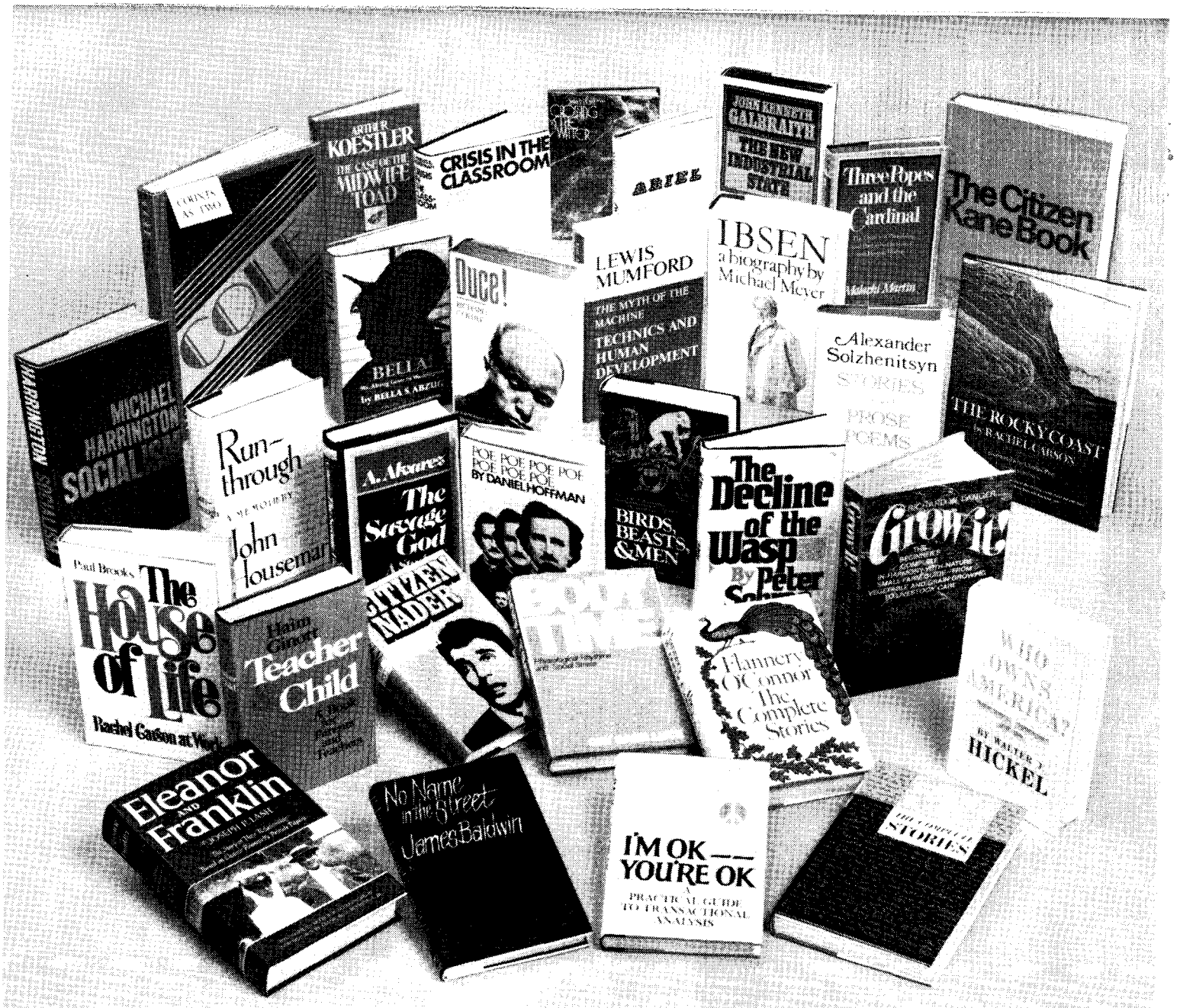


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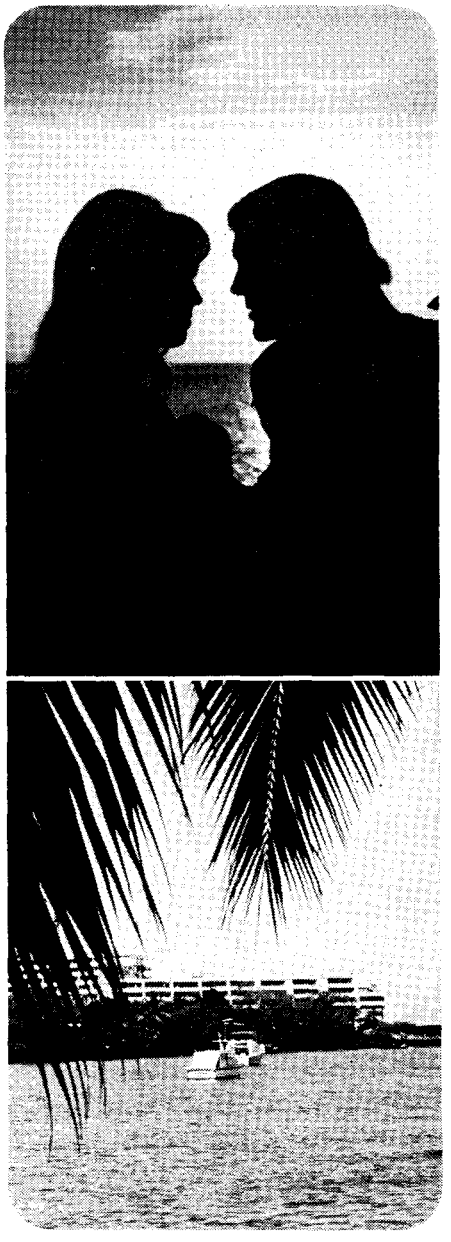

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copalian painter and a Jewish renegade from a High-Holiday worshipping family."

For all her modern veneer, Emily is herself no sophisticated stepchild of agnosticism. "Alex was in some ways like a storm trooper," she confesses, "and I, Jewish maiden, thrilled by his alien nature, could never get over the fact that I was under the sheets with the enemy." But Emily is not just another from among the plethora of Jewish maidens on the fiction market. Roiphe steers her beyond the Jewish stereotype to become a more universal symbol.

What Emily discovers is that mankind isn't decomposing only in the maw of the cities; the hinterlands hold their own terrors. Out there, all across the land, are crazies, cruelties, corners of decay. She has been naïve enough to feel that she and her daughter will be safe among the "decent people." But if there exist ladies and gentlemen of good will behind the clapboard and lace curtains, Emily certainly doesn't find them there.

Where are the churchgoers with what e. e. cummings called "furnished souls"? Not in Emily's America, the new America that includes hitchhiking hippies who turn out to be Jesus freaks. Conned reluctantly into attending a *nouveau*-revivalist gathering, Emily witnesses Sarah's "vision of Jesus" and feels like "Ruth among the alien corn." Mile after mile she plummets through a surreal world overflowing with terrifying, nightmarish episodes, together with a ten-year-old prisoner who is unwilling audience to her screams.

With a superb sense of punctuating the terrors, actually black comic relief, Roiphe has as leitmotiv Emily the easy mark. She buys every package in a plain brown wrapper that she is offered, refusing to learn that the sharpie's grab bag holds no goodies. Even while growing up, she remains a dyed-in-the-wool romantic, reluctantly catapulted into reality.

Relentlessly round every bend is the ultimate evidence that nothing is what it seems or what she imagines. Visiting an Indian reservation in Oklahoma, she and Sarah take the ten-dollar tour, their guide a boy who cannot wait to get away to school and "make something of himself." They meet the local ladies—Mrs. Cloudsaway, Mrs. Cornflower, Mrs. Firebird. Their chitchat in the reservation's laundromat is about Miss Clairol or the virtues of the White Tornado. No tom-toms, no Indian dress (closeted except for special occasions), no braves with bows and arrows, no tepees or rain dances, no exotics! Just some old men in a Quonset hut engaged in Indian crafts to satisfy a stereotype-dominated commercial market.

At the tour's end Sarah is clearly running a high fever. The guide explains that the nearest doctor is thirty miles away. "A witch doctor, Indian herbs?" beseeches Emily. "Please don't make fun of us," he replies stiffly, "we are rapidly moving into the twentieth century." One more lesson in life. "To the victor goes the culture, Sarah, you might just as well learn it now."

The closer they come to Juarez, the more firmly we are riveted to their experience. The momentum of wild despair, of desperate disillusionment, of inescapable traps, builds with such vigor and presence that our fright is at one with theirs. A high point is reached in an old people's retirement trailer camp in the middle of a Texas desert. In a scorching series of scenes Roiphe deftly underscores the banality of evil, while evoking our collective guilt over the shabbiness of this society's treatment of the elderly.

At last, in Juarez, no longer a wildflower but a wilted woman, Emily fully confronts her stubborn romanticism. Somewhere, she thinks, will be a man who will love her in the most ordinary and extraordinary way. No genius with a need for alcohol and mistresses but a man who will be part of "shared trivia —of bills to be paid, travel plans to be made, the dog to be walked. . . ."

Make no mistake: *Long Division* is no throwback to a bygone era or to the current crop of daytime soap operas and women's-magazine romantic sop. Emily's mental meanderings are rich with classical illusions and historical perspective on woman's lot. The modern woman is likely to be more bewildered than either bitter or bedazzled by the possibilities of liberation. The author's implicit conclusion is that Woman's Lib is viable for the few, not the many, if the party line is adhered to fully. In probing the depths of one female's agonized psyche, Anne Roiphe has pursued an intensely personal vision and produced a piercing, poignant portrayal of a modern woman still hooked on the notion that the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow is love. □

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**Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1526**
*This is the final test of a gentleman: his respect for those who can be of no possible service to him.*
W. L. Phelps

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Answer to Wit Twister, page 81. sander, Naders, snared, resand.



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# Dexterous Boulez, Sinister Fleisher

BY IRVING KOLODIN

All was well in Lincoln Center as the New York Philharmonic began the tenth year of tenancy in its "new" home, with Pierre Boulez on the podium, music in the ascendancy, and the happy harmonies of superior performance earning a full measure of audience approval. It was an evening *très* Pierre, with one of the better early Haydn symphonies, two of the less often heard masterpieces of Stravinsky, a Ravel concerto beautifully performed by Leon Fleisher, and a series of excerpts from Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*. It was, in short, an evening of music that made good sense as well as good sound.

Haydn's Symphony No. 31 is an expression of his involvement, as court composer to the Esterházys, with life at their summer retreat in Hungary. It was a place for hunting by day and music by night, and Haydn adroitly combined them in this work in D. The symphony is subtitled "Hornsignal" for its use of the calls of the rally, the chase, and the kill. It was not unknown for wind players of the time to do double duty for the hunt and the concert, and they may well have rejoiced in Haydn's skill in mixing their pleasure with his business.

As players of today do most of their hunting vicariously, the octave jumps in the horn parts (divided among five players) left them a little winded for the delicate duty in the slow movement that followed (they may also have cooled out in the absurd interval allotted to latecomers to find their seats). Boulez has previously demonstrated both the musical culture and the orchestral flair to give Haydn exactly his due. The absence of the usual repetitions (within movements) may possibly have been decided upon to avoid further stress on the horns, whose playing was none too good.

The gap from Haydn to Stravinsky could be unbridgeable save for a conductor with Boulez's ear for inner relationships. Clearly, the parallel he invoked was between Stravinsky's use of the wind band in his "Symphonies pour instruments à vent" and Haydn's earlier venture with the horns. A product of the early Twenties, when Stravinsky was deeply involved with painting practices of the time, it depicts, musically, an aural equivalent of a visual black-and-white. Strings and percussion are excluded from the tonal palette in the execution of an austere but intensely vital tribute to his friend and benefactor Claude Debussy, who had died a few years before. Boulez's highlighting of the shrill line of the piccolo, to define the thick, sonorous column of wind sound that it surmounted, was typical of the sharpness and definition of his tonal draughtsmanship. He then called in the other instrumentalists to finish the first half of the program with Stravinsky's orchestral "Etudes." They were given a gloss of stylistic varnish to produce—the desired luster and glow.

So far the evening had been wholly creditable to the dexterous Boulez, whose right hand is this year unencumbered by a baton. On his return to the stage he brought with him a tall, bearded figure vaguely recognizable as the contemporary likeness of the Leon Fleisher who was the first American pianist to win the Queen Elisabeth of Belgium competition at Brussels twenty years ago. Fleisher's zooming career, which included the recording with the late George Szell of all the Beethoven concertos, was interrupted by a noncurable malady that deprived him of the use of his right hand for keyboard purposes. It was thus as a sinister, or lefthanded, performer that Fleisher reappeared to apply his fine musical instincts and warm musicality to the concerto Ravel wrote in 1931 for Paul Wittgenstein (who had lost his right arm in the 1914–18 war).

Accidents no less than politics breed strange affinities. Memory of the prehandicapped Fleisher as an interpreter of Ravel is all but nonexistent; a superior to the posthandicapped Fleisher as an interpreter of this work of Ravel is all but unimaginable. He brought to it a muscularity and fervor inaccessible to even the late Robert Casadesus (to whose memory this performance of a work he played often and well was thoughtfully dedicated). It is also conceivable that the frustrations Fleisher suffered in his search for a new career have enriched the artistry he now possesses. Though the concerto is to some extent a compendium of orchestral clichés (at some points a French-flavored *Rhapsody in Blue*, at others a concerted *Boléro*), it was polished to a gleaming finesse by Boulez.

The evening's music making could have adjourned at this point, and some who preferred it that way departed. The larger majority were treated to performances of the overture, prelude to Act III, and "Entrance of the Guilds" from Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*, which returned the program to the German idiom with which it had started, musically. Luminously light in orchestral color, elastically alive in pace and stride, these affirmations of the joy music can convey left no doubt that the Boulez Philharmonic can be one of the most dynamic musical forces New York has had in years.

The final appearance of Eugene Berman's beautiful décor for the Metropolitan's production of *Don Giovanni* (it is scheduled for replacement next season) had more the character of an internment than of a revival. The older members of the cast (Fernando Corena as Leporello, Theodor Uppman as Masetto, and Rosalind Elias as Zerlina) were under par vocally. The newer ones, including Ruggero Raimondi as the Don, Edda Moser as Donna Anna, and Elizabeth Vaughan in her debut as Donna Elvira, were inferior to their predecessors, and the new conductor, Peter Maag, didn't have the overriding abilities to make an ensemble of these ill-matched entities.

Maag is to be commended for the somber mood with which he began the overture, but then he digressed to a headlong pace in the allegro that had the players scrambling. Raimondi's early episodes spoke well for his good figure, sound middle register, and lively deportment, but the ongoing demands showed him to be constricted at both ends of the vocal scale, and without elegance, musically or dramatically. Miss Moser (a once-brilliant Rhinemaiden in Karajan's *Rheingold*) was beyond her dramatic depth as Donna Anna, and Miss Vaughan did little to undo the common conception of Elvira as a shrewish, unattractive woman. The least valid assumption, however, was that the Raimondi kind of Don could sustain a standard established by Pinza and Siepi, London and Hines. □



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# Films

## Festival Launching Pad

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT

It's film festival time again in New York and in a good many other parts of the country. Once one went to a film festival to see pictures that wouldn't be shown for months, years—possibly ever—elsewhere in the world. But the New York Film Festival has changed this scenario. Because this initial American exposure rates so much press attention, distributors of both American and foreign pictures increasingly use the festival as a launching pad, opening their movies on commercial runs immediately after their Lincoln Center premieres.

Top among the American entries tumbling out of the festivities is a tough-minded yet endearing picture called *Bad Company* (the title is the least of its merits). Written by David Newman and Robert Benton, the two men who scripted *Bonnie and Clyde*, and directed by Benton, the film deals with present-day themes in a Civil War setting. Its hero is young Barry Brown, a compendium of virtues that includes an unwillingness to fight for the Union cause. With the blessing of his parents, he sets out for Virginia City to prospect for silver, promising to return home after hostilities have ceased. En route he falls in with Jeff Bridges and a gang of juvenile delinquents whom Fagin would thoroughly have approved of. While Brown and Bridges candidly recognize their differences, they are no less realistic in totting up their mutual needs. On the edge of a lawless frontier a fast gun and a quick mind become inestimable virtues. The picture's swift, hard, but inevitable climax finds them both drawing their guns on the wrong side of the law.

This is not to suggest that Newman and Benton are in favor of the gun as a way of life; in *Bonnie and Clyde* they made it painfully apparent that the outlaw's life is no path to glory. In *Bad Company* they suggest that one's life is shaped by external forces of society. There is an epic quality to the film, as well as warmth and humor that search out the humanity of youthful protagonists and reevaluate the legendary West in contemporary terms. The performances of Benton's young, virtually no-star cast are nothing short of fabulous.

Fabulous, too, are the performances in *The King of Marvin Gardens*, directed by Bob Rafelson and written by Rafelson and former critic Jacob Brackman. As in his earlier *Five Easy Pieces*, Rafelson describes people lifted out of the mainstream of American life. In this instance Jack Nicholson (again) is a Philadelphia radio philosopher who weaves imaginative tales of angst for his late-night listeners. Summoned to Atlantic City by his brother (Bruce Dern), he confronts the fringes of dope-riddled big business as Dern plots to bring into being a Hawaiian paradise-*cum*-gambling den.

The marvel of this movie is not its story, which rambles in several directions at once, but the candor and validity of the relationships portrayed. The two brothers, both outright dreamers, genuinely like each other, though they don't always understand each other. One marvelous scene at a Boardwalk auction has Nicholson half-heartedly joining in his brother's reckless dispensation of the shop's merchandise; in another he wholeheartedly helps stage a mock "Miss America" contest in Atlantic City's empty Convention Hall for the sole benefit of his brother's current girl friend (Julia Anne Robinson). There is a beautiful moment when a black gangland leader ("Scatman" Crothers) coolly analyzes Dern's shortcomings over a friendly drink, and another when Dern's rejected lady (Ellen Burstyn) maniacally tosses all her belongings into a beach bonfire. These moments, beautiful in themselves, all lead inexorably to a horrifying finale that is a built-in part of the game.

*Barry Brown, in* Bad Company, *becomes an outlaw during the Civil War.*

As any devotee of Monopoly must know, it *is* a game. *The King of Marvin Gardens* is the superb metaphor for the American dream—the dream of getting rich quick, with a minimum of effort and a maximum of manipulation. All the characters in the picture are players in the game. But, paradoxically, those presumably in touch with reality don't recognize it as such. Since all are losers in one way or another, the fascination has to be in the game itself. As he did in *Five Easy Pieces*, Rafelson has provided the visual variety and the emotive support to make us care about these strange gamesters who con their way into unpaid-for rooms in half-empty hotels at off-season times. There is a late-autumn bleakness about *The King of Marvin Gardens* that is redolent not only of a dream that has passed but also of a world that is passing.

Also at Lincoln Center, listed as the Irish entry, is *Images*, a new film by M*A*S*H director Robert Altman. Although it leaves as many questions unanswered as it seems to provide answers for, I found the film utterly absorbing, if only because it takes advantage of the camera's potential to remain noncommittal. Altman's genius has been to harness the camera's equivocations to the service of his scarifying tale. In it Susannah York, married to a slightly stuffy architect (René Auberjonois), goes off with him on holiday. As she approaches their secluded cottage, she catches a glimpse of herself high on a distant cliff. She is later disturbed to discover traces of herself in the child of a former lover who has settled in that remote part of Ireland. Yet another lover appears, whether real or imagined neither she nor we can know for certain. It is this curious interpenetration of reality and irreality that ultimately makes *Images* either so fascinating or so irritating. Did Miss York really kill her former lovers? Did she actually run over her husband with her car? We never know. Those who demand definitive answers will hate *Images*. Those who enjoy a purely cinematic experience will love it. But that's what film festivals are all about, to point to exciting new potentials in an art whose primary appeal is to the trite and true. □



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# Travel

## The National Parks—Don't Knock 'Em

BY STEVEN V. ROBERTS

First hour in Yellowstone Park. My wife has wanted to come here all her life. The first "composition" I ever wrote was about this place, a fourth-grade epic that glistened with words like "picturesque." Suddenly, we hit a traffic jam. The cars in front slow down and finally stop entirely. "Oh, hell," I mutter in a well-modulated screech, "after the freeways I need this?"

Then I see the reason for the tie-up —a brown, fat, furry creature that looks suspiciously like a bear. He is wandering up and down the road, peering into each car and soliciting contributions about as coyly as the chairman of the church building fund. When we had entered the park, I told my almost-four-year-old son to watch for bears. But he recognized the comment for what it was, a feeble attempt to keep his mind off his plans for destroying his little sister, and he did not believe me. I did not really believe myself. The rangers probably trotted out a few moth-eaten creatures for the photographers, I thought, but not *real* bears! Yet here it was, a real—if overcivilized—bear.

This summer marked the centennial of the National Park System. One hundred years ago Yellowstone was set aside for posterity; five years later the army fought Chief Joseph and his Nez Percé Indians in the park. During our two-week journey we visited Glacier and Grand Teton parks as well as Yellowstone, but that incident with the bear embodies many of my impressions. Yes, the parks are crowded. But they still contain a variety of wildlife and wilderness, although this is often obscured by those concerned with protecting the environment. To be sure, the environmental problems are real, the criticisms just, and the need for remedial action urgent. After two weeks I have plenty of complaints myself:

- Employees work diligently to keep the parks clean, but the job is frequently too big. Some picnic areas are carpeted with two triumphs of modern technology—the loops from pop-top cans and the tips of filter cigarettes.
- New roads and parking lots are being built all the time, but facilities are still strained. Before we took a boat ride on Jenny Lake in the Tetons, we wasted a lot of time searching for a parking spot.
- Benches accommodating several hundred people encircle the Old Faithful Geyser, and they are jammed almost every time it goes off. The whole scene is a little too much like Disneyland.

Still, the parks are remarkable places, and it is too bad so many people are scared off by the horror stories (although these tales may help stave off even larger crowds). What these mountains and valleys and rivers and lakes really do is give you the chance to fuse together the fragments of modern life, to restore relationships with nature, with your family, with the broken chunks of your own being.

You might see a dozen moose in a zoo, but seeing a cow and her calf munching grass a few feet away, with no barriers between you, is something quite different. When we arrived in Glacier, I walked down to the stream in front of our cabin and was stunned to see the rocky bottom so clearly. It took me a couple of days to realize that the dark smudges in the sky were rain clouds, not smoke.

Rediscovering nature is only part of what I am talking about. Getting out into the woods gives you a new sense of travel. Modern forms of transportation deprive us of any chance to know the land and people we pass by. Superhighways turn the landscape into a blur; flying at thirty thousand feet is no more instructive than being asleep.

In a park you can, and should, drive slowly enough to grasp what you are seeing. Horseback riding or walking is even better. Hiking through a mountain canyon, where heat and rain are not blocked out by air conditioners and windshields, where bugs bite, thistles scratch, swamps smell, and winds nip, gives a new sense of place. Distance becomes a measure of space, not of time—a certain number of steps to be walked, not a certain number of minutes to endure while one is whisked from one terminal to another.

The wilderness also cuts you off from the outside world. News pollution, I feel in darker moments, is only slightly less injurious to health than cigarettes. Although I found myself hunting down a paper every day, it was only because the Yankees were in a pennant race and Zip Ellery was having a fight with Sissy Devon in the Mary Worth comic strip.

Out there you can make connections with people as well as with nature. I met more family groups than I've encountered almost anywhere else, and many parents told me they made the trip partly to be with their children, away from the distractions of home. Casual observation in a city like Los Angeles might lead an anthropologist to conclude that teen-agers are a separate race, living in tribes up in the hills and associating only with their own kind. In the next cabin in Glacier a couple was ensconced with two adolescent daughters and seemed to be having—of all things—quite a good time. Children, usually so segregated by ages, get a chance on family excursions to know each other in a new way. We even saw a number of grandparents traveling with young families. (By the way, the parks seem to have made a major effort to eliminate sex discrimination in hiring. Girls were working in gas stations, cleaning up trash, driving trucks, and directing traffic at construction sites.)

National parks in high summer are the crossroads of America. There was the farmer from Kansas, for example, in bib overalls and a golfing hat, telling everybody on the boat ride in Glacier that Kansas had the Rockies "beat all hollow." Irrigation, he insisted, had somehow made the plains much more bearable in summer. An elderly lady from Minnesota chimed in, and the ensuing debate over regional supremacy echoed across Lake McDonald.

The official guide to Yellowstone warns that you cannot see the place quickly. Despite such advice the rangers say that many visitors use the park merely as a motel; it is a constant struggle to get them even to look at a tree or a mountain. Although almost everyone says he is glad to get out of the "rat race," many just impose new schedules on themselves—get out by eight, make 350 miles, stop by five. They could be punching a time clock.

We go to the wilderness, and we bring along the problems we are trying to escape. But the wilderness can teach a sense of self. Perhaps it is better to bait a hook than beat the world. □

*Steven V. Roberts is the Los Angeles bureau chief of the* New York Times.



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# Dance

## Shaken Angels

BY WALTER TERRY

Violence, in theatrical fantasy and in grim fact, struck during the run (September 7–17) of the tenth annual New York Dance Festival, presented free to the public in the open-air Delacorte Theater in New York City's Central Park. Two young dancers of exceptional talent, Bonnie Mathis (American Ballet Theatre) and Dennis Wayne (City Center Joffrey Ballet), performed a melodramatic duet, *Shaken Angels,* choreographed especially for them by Alvin Ailey. This *pas de deux,* about a young junkie and his girl friend, sprawled across the stage, up the aisles, and over the crosswalks of the Delacorte. We see the youth give himself and his resisting girl friend a fix. Both then die in each other's arms.

One night after a performance of this new and terrifying work, the young couple returned to their apartment and were later awakened by an intruder, who stabbed them both with a screw driver. Shots were fired, the police came, and Wayne was treated for deep wounds; he may well have been saved from death by his dancer's iron muscles. Two other associates of the New York Dance Festival were objects of an attempted mugging in the park itself.

As for *Shaken Angels,* it is not a very good dance. In fact, it is not actually a dance. I would call it a fairly literal demonstration of how to use a do-it-yourself dope kit, with a warning on the package that the whole business is not good for one's health. Only the dynamic and disciplined performing of Mathis and Wayne saved *Shaken Angels* from being a clinical disaster.

For the most part, however, the New York Dance Festival, presented by the New York Shakespeare Festival with the cooperation of federal, state, and municipal agencies and produced by Donald Saddler, provided viewers with a marvelously eclectic spectrum of today's dance. In the ballet duo area there were Violette Verdy and Helgi Tomasson, all elegance and chic and stylistic perfection in George Balanchine's *Raymonda Variations;* Michelle Lees and Dennis Poole, first-prize winners for the best couple at this year's International Ballet Competition in Varna, Bulgaria, in a youthful and exuberant dancing of a *Sleeping Beauty pas de deux* (Petipa); and the exciting junior team of Manola Asensio and Tanju Tuzer in *Three Preludes* (Rachmaninoff), which won for its creator, Ben Stevenson, a first prize in choreography at Varna. The trio of ballet duos came from the New York City, National, and Harkness ballets.

Ballet was also represented at the festival by the Joffrey II Company (the junior sibling of the City Center Joffrey Ballet) in a charming and technically admirable performance of *Schumann–Opus 6,* a tidy but bland classical piece by the group's director, Jonathan Watts; by three admirable but mainly amateur troupes from Dayton, Sacramento, and Atlanta, all of which belonged more properly in an all-regional ballet festival than in highly professional surroundings; and by the Gene Marinaccio American Concert Ballet.

Marinaccio's concept of ballet is that movements never stop and that one movement is born of the preceding action. In the extended excerpts from *Cantique de la Vie* (Lili Boulanger), Marinaccio often placed his company in patterns that called for lines of figures with legs a-straddle, thus making human portals, passageways, arcades from which dancers emerged or into which they disappeared. Ebbings and surgings took other forms too, and, although the constant flow of motion had its hypnotic powers, it palled in time, and one yearned for a breathtaking suspension.

Among the other New York Dance Festival participants were the beautiful Carmen de Lavallade in her own *Allegro* (*SR,* Aug. 5) and in John Butler's superb *Portrait of Billie* (a tribute to Billie Holiday); the excellent George Faison Universal Dance Experience; that great modern dance pioneer and mime, Charles Weidman, and his company in selections that were, unfortunately, too subtle and intimate for the big Delacorte; Luis Rivera and his little ensemble in dances that were cheerfully and decoratively Spanish but, on this occasion, not very dynamic; and Twyla Tharp and her group in *The Bix Pieces* (to music of Bix Beiderbeck). The last is a rambling affair, not without its moments of genuine humor, which seemed to me to be less appropriate to the theater than to a cocktail party where everyone is supposed to "do something" in turn. A few more dance acts rounded out the festival's roster.

*Bonnie Mathis and Dennis Wayne star in* Shaken Angels, *a duet about drugs.*

Recently there have been generous samplings of ethnic dance forms. In addition to Rivera, who performed at both the New York Dance Festival and the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival in Lee, Massachusetts, Spanish dance has also treated us to the return of Antonio Gades and his company at the City Center 55th Street Theater. Gades remains a knife-slender, brooding, swift-of-foot, weapon-fingered dancer of flamenco persuasion. Superior though he and his troupe and musicians are, however, the accent on flamenco and related forms becomes monotonous.

The Soviet Union gave us the Ukrainian Dance Company, a rousing ensemble of exuberant dancers in a program of great variety, virtuosity, and ethnic color at the Metropolitan Opera House, as well as the Beryozka Dance Company in a new guise. When the Beryozka (which means "little birch tree") came here a decade-and-a-half ago, it was an all-girl affair. Now its founder-director Nadezhda Nadezhdina has added a large contingent of personable and highly athletic males to her troupe. The result is nothing short of triumphant. The women, in their floor-length dresses, still glide magically across the stage, but now the men carve the space around them with breathtaking examples of prime physical prowess. Mme. Nadezhdina may not be an inspired choreographic innovator, but her staging of exits and entrances, of musical and dance numbers, is both shrewd and brilliant. Would it be *lèse majesté* to say that I enjoyed the Beryozka even more than the Moiseyev? □



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# Kingsley Double-Crostic

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2010

## DEFINITIONS

A. American novelist who specialized in New England lore, *A Country Doctor* (3 wds.)

B. Yesterday (3 wds.)

C. Trial court for the hearing of civil cases before a judge and jury (2 wds.)

D. City in S. Thuringia in S.W. East Germany

E. Ruling title

F. Francois _____, French satirist and humorist

G. Exclamation of contempt (3 wds.)

H. Bucharest was its capital (var. sp.)

I. In ancient Greece, a place for gymnastic exercises

J. Book by Hedy Lamarr (3 wds.)

K. Mixture of a medicinal substance with sugar of milk (pharm.)

L. One who has shown great vigor, courage, or aggressiveness, as in politics

## WORDS

75 83 47 43 139 10 154 31 124 37 205
175 118 55 61

151 84 119 62 48 23 102 12 213

90 181 80 74 25 116 194 38 120

71 195 169 13 86

76 82 15 122 155 138 221

98 89 16 158 54 39 171 208

157 41 123 17 77 85 215 96 49 168 117

26 92 149 104 153 78 200 81

94 206 162 127 67 167 27 58 182

112 136 107 18 156 132 125 192 28 95 114
214

50 220 184 87 190 172 115 161 60 73 40

19 30 126 146 159 79 199

## DEFINITIONS

M. Mistaken (slang; 4 wds.)

N. *And so they sailed away these three, Mencken,* _____ (Braley; 3 wds.)

O. Ding Bat, as referred to by her TV husband (2 wds.)

P. To a surpassing degree (3 wds.)

Q. Blow the mind, as with drugs (slang; 2 wds.)

R. Mild oath (slang; 5 wds.)

S. Chance

T. Genuine

U. Prehistoric structure consisting of two upright stones supporting a horizontal stone

V. The result when a sodium chloride crystal, a drop of glacial acetic acid, and some blood are heated on a slide

## WORDS

211 103 88 42 100 59 130 56 160 202 187
163 141

11 63 108 134 34 22 45 196 51 186 129
197

5 150 135 111 204 91 121 64 183 3 35

188 145 65 7 177 166 142 133 219 106

212 4 21 207 99 68 164 131

217 20 46 24 179 113 97 201 32 191 66
8 203 105 52 147 36 93 2 29 44

140 128 189 144 180 209 69 216 9 1 174

198 165 53 210 143 72 109 193 178 57

101 70 176 6 110 173 137 148 152

170 218 33 14 185

## DIRECTIONS

*Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.*

| | | | 1 S | 2 R | 3 O | | 4 Q | 5 O | 6 U | 7 P | 8 R | 9 S | 10 A | 11 N | 12 B | 13 D | 14 V |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 15 E | | 16 F | 17 G | 18 J | 19 L | 20 R | 21 Q | 22 N | | 23 B | 24 R | 25 C | | 26 H | 27 I | 28 J | 29 R |
| | 30 L | 31 A | 32 R | | 33 V | 34 N | 35 O | 36 R | 37 A | 38 C | 39 F | 40 K | 41 G | | 42 M | 43 A | 44 R |
| | 45 N | | 46 R | 47 A | 48 B | 49 G | 50 K | | 51 N | 52 R | 53 T | 54 F | | 55 A | 56 M | | 57 T |
| 58 I | | 59 M | 60 K | 61 A | 62 B | | 63 N | 64 O | 65 P | 66 R | _ | 67 I | 68 Q | 69 S | 70 U | 71 D | 72 T |
| 73 K | 74 C | 75 A | | 76 E | 77 G | 78 H | 79 L | 80 C | | 81 H | | 82 E | 83 A | 84 B | 85 G | 86 D | 87 K |
| 88 M | 89 F | 90 C | _ | 91 O | 92 H | 93 R | 94 I | 95 J | | 96 G | 97 R | 98 F | 99 Q | 100 M | 101 U | | 102 B |
| 103 M | 104 H | 105 R | 106 P | 107 J | 108 N | | 109 T | 110 U | 111 O | 112 J | 113 R | | 114 J | 115 K | 116 C | 117 G | 118 A |
| 119 B | | 120 C | 121 O | 122 E | 123 G | 124 A | 125 J | | 126 L | 127 I | 128 S | 129 N | 130 M | 131 Q | 132 J | | 133 P |
| 134 N | 135 O | 136 J | 137 U | | 138 E | 139 A | 140 S | 141 M | | 142 P | | 143 T | 144 S | 145 P | 146 L | 147 R | 148 U |
| 149 H | 150 O | | 151 B | 152 U | 153 H | 154 A | 155 E | 156 J | 157 G | 158 F | | 159 L | 160 M | | 161 K | 162 I | 163 M |
| | 164 Q | 165 T | 166 P | 167 I | 168 G | _ | 169 D | 170 V | 171 F | 172 K | 173 U | 174 S | | 175 A | 176 U | 177 P | 178 T |
| _ | 179 R | 180 S | 181 C | 182 I | 183 O | 184 K | 185 V | 186 N | | 187 M | 188 P | 189 S | 190 K | 191 R | 192 J | 193 T | 194 C |
| 195 D | 196 N | | 197 N | 198 T | 199 L | 200 H | 201 R | 202 M | | 203 R | 204 O | 205 A | | 206 I | 207 Q | 208 F | 209 S |
| | 210 T | 211 M | 212 Q | 213 B | 214 J | 215 G | 216 S | | 217 R | 218 V | 219 P | 220 K | 221 E | | | | |

**Solution of this week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 76 of this issue.**



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# The Father of All Scotch

Now you can enjoy the true, all-malt taste of Scotch as Scotch began:

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